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The way beyond Babel.

Imagine trying to build a railroad system if every locomotive manufacturer used a different track gauge. Every local stretch of railroad had its own code of signals. And in order to ride a train, you needed to know the gauges and the signals and the switching procedures and the route and the conductor's odd pronunciation of the station names.

The business of moving and managing information is in a similar state today. Machines can't always talk to each other. Proprietary systems and networks abound, with suppliers often jockeying to make theirs the de facto standard. The enormous potential of the Information Age is being dissipated by incompatibility.

The solution, as we see it, is common standards which would allow electronic systems in one or many locations to work together. People will be informed and in control, while the systems exchange,

process, and act on information automatically.

AT&T is working with national, international, and industry-wide organizations to set up comprehensive, international standards to be shared by everyone who uses and provides information technology. We think it's time for everyone in our industry to commit to developing firm, far-reaching standards. The goal: to provide our customers with maximum flexibility and utility. Then, they can decide how and with whom to work.

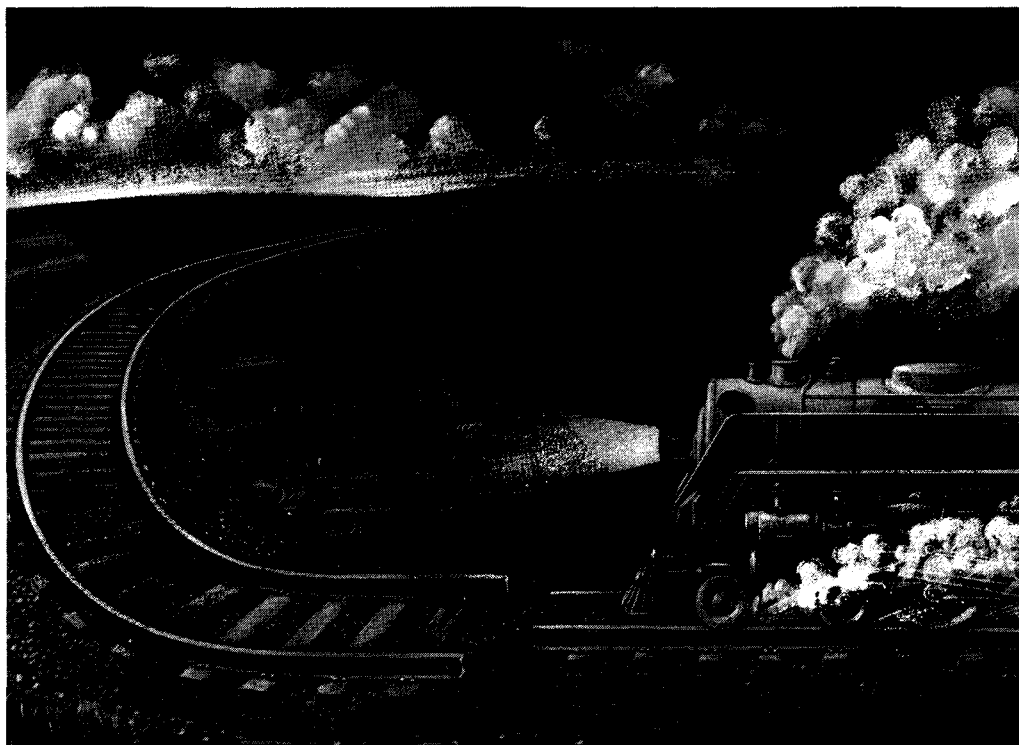
We foresee a time when the promise of the Information Age will be realized. People will participate in a world-wide Telecommunity through a vast, global network of networks, the merging of communications and computers. They'll be able to handle

information in any form—conversation, data, images, text—as easily as they make a phone call today.

The science is here now. The technology is coming along rapidly. But only with compatibility will the barriers to Telecommunity recede.

Telecommunity is our goal. Technology is our means.

We're committed to leading the way.



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\$5.00 additional per year elsewhere.
Address all subscription correspondence
to Atlantic Subscription Processing Center
Box 2547, Boulder, Colorado 80322
(800) 525-0643
In Colorado 1-447-9330

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The Atlantic Monthly Company
(ISSN 0276-9077) All rights reserved

Advertising sales:
599 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York 10022
(212) 326-5350

Chicago (312) 527-2707
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Dallas (214) 969-5511
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Detroit (313) 626-6704
Nicolette Phillips

Public relations:

Richard L. Plepler
R.L.P. Incorporated
(212) 688-4058
445 Park Avenue
New York, New York 10022

The Atlantic July 1987
Vol. 260 No. 1

Published monthly by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Second-class postage paid at
Boston, Toronto, and additional
mailing offices

Unsolicited manuscripts will
be returned *only* if accompanied
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599 Lexington Avenue / New York, N.Y. 10022

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CHERNOBYL FALLOUT

As professionals in the radiation and medical community, with young children of our own, we sympathize with the concern expressed by Mary Jo Salter in "Living With Fallout" (January *Atlantic*). Her experience highlights two critical failings on the part of the expert community: the absence of comprehensive and consistent international standards for acceptable radiation exposure in a variety of areas (this is now being addressed as a consequence of the Chernobyl accident), and the utter failure of scientists to provide useful and credible information to the public on the subject of ionizing radiation and the associated risks.

Confusion in this area is compounded by the fact that the scientific consensus on what constitutes a harmful radiation dose is not the same as the bureaucratic consensus on what dose levels will be considered acceptable in a given country. To confuse the situation even further, although a high degree of international medical consensus exists about the health effects of high doses of radiation, the exposures received by Europeans (outside the USSR) from the accident at Chernobyl are in the very low range in which health effects are too small to have ever been observed. Thus the scientific debate about what effects, if any, we can expect.

Scientists have spent decades studying populations exposed to levels of natural radiation far in excess of those considered acceptable by our regulatory standards (and much higher than those received by Europeans after Chernobyl), but there is no evidence that these high exposure levels increase the incidence of cancer. A relevant domestic example: natural radiation levels in the mile-high city of Denver, Colorado, are twice as high as in sea-level cities, yet its age-adjusted cancer rate is much lower than those of most other cities. (Note that the annual exposure of Denver residents to radiation is three times higher than the total dose received by a resident of Austria, the European country most affected by the Soviet accident.) In many parts of the world the natural concentration of radioactive elements in the soil is far higher than that likely to result

from Chernobyl. Again, extensive study of the phenomenon reveals no observable health effects.

KAREN STRAUS

LEWIS STRAUS

Ellicott City, Md.

Mary Jo Salter speaks of the health risks in northern Italy caused by fallout from the Chernobyl accident, but never *quantifies* that risk. The purpose of this letter is to fill that void.

Estimates of the total radiation exposure eventually to be received by people in northern Italy, from external irradiation, inhalation, and ingestion combined, range from 50 to 120 millirem. This includes all of the effects discussed by Salter—eating contaminated vegetables and meat, drinking contaminated milk, inhaling radioactive gases, being exposed to radiation from fallout on the ground, and so forth, all from the date of the accident over the next fifty years.

What is the risk from 120 millirem of radiation? According to estimates by the National Academy of Sciences, the United Nations Scientific Committee on Effects of Atomic Radiation, and the International Commission on Radiological Protection, it has one chance in 75,000 of causing cancer, reducing life expectancy by about two and a half hours. Some comparable risks are a regular cigarette smoker's smoking one extra cigarette every five years, an overweight person's increasing his weight by one twentieth of an ounce, driving a small car rather than a mid-size car one day out of every eighteen months.

Salter says that the risks from radiation may be twice as high as estimated by the aforementioned groups. If she is right, 120 millirem of additional exposure gives an overweight person the same risk as increasing his weight by one tenth of an ounce, and the other risk above should be doubled.

BERNARD L. COHEN

Professor of Physics and

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University of Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Salter's article includes statements that one or another government has established a limit of exposure to a particular type or source of radiation, an

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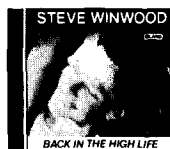
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that a given population has been exposed to levels exceeding that limit. This is no reason for anyone to panic. Limits have been chosen because they are known to be safe, not because higher levels are known to be hazardous. For example, Salter is quite concerned about the exposure of northern Italians to cesium 137. Recent data show that the body burdens of cesium 137 resulting from the Chernobyl release are ten times lower than expected in the western USSR (*Physics Today*, December, 1986). Since health standards are based on an assumed level of uptake from the environment which is an order of magnitude too high, statutory limits for cesium 137 are correspondingly more conservative than intended. This demonstrates the cautious approach to risk assessments taken by nuclear engineers. It also causes the brief excursions of 60 percent and 24 percent above the Italian limits which Salter reports to recede in significance.

The iodine 131 situation is also less dramatic than Salter indicates. At least two major releases of iodine 131 have occurred in the United States, neither of which resulted in any known adverse effects. In 1945 more than 300,000 curies (Ci) of iodine 131 (more than 10 quadrillion Bq, to use the same unit Salter does) were released from the Hanford reactor, in Washington. Another release, of about 1,600 Ci, in Aitken, South Carolina, occurred in 1956, resulting in radioactive levels about a hundred times background in an area of roughly 500 square miles around the plant. In neither case was public notice given until well after the fact—forty years after the fact in the Hanford case. While this reflects poorly on the plant management, the fact that no anomalous health effects were noted in these cases testifies to the conservative nature of the exposure standards set by governments. It is worth reflecting on the significance of the release of 15 Ci from Three Mile Island in light of these earlier events.

What *does* constitute a dangerous dose of radiation? A conservative estimate is that an exposure of 100 rads over a short period of time will double the overall probability of an individual's contracting some form of cancer. (A rad measures energy deposited per unit mass and is not simply related to curies, which measure nuclear disintegrations per second.) I know this estimate to be conservative, because it is provided in *The Social Cost of Power Production*, a book edited by

Barry Commoner, in a section titled "Prudent Assumptions." Only 203 individuals sustained a dose exceeding this level as a result of the Chernobyl accident. All were in the USSR, near the accident.

Over the next fifty years fewer than 75,000 cancer deaths attributable to this accident should occur, about one third in the Soviet Union. In the USSR alone 9,500,000 cancer fatalities would normally occur over this period. Those who would wish to close down nuclear plants should compare this with the magnitude of the carnage involved in that choice. If the USSR, for instance, were to convert all its nuclear-generating capacity to coal, roughly one million traffic fatalities would result from the increased level of coal trucking over the next fifty years. This is in addition to the increases in mining accidents, acid rain, pollution-induced disease, and greenhouse heating of the earth that would also result.

CHARLES BRUZZONE
Maplewood, Minn.

Mary Jo Salter replies:

Karen and Lewis Strauss have pinpointed two of the main problems that my article sought to address: the inconsistency of international standards for acceptable radiation exposure, and the failure of scientists to present the facts about radiation in a way that the public perceives to be both consistent and reliable. I also sought to address the problems that journalists meet in attempting to get a straight story about radiation dangers from governments—especially those governments committed to nuclear power. To quote my own conclusion, "No expert on radiation or on Italian politics, . . . I left Italy largely because . . . I had not been convinced that my child was *not* in danger." If indeed she was not, I am overjoyed to hear it. But the expert responses to my article which are presented here offer such conflicting—or apparently conflicting—statistics that they only serve to illustrate the difficulties of evaluation that I was writing about. Professor Cohen argues that the northern Italian had one or two chances in 75,000 of contracting cancer as a direct result of Chernobyl. Charles Bruzzone argues that even northern Italian vegetables with radioactivity levels 60 percent over those allowed by law presented negligible danger. But we have some idea of what Mr. Bruzzone considers dangerous when he reassures us that "over the next fifty years fewer

than 75,000 cancer deaths attributable to this accident should occur, about one third in the USSR." If he is right, 75,000 is a goodly number of people—and a fairly respectable percentage of the 50,000 non-Soviet victims will necessarily be the Italians who were eating homegrown vegetables. Of course, I hope that the alarming statistic he has offered to reassure us is wrong and that the reassurances from the Lewises and Professor Cohen are closer to the mark.

REBUILDING UGANDA

I cannot agree with Robert D. Kaplan ("Uganda: Starting Over," April *Atlantic*) that the British left behind "a shattered polity" upon decolonization. When the British left, in 1962, Uganda had achieved territorial unification, a balanced budget, a favorable balance of trade, and a stable currency. It possessed a reputable university college, security of person and property, and a modest degree of prosperity. The armed forces were tiny. (At the time of independence the Ugandan army comprised no more than 2,000 men, the police 5,500 men—this to maintain order in a country of nearly 7 million inhabitants.) Compared with the present, the British colonial era was Uganda's golden age.

L. H. GANN
*Hoover Institution
on War, Revolution and Peace
Stanford, Calif.*

Robert D. Kaplan's article is a concise history of the recent events in Uganda. Nevertheless, his statement that "the United States was the only government to criticize Obote publicly" requires a response.

As one of the last American journalists to live in Uganda under the Obote regime, I had numerous opportunities to view our country's reaction to the genocidal activities of the Ugandan army. It was well known in Kampala that many of the weapons used in the civil war were either given or sold to Uganda by the Sudan, one of America's strongest allies in Africa. To my knowledge, the United States never used its influence to stop these shipments.

While British diplomats repeatedly risked their lives to monitor the situation in the countryside, members of the American Embassy preferred to stay in their guarded compounds. On several occasions I had to tell embassy officials

about massacres that had occurred a few miles from the ambassador's villa. The embassy's attitude toward the guerrilla leader Yoweri Museveni (the current head of Uganda) was always negative. They considered him "left-wing" and possibly a Communist.

When Assistant Secretary of State Elliot Abrams made his comments in 1984 about the situation, thousands of Ugandans had already been killed. To imply that this is a human-rights victory for the United States is seriously misleading.

MARK LEE
Los Angeles, Calif.

Robert D. Kaplan replies:

I believe it is clear from the context in which the phrase "shattered polity" was used that I was referring to the psychological—not the physical or economic—condition of the country. The situation that the British left behind, as Mr. Gann so correctly implies, was better than the one that now exists, but it was created partly through exacerbating dangerous tribal and religious rivalries.

As for the point raised by Mr. Lee, I meant exactly what I wrote: that the United States *government*—not the embassy staff—made the strongest *public* response to the human-rights violations that occurred during Obote's regime. I trust Mr. Lee's account of the brave behavior of British diplomats, but in its public statements the British government was far less brave. The remarks made by Assistant Secretary of State Abrams constituted the harshest on-record criticism of Obote by an official of a foreign government. Abrams's information came from a State Department temporary-duty officer, who—like the British—spent considerable time in the bush monitoring the situation. What Mr. Lee says about Americans who "preferred to stay in their guarded compounds" is not wholly accurate.

THE DEMOCRATS

William Schneider asserts that Jesse Jackson has "anti-Semitic inclinations" ("The Democrats in '88," April *Atlantic*). I expect that Schneider's belief rests upon Jackson's ongoing quarrel with American Jewish political leadership, his ambivalent attitude toward Louis Farrakhan and the black nationalist movement he leads, Jackson's sympathy for the PLO, and of course his notorious "Hymie-town" remarks. But it is

hard to see how any of these facts leads to a charge of anti-Semitism.

Blacks are mostly a poor and working-class group. Black leaders like Jackson are certainly not wrong in sensing basic differences between the aspirations of the poor and a "made" ethnic group with a great stake in the status quo. Moreover, blacks have benefited least (in absolute terms, anyway) from the civil-rights movement, while other ethnic groups, such as Jews, Italian Catholics, Armenians, and other white "minorities," have benefited greatly. Blacks are still poor, threatened, and despised in spite of gains. Jackson's public statements reflect these facts. While those remarks may hurt whites, Jews particularly, they need not indicate anti-Semitic inclinations.

Jackson's unwillingness to condemn Farrakhan is as understandable as certain Irish leaders' reluctance to criticize Bobby Sands and other members of the IRA. While Farrakhan's nationalism has its ugly side, it certainly is no uglier than that of other nationalist groups. Farrakhan stands for a great deal of good even while he stands for a great deal of bad, but then so do many nationalistic leaders. Many, many reasonable, centrist politicians are reluctant to disavow them, too.

Jackson's sympathy for the PLO doesn't mean he dislikes Israel, Israelis, or American Jews. It means he sympathizes with the aspirations of Palestinians. At the same time, his sympathy doesn't mean that he supports airplane hijackings, cold-blooded murder, or race hatred any more than my sympathy for Israel compels me to support secret trials, torture, the cluster-bombing of civilians, or arbitrary arrest. Jackson's sympathies with the PLO no more indicate anti-Semitic inclinations than my sympathies with Israel indicate anti-Arab inclinations, except of course in the eyes of fanatics.

TRACY DANISON
Le Chesnay, France

Senator Bradley uses some bizarre logic in his rationalization for contra aid ("The Democrats in '88"). If he weighs gaining some time for the "fledgling democracies" of Central America, such as Honduras, Guatemala, and El Salvador, to "consolidate their democracies" against increased militarization of the region, the atrocities of guerrilla warfare, alienation of America's allies, and the strong possibility of U.S. military inter-



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vention and *still* finds it necessary to vote for contra aid, then I say he deserves all of the political liabilities coming to him. Better luck in '92.

JONATHAN ALLEN
Santa Cruz, Calif.

INDIAN MUSIC

I was surprised to find my name prominently mentioned in William H. Youngren's review of *The New Grove Dictionary of American Music* (March Atlantic). I was even more surprised that Youngren was objecting not to what I had written but, rather, to the extent of coverage of American Indian music by a number of authors, myself included.

Youngren notes that the "entry under 'Indians, American,' is about twenty pages long. . . ." Disproportionate, Youngren would like the reader to believe; but is it? *The New Grove American* is about 2,700 pages long. Indians compose only about one percent of the U.S. population. Is 2.25 percent therefore too large a proportion of pages for this population group?

Youngren says, "[The entry] in effect admits that the American Indian music of earlier periods is virtually inaccessible now, and that what remains is of slight musical interest." The first part of the statement is true. We don't know much about Indian music before it was recorded. I said this to discourage the many who assume that Indian music has never changed and that what we can now hear is what the Indians sang as they crossed the Bering Strait. I do not, however, plead guilty to saying that what is left is of slight musical interest, and my article devotes considerable space to saying just the opposite.

Youngren says, "It is difficult to see how a music that has been pretty well stamped out can still be vital and still be playing an important role in our musical culture." In large measure *The New Grove American* is history, and so the fact that a music has been "stamped out" is hardly a criterion for exclusion. Fortunately for the dictionary's comprehensive task, it is full of such stamped-out musics. Youngren suggests that in order to be "vital" a music must be playing an important part in "our" musical culture. But who are "we"? Does he mean that if music plays a major part in the culture of a million Indians that should not be enough for *The New Grove American*? Does he believe that no Indians will ever open up

its pages to find out about their music? Or are the Indians to be considered "people" only if they have a measurable effect on the other residents of the United States?

Youngren says, "Only when we approach formal art music, it seems, can the contribution of whites be fully acknowledged and analyzed." The editors might have given more space to vernacular musics of white populations, but perhaps the research done so far is inadequate to provide long articles. That, it true, is surely not the fault of the American Indians or of the people who study their music.

BRUNO NETTL
Professor of Music and Anthropology
University of Illinois
Urbana, Ill.

William H. Youngren replies:

In objecting to my claim that the coverage of American Indian music in the *New Grove American* is excessive, Professor Nettl cites only my statement that the general entry under "Indians American," is about twenty pages long. He seems to have overlooked the first half of that sentence, in which I pointed out that there are, in addition, "over forty entries under the names of individual tribes and tribal groups."

Professor Nettl denies having admitted that "what remains [of American Indian music] is of slight musical interest." Yet in the entry under "Indians American," he writes of "the rapid impoverishment of Indian musical culture" brought about by Western influence and adds: "Traditional musical performance has been largely replaced by concerts in the Western manner, often intended for tourists. These, while no wholly destructive in their effects on Indian musical culture, have nevertheless diminished its variety and originality."

I completely agree with Professor Nettl that "the fact that a music has been 'stamped out' is hardly a criterion for exclusion." The issue was excessive coverage, not exclusion. "Now, of course," I wrote, "American Indian music should not have been excluded from consideration in the *New Grove American*." And when I more or less equated a music's being "vital" with its "playing an important role in our musical culture," was merely paraphrasing the remark of Professor's Hitchcock's that I had cited in my preceding paragraph.

Finally, I am surprised by Professor Nettl's rather lame conjecture that "per

haps the research done so far is inadequate to provide long articles" on the white vernacular musics of this country. Though these musics are not his special field of study, he must surely know of Bill C. Malone's *Country Music U.S.A.* and the other books and articles listed in the bibliographies in the *New Grove American*.

ADVICE & CONSENT

Cullen Murphy's article "Who Do Men Say That I Am?" (December *Atlantic*) was an excellent summary of where a certain part of biblical criticism is today. But it gives a very partial view of the total field of Christian scholarship at present and particularly of the resurrection as well as the ministry of Jesus. Most of the people whom the author interviewed come from one particular world view. It is a view of rational materialism, which simply does not take into account the possibility that there could be a spiritual dimension of reality which interacts with the material one.

The latest findings in sub-atomic physics and mathematics (Kurt Godel), as well as the work of anthropologists like Mircea Eliade and psychologists like C. G. Jung, are much more open to the possibility of an interaction with a real spiritual dimension than the theologians whom Cullen Murphy interviewed. In addition, nearly 20 percent of the four Gospels deals with Jesus's healing ministry, and very respectable students of the New Testament text, such as Norman Perrin and Gunther Bornkamm, note that it is strange that even when form criticism says that the healing stories belong to the earliest level of the Gospel narrative, they are seldom taken seriously by biblical critics. In my own experience, the Gospel narratives are taken more seriously by disciples of Jung than by Christian biblical critics.

Murphy, who mentions Vermaas and Joseph Clausner, says nothing about the work of Pinchas Lapide, whose book *The Resurrection of Jesus* is a remarkable statement that the Resurrection probably occurred—that the development of the early Church makes no sense without it.

When one listens (and I have, at many conferences) to people tell of their transforming religious experiences, the figure of the Risen Christ—the Risen Jesus—appears again and again as a transforming symbol. In most churches people are

not encouraged to describe or tell of these experiences, because ministers trained in the biblical tradition that is described in the article are frightened when such experiences are detailed. I speak not as an ordinary, uninformed person but as one who has written more than twenty books on the very subjects that Cullen Murphy fails to deal with. It seems to me that *The Atlantic Monthly* might well consider presenting another side of the picture: the fact that there is a vital, living Christianity in which the Risen Jesus is a still-present reality and a transforming power in modern human lives.

MORTON T. KELSEY
Professor Emeritus, Theology
University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Ind.

Cait Murphy, the author of the informative article on the Sherlock Holmes mystique ("The Game's Still Afoot," March *Atlantic*), made one error I am anxious to correct. She mentioned that the University of Minnesota and the University of Toronto have assembled Sherlock Holmes collections in their libraries. The University of Minnesota does have an outstanding collection, but the world's best public collection is located not at the University of Toronto but at the Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library, on Yonge Street.

The Arthur Conan Doyle Collection in Toronto was officially inaugurated in 1972—somewhat before the Holmes revival began—and it was allotted its own room in the library's new building, which opened in 1977. In contrast to the rest of the library, the Sherlock Holmes room is furnished in period style. It contains memorabilia of the great detective—hats, pipes, magnifying glasses, Persian slippers, and so forth—as well as first editions of the Conan Doyle works, autographed letters (of Conan Doyle—not Holmes and Watson, alas), pictures, posters, comic books, film stills, tapes and records, and some films.

Visitors are welcome but are advised to call or write ahead to ascertain what hours the room is open. We plan to honor the centennial of *A Study in Scarlet* (we have a copy of Beeton's Christmas Annual, 1887, by the way) with an exhibition in December.

CAMERON HOLLYER
Arthur Conan Doyle Collection
Metropolitan Toronto
Reference Library
Toronto, Ont.

In her excellent article "Heterosexuals and AIDS" (February *Atlantic*) Katie Leishman referred to my research on people's decision-making related to their health. Another finding from this research, demonstrated also in other studies and illustrated at several points in Leishman's article, sheds additional light on the reluctance to be tested for AIDS by persons who see themselves as at risk of having it. This research showed that whereas moderate concern may provide the motivation to seek medical advice, extreme fear often has the opposite effect, especially if the fearful person does not believe that he can cope successfully with the cause of his fear. It is very plausible that denial of the risk of AIDS and refusal to submit to diagnostic tests are attempts to cope with the extreme fear of the disease. It may seem irrational, but it is a common behavioral phenomenon. Once a reasonably effective cure for AIDS is found, such behavior is likely to become rarer.

Another problem with persuading persons at risk of AIDS to be tested is the fact that each time a person exposes himself to such a risk and experiences no symptoms, he may become more confident that he is safe ("it won't happen to me").

GODFREY M. HOCHBAUM
Professor of Health Education
The University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill, N.C.

The origin of the usage of *zone* (Word Watch, February *Atlantic*) may come from the television show *Twilight Zone*. "Lost in the twilight zone" means not concentrating on what is going on. When the public became aware of the ozone layer, the expressions *zoning out* and, from the Commander Cody song title, *lost in the ozone again* came into use. Though the terms originally meant a loss of awareness of one's surroundings, often because of drug use, and were derogatory, they later came to mean attaining a higher state of consciousness.

ERIC LEVINSON
Sacramento, Calif.

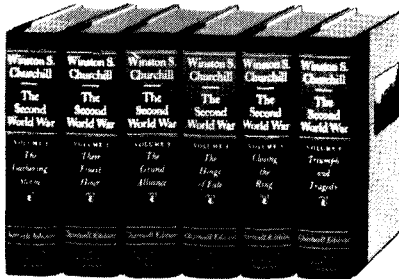
Maybe I'm too sensitive, but I thought the illustrations of a man putting a revolver to his temple in the April Almanac were offensive. *The Atlantic* has always been such a civilizing influence in my life; it's scary to think that little pictures like that are "cute."

RITA REDDEN
Johnstown, Pa.

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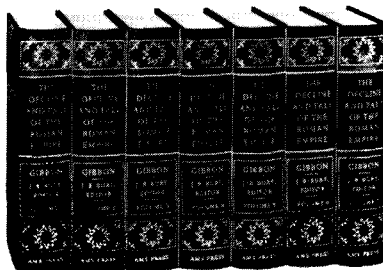
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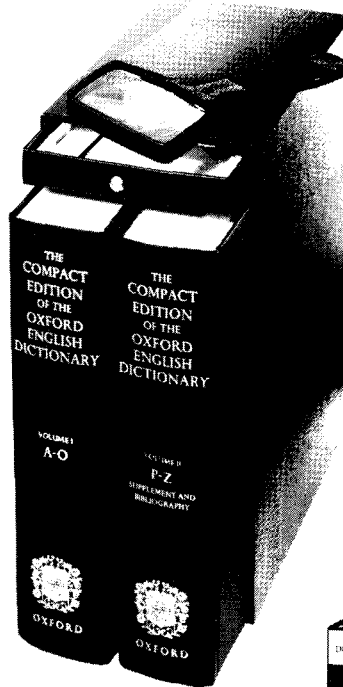
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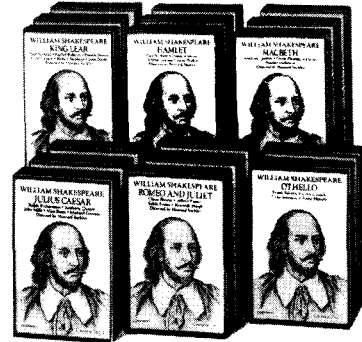
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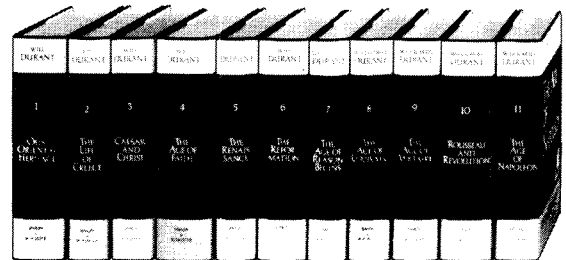
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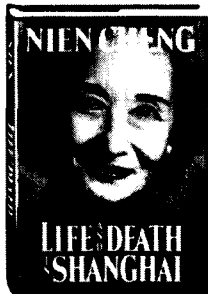
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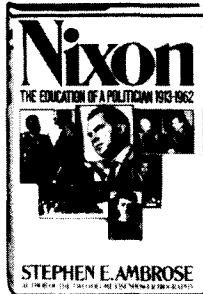
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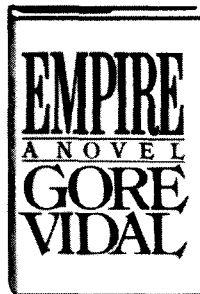
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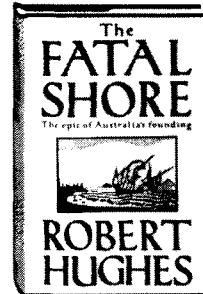
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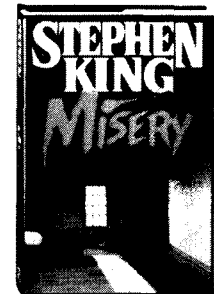
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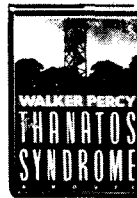
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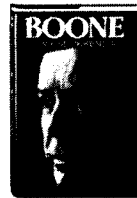
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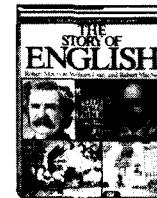
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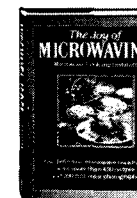
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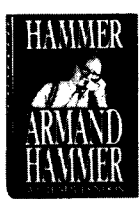
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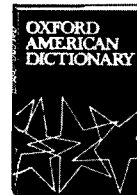
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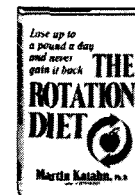
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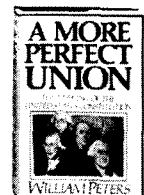
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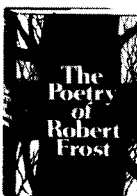
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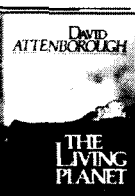
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THE JULY ALMANAC

THE SKIES

July 4, a day long associated with pyrotechnics of one kind or another. On July 4, 1054, a star in the constellation Taurus exploded, producing a galactic fireworks display that lasted three months. It was chronicled by the Chinese. 10, Full Moon, also known this month as the Hay, Buck, or Thunder Moon. 25, New Moon. Toward the end of the month the Delta Aquarid meteor showers can be seen in the hours after midnight in the southeastern sky.



GOVERNMENT

July 1, fiscal year 1988 begins in all states except Alabama, Michigan, New York, and Texas. In Nevada on this day the 284-mile stretch of U.S. Route 50 between Fernley and Ely officially becomes "the loneliest road in America." In Arkansas the process of divestiture must begin for all public-employee pension funds invested in companies doing business with South Africa. In Michigan officials expect to have fully implemented the state's innovative Education Trust Act by this date. Parents can now pay a lump sum to the state, years before their children are ready for college, in exchange for an eventual four years of tuition at any state school. July 2-6, Congressional Independence Day recess. The Supreme Court also hopes to have begun its three-month summer recess by this time.

NEW STAMPS

July 4, a 22¢ stamp commemorating Delaware's bicentennial will be issued in Dover. 18, a 22¢/2-dirham stamp will be issued jointly with the Kingdom of Morocco, in Washington, D.C., and Rabat, commemorating 200 years of diplomatic ties between the United States and Morocco.



ENVIRONMENT

"The thunder shower, the clearing sky, / And sunset splendor of July"—attributed to John Greenleaf Whittier. July is the peak month for lightning in the region where lightning strikes most frequently: south-central Florida. An average square mile of ground there is struck 46 times a year. Two of the four species of West Coast salmon, the sockeye (the most valuable commercial catch) and the king, begin their annual spawning runs this month. The king and another Pacific species, the coho, have been transplanted with some success to New England. Pacific salmon are famous for dying almost immediately after spawning, and this behavior persists in the Northeast. Their more staid cousins, the Atlantic salmon, who spawn earlier in the year (in the same waters), for the most part simply return to the sea when their mission is accomplished.



DEMOGRAPHICS

July is the last big month of the season for retail sales of bathing suits. If recent trends continue, men will be covering more of themselves at the nation's beaches this year and women will be covering less of themselves. According to MRCA Information Services, some 82 percent of the 19 million men's bathing suits sold in 1986 were boxers rather than briefs, up from 76 percent in 1982. Of the 33 million women's suits sold, 19.4 percent were two-piece rather than one-piece suits, up from 17.8 percent in 1982 (but still significantly below the 51

percent share they held in 1977). The amount of fabric saved on women's bathing suits last year would be more than enough to clothe (in boxers or bikinis, at least) all of America's dues-paying nudists: the 30,000 members of the American Sunbathing Association and the 10,000 members of the Naturalist Society.



FOOD

If this Fourth of July weekend is like last year's, Americans will buy some 200 million hot dogs—and throw away 18 million. (The level of waste on the holiday is about double the normal level.) Roughly 40 million of the hot dogs will be made from poultry rather than red meat. Sales of beef and pork hot dogs have been flat in recent years, and producers are now trying to tempt consumers with herbed, cheese-filled, and jalapeño hot dogs. But sales of poultry hot dogs have grown rapidly. This year, for the first time, Americans are expected to eat more poultry than beef.

ARTS & LETTERS

July and August mark the yearly low in television viewing. Other forms of entertainment are flourishing, however. Movie attendance is typically at its highest: a full 40 percent of annual ticket sales occur between Memorial Day and Labor Day. The summer opera season peaks this month: 15 opera companies in 12 states are offering some 40 productions. And Shakespeare festivals are being held in 22 states, though not in any of the 18 U.S. towns named Stratford.



HEALTH & SAFETY

Americans travel abroad more in July and August than at any other time of year. In the most popular destinations the diseases considered quarantinable by the World Health Organization (cholera, yellow fever, and plague) pose no more significant a danger than they do in the United States. Indeed, foreign citizens present a grave danger to the traveler's health and safety than foreign microorganisms. As of this writing State Department warnings and advisories caution travelers about risks, ranging from mugging to war, in 46 countries. Foreign citizens, of course, present a far greater immediate danger to one another than they do to Americans. Although only one declared war (between Iran and Iraq) is being fought anywhere, warlike armed conflicts are under way in some 20 other countries.



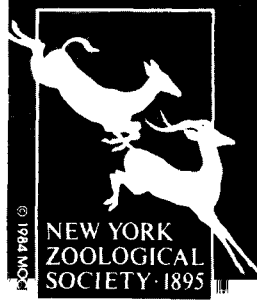
75 YEARS AGO

Earl Barnes, the author of *Women in Modern Society*, writing in the July, 1912, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "This period of woman's life, from fifty to seventy-five years, is now more shamefully wasted than any other of our national resources. If one visits a state federation of women's clubs, he will find nearly every delegate of this age. They are women of mature understanding and of ripe judgment, still possessing abundant health and strength. . . . Remove all restrictions on woman's activity and these strong matrons would vitalize our schools, give us decent municipal housekeeping, supervise the conditions under which women work in shops and factories, and do much to clean up our politics. Even debased from real power as they are, they are still making us decent in spite of ourselves."

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES OH, WELL

NOT LONG AGO the townspeople of Wilkesburg, Pennsylvania, decided that in commemoration of the community's centennial, the contents of a time capsule buried twenty-five years earlier should be exhumed and examined. Unfortunately, the time capsule had been laid to rest by a select committee of Wilkesburg citizens, all of whom are now dead. Harold J. ("Chick") Ake, eighty-seven, who was a member of the Wilkesburg Chamber of Commerce at the time, recalls that the committee met in secret session to decide where to bury the time capsule and that subsequently they "didn't tell anyone." Ake thought they might have put it underneath the flower beds "down there in front of the railroad station in the circle," but a day of digging turned up nothing. Chick Ake went home and wrote in the diary he has kept since 1915: "Oh, well." The time capsule still has not been found.

Time capsules almost never are. I am a sociologist, and recently, with the help of an archaeologist colleague, William Rathje, I actually looked into the matter. We got in touch with the Smithsonian Institution's Division of Engineering and Industries, which for some reason keeps track of such things, and asked for every printed reference to time capsules they could find. There were a lot of references, and tracking down the articles took some time. Eventually, though, we had two stacks: one, three or four inches high, consisting of articles about time capsules being interred; the other, a couple of angstroms in height, consisting of articles about time capsules being

opened. Somehow, the most compelling aspect of time capsules seems to be the burying of them, the marking of our spot. The few time capsules that somehow manage to get opened have almost always been turned up by accident, and they almost never contain items of much interest or value, or tell us anything about the past that we might actually care to know. My own rough estimate is that several thousand time capsules are ceremoniously squirreled away and forgotten for every one that successfully conveys its cargo into the hands of a future generation.

Even so, it seems to me, most time capsules do serve their purpose. For the truth is that at some level, whether it's conscious or not, time capsules are intended less as messages from ourselves to the future than as messages from ourselves to ourselves. In its most common and rudimentary form, the time capsule offers the sustaining, if ultimately illusory, reassurance that those associated

with its contents have won a small niche in history. Behind the most ambitious of time capsules may lie impulses cautionary or self-congratulatory, naively didactic or cynically commercial.

IF ONE INCLUDES the practice of lodging odds and ends in the cornerstones of buildings, then the origins of the time capsule go back at least to ancient Babylon. But the golden age of time capsules, in which we are living now, began in 1938, when Thornwell Jacobs sealed his 2,000-cubic-foot "Crypt of Civilization"—a kind of Noah's Ark of Depression-era knowledge and technology—beneath the administration building of Oglethorpe University, in Georgia, and directed that it not be opened until A.D. 8113. (The date was chosen because it was as far in the future as the first recorded date in history was in the past.) The term *time capsule* was coined not long after, by the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, to denote a





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torpedo-shaped container seven and a half feet long that was buried fifty feet below Flushing Meadow in connection with the 1939 New York World's Fair. Westinghouse, which was lagging badly behind its chief rival, General Electric, created the time capsule to attract publicity and spur sales. The capsule, meant to be opened in A.D. 6939, was constructed of a special alloy and Pyrex glass. Inside, protected by an atmosphere of inert gas, are some forty common household artifacts; a collection of metals, textiles, and seeds; ten million words and a thousand illustrations on microfilm; and a grim letter from Albert Einstein, in which he wrote, "People living in different countries kill each other at irregular time intervals, so that also for this reason anyone who thinks about the future must live in fear and terror." By the early 1950s the inhumation of time capsules had become, like everything else in America, a mass phenomenon—a consequence, perhaps, of the psychological shadow cast by Hiroshima, although the trend also correlated with the postwar upsurge in building permits.

THORNWELL JACOBS wrote, "We . . . are the first generation equipped to perform our archaeological duty to the future." In fact doing one's archaeological duty is at once senseless and impossible. Even if materials did not decay and sites did not vanish, we lack the necessary perspective to judge what is most important about ourselves and our society—and the necessary prescience to anticipate what those in the future may most want to find out. One day last year, at the Campbell Plaza shopping mall in Tucson, where I live, the public was invited to witness a rare event—the opening of a time capsule. Campbell Plaza was the first air-conditioned strip mall in the United States, and a time capsule had been buried there at its grand opening, a quarter of a century ago. A former mayor was on hand as the master of ceremonies, and television crews recorded the proceedings. The occasion turned out to be something of a disappointment, however. When extracted from its repository, the Campbell Plaza time capsule was revealed to contain nothing but a few crumbling local newspapers and some business cards. Oh, well. What no one seemed to realize was that the truly significant time capsule was the one the crowd had been standing in—Campbell Plaza itself. Embedded in its concrete,

asphalt, and plastic is the tale of the transformation of the American city by the automobile.

I hope that up in Wilkesburg, Pennsylvania, the townspeople take heart and consider that the time capsule most worth having may be not the one they've failed to find but the one Chick Ake has been writing since 1915.

—Albert Bergesen



FRANCE

THE SEXY COMPUTER

The French are falling in love with their computers—and through them

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN hard to tell what the French will fall in love with next. Their latest passion is sending anonymous messages on a squat nine-inch computer terminal to people they have never met. Designed in 1978 as the world's first electronic telephone directory, Minitel, which is distributed, free, to French telephone subscribers, today provides access to more than 4,500 consumer services twenty-four hours a day, revolutionizing business in a country in which home delivery is rare and few shops are open at night. But it is the French perception of Minitel as a passport to romance that has made France's first high-tech addiction.

Though officials are reluctant to give

precise figures, roughly half the connection hours on Minitel's most popular network are to the more than 400 *messageries*—direct-dialogue services that, for many, are taking the place of confidante, confessor, psychiatrist, and lover. A user, protected by a pseudonym he or she chooses when signing on, sends a message to another "pseudo," listed on the screen, or waits to receive one.

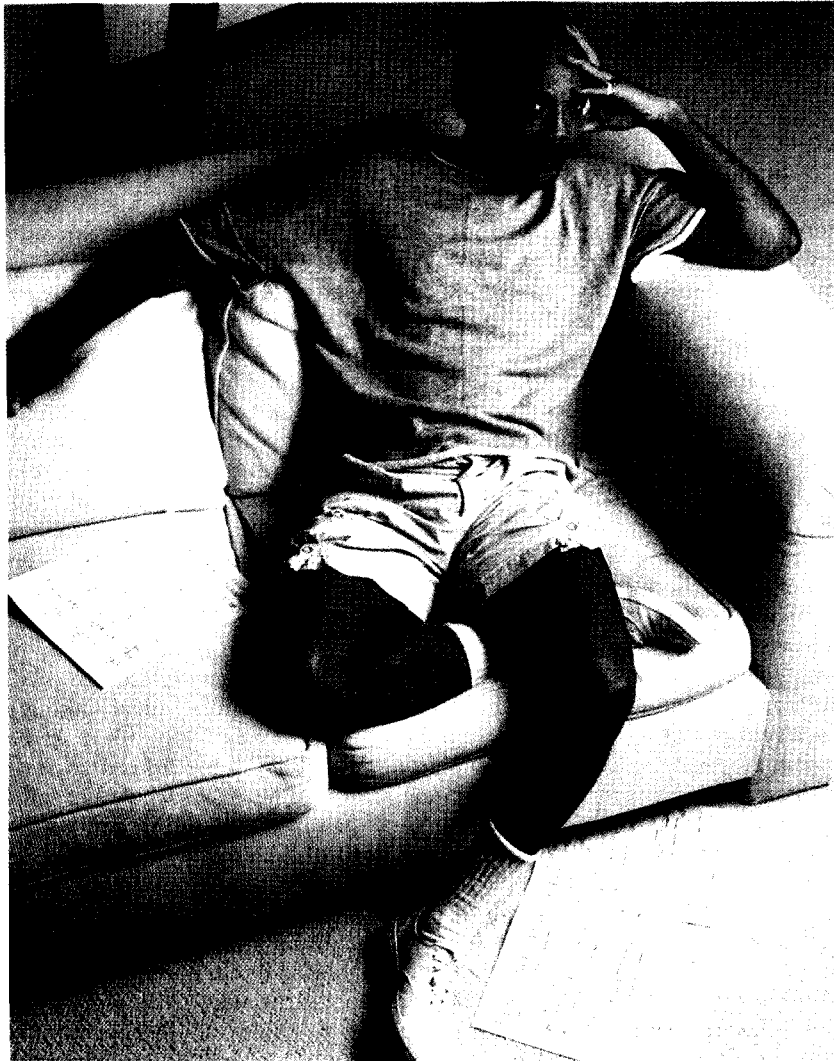
Those looking for more than understanding consult *messageries roses*, sexual smorgasbords with something for every taste. (In France *le rose*, or "pink," refers to soft-core pornography.) Sextel, X-Tel, Désirópolis, Aphrodite, Aime-Moi Mimi, and Abélard et Héloïse advertise a selection of "Rambos, machos, Latin Lovers, Romeos, and Big Bad Wolves" for women, and "mermaids, man-eaters, Little Red Riding Hoods, and femmes fatales" for men. Pom, "the first encyclopedia of lovemaking," hears confessions and takes orders for lingerie. Canal Gay, Gai Pied, Voice of the Paranoid, Masked Ball, and many others cater to male and female homosexuals, voyeurs, and groups given to sexual *bizarrie*.

As the conversations build from friendly to flirtatious to seriously seductive, some pseudos exchange phone numbers; a few eventually meet. But many choose to remain behind their protective shields. In an age when physical contact is often associated with contamination, Minitel's attraction is risk-free communication: the emotional equivalent of safe sex, conversation with a condom.

So many people have become addicted to these electronic singles bars and computer cafés, as they are called, that it is not uncommon for people to abandon human beings to run home to electronic rendezvous. The hunger for communication is even replacing the legendary French appetite for food—growing numbers of people are staying in their offices to "talk" on Minitels during lunchtime.

Adults are not the only ones who have become addicted to the Minitel. When a television call-in show asked children to answer questions by Minitel, instead of by telephone, five hundred responded, instead of the usual fifty. An amazed father wrote to *Minitel Magazine* to say that his four children didn't want to take any of the regular vacation paraphernalia to Brittany this year; the only "toy" they wanted was the Minitel.

Yet few people openly admit to seeking romance on their Minitels. In bour-



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geois circles using them for social reasons is still slightly taboo, in the same category as placing a personal ad. Then, too, there is the feeling that the French, internationally acknowledged experts in the art of love, shouldn't require the services of a machine—Real Frenchmen Don't Need Minitel. But the minute one guest at a dinner party confesses that he has tried looking for love on his, others soon relax and admit that they have too.

THE LOVE AFFAIR between the normally technology-shy French and their new high-tech toy is one of the most unusual success stories in France since the Second World War. Last year Telecom, the government telecommunications agency, had revenues of more than one billion francs (\$167 million) from Minitel, making France the world leader in videotex, the system by which one computer communicates with another; in French it is called *télématique*.

These days Georges Nahon, the managing director of Intelmatique, Telecom's marketing arm, is eyeing the American market the way Tom eyes Jerry. A cartoon in *Intelmatique* magazine shows a tiny Minitel cooing "I love you" to an equally smitten American cowboy. In an office adorned with a gold-plated Minitel, the millionth manufactured, Nahon plies foreign journalists with tote bags that say I LOVE MINITEL and discusses "les chat lines" in fluent French. (Minitel is "très user-friendly," "un bon business"; the BBC Minitel service, begun in March, "un package: message plus news.")

In recent months Nahon has spent much of his time studying "le break-up," the deregulation of the American telephone industry, and his nemesis, Judge Harold Greene, the author of the ruling that the French consider to be the main obstacle to the conquest of America by Minitel. Lately, however, Nahon has had more to worry about than Judge Greene. A controversy over the sexually explicit use of Minitel is threatening to tarnish its carefully polished image.

Many people who have logged on to the *messageries roses* out of curiosity have been shocked by the obscene language and semi-pornographic graphics. Starting last summer, however, they no longer had to turn on Minitel to see women in provocative poses. Racy ads for Minitel loomed at them from subway corridors, newspaper kiosks, and some of

France's most illustrious historical monuments. In August a homosexual network promoting sex with children was brought to public attention. Then came the news that a woman in Nice had been tortured and raped by a man she had met on Minitel.

"MINITEL ROSE SCANDAL," "MINITEL SEX MACHINE," the headlines read. "A few are making fortunes preying on the sexual poverty of the many," *Le Monde* moralized. "We thought the *messageries roses* were just acne," François de Valence, the editor of *Minitel Magazine*, wrote. "They're turning out to be smallpox." Parisians joked that PTT no longer stood for Postes, Téléphone et Télégraph but had become "Prostitution Télématique et Téléphonique." By December the mayor of Paris, Jacques Chirac, had received so many letters from Parisians complaining that they couldn't go Christmas shopping without encountering technicolor genitalia that he ordered the most offensive posters taken down.

A special Commission Télématique was convened to decide whether existing laws on pornography apply to Minitel. But sessions for the most part resembled a town meeting discussing what to do about the flying saucer that landed on the village green. "A lot of time is spent laughing at the stories," one member admitted. The PTT was quick to duck responsibility. "The *messageries* are more mental than physical," Jean-Paul Maury, the head of Télématique services, says. "Two and a half million people use Minitel, and we don't have two and a half million people meeting in corners." Shifting blame to the private contractors who provide the software, he said, "Our role is to transport information, not to censor it. To blame us because somebody got raped is like blaming Gutenberg for pornography because he invented the printing press."

Ultimate responsibility belonged to the courts, everyone decided. But even the courts are confused. "A 1939 law forbids public incitation to debauchery," Monique Poignard, a judge assigned to the case, explains. "But are Minitel messages public or private? One-to-one messages and electronic mail are obviously private, but the personal ads and the forums where several people talk at once are public. We want the contractors to screen them. Some say it's technically impossible. Others tell us it can be done. We aren't sure whom to believe."

The truth no one really wants to admit

is that the *messageries roses* are making too much money for anyone to want to do much of anything about them. Selling sex is, after all, as French as *tarte aux pommes*. In the country that made the brothel a respectable social institution (in a typically Cartesian Catch-22, prostitution is legal but soliciting is not), anything goes as long as the government gets its cut. "Let's face it," one official says. "People are not going to run up ten-thousand-franc bills sending messages to their banks."

A NATIONAL SEX NETWORK wasn't exactly what the technocrats had in mind. Strongly influenced by a 1978 report on the computerization of France, which warned that the technophobic French, unless they rapidly became computer-friendly, would be left home making Camembert and coq au vin while the Americans and the Japanese fought it out in the microchip major leagues, Telecom officials came up with a plan to force the French to the keyboard.

The telephone book, which was expensive to compile and print, and 10 percent of which was out of date by the time it was published, would be replaced by an easy-to-use computer terminal linking users to an electronic directory. As consumer services were added to its repertoire, the French would become hooked on high tech, and France would be a step closer to a long-standing dream: a French-language satellite data bank that would break the worldwide on-line monopoly of English. (Reportedly, President François Mitterrand has complained about having to talk to machines in English.)

This was an ambitious plan, considering that in 1977 only a third of French homes had telephones. As late as 1973 France had ranked only twenty-second among industrialized nations in the number of telephone lines per capita, behind Spain, Greece, and Iceland—a situation said to have cost France two percent of its GNP, or \$3.7 billion, in business that year.

But it was usually after the French got their telephones that their headaches began. As a form of communication, French telephones were only slightly less primitive than the tom-tom and often less effective. Half the calls in Paris regularly failed to go through. When they did, one had to expect that the dialogue might at any moment become a monologue. "Half of France is waiting



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for a telephone," a member of the National Assembly once remarked. "The other half is waiting for a dial tone."

Shocked by the state of French telecommunications when he returned to France in 1969, after working for a French firm in North America for twelve years, Jean-François Berry started France's first consumer lobby, the Association Française des Utilisateurs du Téléphone et des Télécommunications (AFUTT), and began bombarding the government with graphs that showed just how far France had to go.

The French failure to invest in telecommunications was not an oversight. From its introduction in France, in the early 1900s, the telephone had had two image problems: it was considered an instrument of women's liberation and of political subversion. "It acquired a risqué image because it was thought that women used it to carry on affairs behind their husbands' backs," Catherine Bertho, a historian at the Post Office Ministry, explains. "Belle Époque postcards showed the first call girls, holding telephones. The French adore hierarchy, and [the telephone] allowed one to bypass the hierarchy: social climbers had access without having first to leave their cards. It was also used to give orders to tradesmen, so anyone who jumped when a bell rang was acting like a servant."

Charles de Gaulle, never one to jump when a bell rang, despised the intrusiveness of the telephone and would not permit one near him. By allowing French telecommunications to languish, he also followed a long-standing French tradition: government control of information.

Not until 1974, the first time in sixteen years that the Gaullists were out of power, did AFUTT's embarrassing graphs hit home. Ordering the then Post Office Minister Gérard Théry to "get the French connected," President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing allocated 100 billion francs (\$17 billion) over five years to make the telephone a national priority. As a result, telecommunications made a greater leap in one decade than any sector of the economy had since the Second World War. France has 24 million telephone subscribers today, as compared with 10 million in 1977, and anyone who wants a telephone can have one within several days, for an installation fee of 250 francs (\$42), a fourth of what it used to cost.

The one problem that remained was the telephone book, and Directory In-

quiries, the notorious "12" (the French "411"), was little better. It was often five or ten minutes before an operator answered, and when one did, it was usually to berate the caller for not having the party's address or middle initial. (I once tried to obtain the number of a hotel in rue des Beaux Arts called L'Hôtel. "We are in France, Madame," the operator announced. "And in France the hotels have names. Hotel Crillon. Hotel Ritz. You see—names. Call me back when you find the name.")

Enter Minitel! Not only does it find any number in France in seconds, but it does so when you give it an incorrect spelling or incomplete information. (As soon as I got mine, I typed in "L'Hôtel."



Up came the number.) But superior service, officials knew, would not be enough to entice the French to use Minitel, let alone get them hooked. Aware that their thrifty compatriots would never pay for the machines, which cost 1,000 francs (\$167) each to produce, Telecom decided to include them in the telephone subscription price—in effect giving them away. "It was an amazing thing to do," Alain Minc, a co-author of the 1978 report, says. "Like giving away television sets in 1955." Such unprecedented largesse got people's attention. Henri IV had promised the French a chicken in every pot. Now there was to be a Minitel in every *maison*. Next, Telecom officials decided on an enticing pay-as-you-go policy. Unlike videotex users in other countries, the French pay no access or

subscription fees. They are charged for the time they use—from \$4 to \$10 an hour, depending on the service—on their telephone bills.

The electronic telephone directory was an immediate hit. But aside from that the French, overinformed and underloved, like many of us, remained largely indifferent. Then, in October of 1981, pirates in Strasbourg hijacked the internal message system of a small videotex network started by *Les Dernières Nouvelles d'Alsace*, one of the few newspapers that had seen Minitel as an opportunity rather than a threat. They began sending each other messages, and within days connection time on the network tripled.

Fascinated, Michel Landaret, the computer specialist who had set up the system, spent weeks at his terminal watching what he calls "the verbal tennis matches." (A jovial man, referred to as the "father of the *messagerie*" by the French press, Landaret recalls the day he spotted the first suggestive pseudo. It was "Peggy la Cochonne—Peggy the Pig," he says with a grin.)

Communication, not information, was Minitel's *raison d'être*, Landaret realized. He went to Paris to sell Telecom on the idea of a direct-dialogue service that would allow users to "talk" to each other. "They were scandalized," Landaret says. "They said it would be a waste of time for people to 'chat' on Minitel." Undeterred, Landaret returned to Strasbourg and created France's first *messagerie*, Gretel, whose logo is a heart with fluttering eyelashes.

It wasn't long before Gretel had revolutionized Strasbourg, a staid Alsatian town in France's gloomy northeastern corner which is known as the home of the European Parliament and for its citizens' lengthy silences. By the end of the first year the once taciturn Strasbourg-geois had sent each other 18 million messages; Gretel was receiving 1,200 calls a day. The average "conversation" lasted an hour.

Those who had sneered began to see the *messageries* in a new light. First on the bandwagon was the press, which had seen Minitel as a rival and campaigned against it. Anxious to disarm the opposition, in November of 1984 Telecom accorded the press a virtual monopoly on 36.15, a network that includes the profitable *messageries* and is now known as *le kiosque*. As a result, far from being what *Le Monde* once called the "gravedigger of print," Minitel soon put many newspa-

pers, including two of Paris's largest, into the black after years of financial chaos.

By June of 1985 the *messageries* were receiving so many calls that the network exploded, reducing its capacity substantially for more than a month. By 1986 *le kiosk* was generating 70 percent of the main traffic on Minitel and revenue had nearly quadrupled, from 286 million francs (\$48 million) in 1985 to 822 million (\$137 million). In the twelve-month period ending last March, traffic increased by 50 percent. Gretel had revenues of 1.5 million francs (\$250,000) a month, two thirds of it from the direct-dialogue service. (The other third came from news and consumer services.)

THE FRENCH, IT seemed, were hooked. As *messageries* sprang up all over France, the French succumbed to a desire to explain it all. True rationalists, the French don't just experience passion. They passionately analyze it, scrutinize it, assess it to excess. So many long-winded articles on the *messageries* soon appeared that one journalist challenged the intellectuals "to come off it and admit they are out for sex like everyone else." Why, they wanted to know, had videotex been such a success only in France? Were the French more lonely, isolated, frustrated, repressed, or uptight than everybody else?

The answer, in many respects, seemed to be yes. The *messageries* are a response to a society that teaches people to be not only wary of strangers but also suspicious of friends, one in which a burden of rituals and rules regulates most activity. The first thing that children—and foreigners—learn is that there is one way to do things, the French way, *comme il faut*. Childhood in France is a never-ending litany of "Don't run, you'll trip," "Don't play, you'll get dirty," "Don't speak to someone unless you have been introduced." (It is not uncommon for people who have worked together for years to address each other as Monsieur and Madame. Not for nothing was "It is forbidden to forbid" the most enduring slogan of the mass demonstrations of May, 1968.)

Such a rigid system has produced a nation of inhibited, self-conscious people, despite their image of dash and flair, whose reputation for sexual expertise is largely a myth. Romain Gary wrote in *La Vie Devant Soi*, which won the Prix Goncourt in 1975, "What we call being alive in our country is having your papers in order." Sociologists considered it signifi-

cant that France's first *messagerie* bloomed in the emotional desert of Strasbourg, and they flocked there to study it. In 1983 Gretel became nationally famous when the French got a glimpse of love à la Strasbourgeoise in *Minitel, Mon Amour*, a television documentary produced by Eddy Cherky, a sociologist at France's prestigious Centre Nationale de Recherche Scientifique. Viewers were as deeply fascinated by the adventures of Ulysse, Superman, Coeur d'Or, and La Fée aux Mille Yeux Miroirs (The Fairy with the Thousand Mirror Eyes) as they were by those of les Carringtons.

Ulysse is a university mathematics professor who, with his wife's approval, corresponds platonically but passionately with Maldita, a woman he had never seen until they appeared on television together. Not all Strasbourgeois were as relaxed as Ulysse's wife about their spouses' new friends. A woman incensed by the idea that her husband might be sending flirtatious messages to women while she was sitting in the same room logged on to a friend's Minitel with a lascivious pseudonym. She was soon besieged by racy propositions, including one from her husband. He awoke the next day to find his wife gone and the Minitel on the pillow.

A man who suspected his wife of having an affair cut the Minitel wires. She spliced them. With the finesse of a *cordon bleu* he cut them into inch-long pieces, and then threw the Minitel out the window. "So many have gone out the window that we have stopped counting!" Michel Landaret says. "Put a Minitel in a bad marriage and it's over." (There is now a 3,060-franc penalty for "voluntary destruction" of a Minitel.)

As spouses quickly realize, Minitel relationships are no less real because the partners are invisible. Many Minitelists are telling their new electronic pen pals things they have never told anyone else. Some, as a result, experience greater intimacy than they have with their long-time spouses.

One woman told her friends that she was leaving her husband for a "wonderful man" she had met on Minitel. When they asked what he looked like, she admitted she had never met him. Another woman, who got her Minitel the day her husband left her, told Cherky that she had learned more about life in one night at the keyboard than she had in twenty-five years of marriage.

"People feel liberated because they



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are no longer being labeled and judged by the usual criteria," Jean-Pierre Talon, Landaret's assistant, explains. "Old, young, black, white, rich, poor, Arab, Jew, none of it has any significance on Minitel. Suddenly you are communicating in a different dimension, one in which the normal rules of social intercourse are missing. Le look doesn't count. It's totally democratic! It cuts across all barriers. You can be talking to an eighty-year-old grandmother and have the feeling she is twenty-two, or a woman and be certain it's a man. It's as if you are communicating directly with a person's soul.

"Before Minitel, everyone I met dressed like me, was educated like me, and thought like me. Minitel released me from this mental suburbia. One of the most interesting people I've met is a woman who drives a cart in a Heineken beer factory. When she talks about her job, it's like listening to a Grand Prix driver! One day we met for a drink. She had on a lot of makeup. She looked cheap. I realized that without Minitel, I never would have spoken to her, because of her physical appearance."

But Minitel's opacity also has less fortunate consequences. A woman was about to break up her marriage to move in with a Minitel suitor who had sent her many gifts. She was stricken when she learned that the suitor was a woman.

Some people are devastated by the defection of an electronic soulmate the way they would be by the desertion of a spouse, Landaret has discovered. "A man who had just moved to Strasbourg knew no one but the pseudos he had met on Minitel. When he was out of town, someone took his pseudo and was rude to the others. When he came back, no one would send him any messages, and he killed himself."

As the French are brought together by mutual interests and needs, networks are forming. They are something new in a country with little civic tradition, where people traditionally band together to fight against rather than for something. Strasbourg, like many French cities, now has Minitel support groups for single parents; the elderly; and people with cancer, multiple sclerosis, or AIDS; and dozens of hobby and sports "clubs."

Talon told me a story that exemplifies the new sense of cooperation and concern that Minitel has engendered. "One woman who was worried because her daughter had not come home typed her description on Minitel. Twenty-five

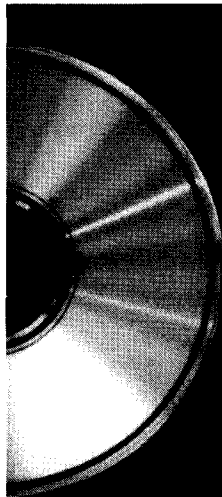
people saw it and went looking for her. They found her in a nightclub at five A.M. and sent her home." A busy career woman got unexpected help when she encountered an eighteen-year-old longing to be given orders by a woman. "My apartment has never been so clean," she told a French women's magazine.

Another unexpected result is that Minitel, far from doing in the written word, has sparked a writing renaissance. Like Roxane in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, Minitelists have no clue to each other's identity or the sincerity of each other's sentiments except what is put in writing. "There are no fingerprints, no witnesses, only masks at the 'Masked Ball,' which has become a carnival of words," *Le Monde* commented.

"The ability to write is now a major factor in seduction," Talon says. "Some people keep a dictionary beside the keyboard." Others, far from the baleful eyes of the Académie Française, which has kept the French language stagnant for years on the pretext of safeguarding its purity, are taking liberties with grammar and syntax to create a unique Minitel patois.

"Many people dream of writing, but where do they get a chance in their normal lives?" Talon says. "On Minitel people are discovering whole new personalities, defining themselves by new criteria. After a lifetime in a boring office many suddenly see themselves as artists!"

For some, who continue to write to each other on Minitel instead of talking on the telephone even after they have met, the medium is indeed the message. "We write things we could never say out loud," one woman told Talon. "It's easier to be honest." People are not just writing love letters. The minute Landaret put a word-processing program on Gretel, it was deluged with everything from classical Alexandrine verse to imitation e.e. cummings. "One man wrote a 650-page book!" he says. "He broke the system. I couldn't believe it." When an elderly man asked for a program for fishermen, Landaret suggested that he come in and write it. "He didn't think he could do it, but it was wonderful!" he recalls. "It was full of imaginative drawings. We still use it today." Others began trying their hands at programming. As a result, Gretel has more than 600 programs. (Most *messageries* offer a dozen or so.) "It's like an attic!" Landaret says. "We still don't know who wrote many of them."



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Political *messageries*—even the French Communist Party is now on line—feature “graffiti” services and opinion polls that are giving the French a sense that their opinions matter. “After years of telling people what to think on television, they’re asking what they think,” Talon says. “It’s flattering. Minitel has given a lot of people the sense that they are being listened to for the first time.”

While Telecom officials have welcomed the enormous profits from the *messageries*, they are nervous about having so much revenue generated by what is essentially a fluke. If the *messageries* prove a fad, they are wondering, will the French someday abandon their Minitels the way they dump their dogs at the start of their summer vacations?

If they do, it will be not because of flagging passion but because of dwindling francs. Like all addictions, Minitel has its price. To many people in France, where the “play now, pay later” concept is far less common than it is in the United States, being given a Minitel is like being given a home video arcade and told they won’t have to pay for two months. Many go into shock when they get the bills for their billets-doux. Several have stormed the Telecom office, swearing they couldn’t have run up such high sums. The record, set by a single woman in Besançon, is 70,000 francs (\$11,666) in a month. “She had to spend over five hundred hours on it, and there are only seven hundred and twenty hours in a month,” Landaret says.

The only solution for some has been to go cold turkey, but it’s not always that easy. One couple who returned their Minitel kept getting the same high bills; they discovered that their children had been plugging in a friend’s Minitel. Others have chosen to stay with the paper telephone book. But the question is, how long can people hold out?

The sheer number of public services now available on Minitel is making it increasingly difficult to live without. The Ministère des Finances has started a tax-information service, the Ministère de la Santé answers questions about the baffling French social-security system, and the Ministère de l’Éducation Nationale gives same-day baccalaureat examination results and tutorials. In what is perhaps the ultimate consecration, the Catholic Church recently opened a service. “God on Minitel,” read the cover of *Minitel Magazine*.

People complain that railway information is now almost impossible to get by

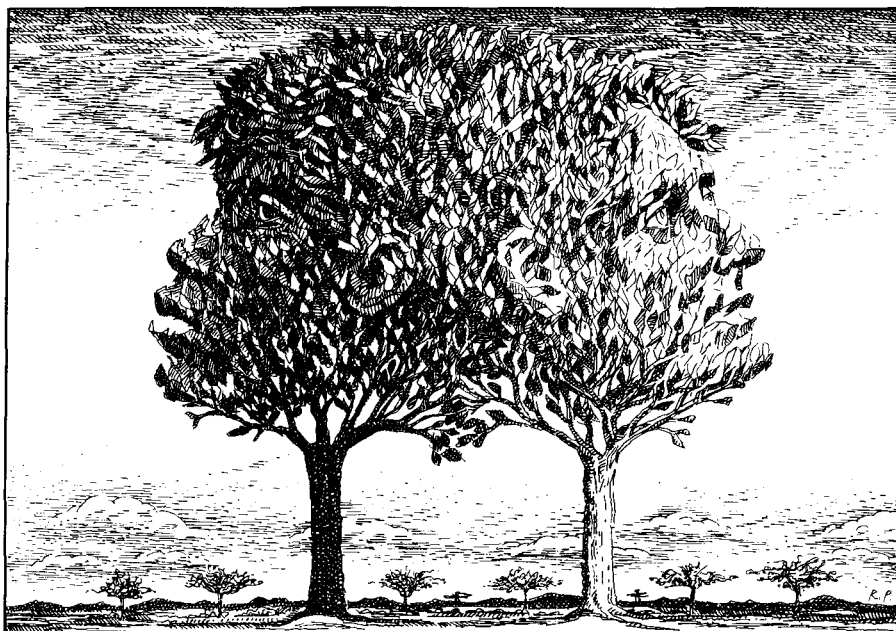
telephone, forcing them to make reservations by Minitel. Directory Inquiry plays a tape insolently informing callers that they would already have the number if they were using Minitel.

After waiting three years to see if Minitel would prove merely a passing fancy, *Le Monde* opened a service last September, with a twelve-page special section billing Minitel as its “*plus beau bébé*.” To prevent the baby from becoming an enfant terrible and to prove that there is life after sex on Minitel, it announced, its service would not include a *messagerie rose*. Its ads for “le Minitel intelligent” coyly boast that the service is for people interested in “*I.Q., pas cul*.” (*Cul*, pronounced like the French letter *q*, means “derriere”—by extension, sex.)

So far *Le Monde* is winning its wager. The newspaper is receiving 10,000 calls a day and has almost caught up to its rival, *Libération*, which has one of the most popular *messageries*. Connection time doubles whenever there is breaking news, such as last December’s train strike and student demonstrations. “It doesn’t bother us to go slowly,” Antoine Beaussant, the director of the paper’s *télématique* service, says. “We’re in for the long haul.”

In an editorial suggesting that the sexual shenanigans were merely a phase that would soon be over, France’s “good gray lady” commented drily, “If more French people know how to use a computer, so much the better. Passion has served its purpose.”

—Justine De Lacy



ZIMBABWE POISED ON THE BRINK

Africa's best example of transition to black rule faces economic woes and political restlessness

ZIMBABWE, WHICH celebrated its seventh anniversary in April, is now one of the most successful and promising black-ruled nations in Africa. In seven years it has emerged from a bitter black-versus-white guerrilla war to become a peaceful, pluralistic democracy that, while still very fragile, has twice supported free nationwide elections. Yet

Zimbabwe may be in the process of dismantling that multi-party democracy. Its government also stands accused of oppressing its black ethnic minority—the Ndebele people—and of abusing political opponents.

The nation’s economy, rebounding from a three-year slump that was caused in part by the drought that recently devastated sub-Saharan Africa, registered a growth rate of seven percent in 1985. But the economy is now barely limping along with a three-percent growth rate, and it suffers from a shortage of foreign exchange and from inflation that has cut the value of the Zimbabwe dollar by 60 percent in five years.

A year ago Zimbabwe’s farmers harvested a record maize crop. The country exported large amounts of the surplus to

hungry African nations and to its neighbor the Republic of South Africa. Even today its maize stocks remain large, but maize buyers are few. And even with bumper grain crops 500,000 people in Matabeleland, the Ndebele region in southwestern Zimbabwe, are experiencing food shortages. Up to half the children in this prospering nation may be suffering from malnutrition.

Despite its problems, Zimbabwe is the closest thing black Africa has to a success story. It is also a symbol of encouragement to those seeking a peaceful transition to majority rule in South Africa. But everything that Zimbabwe now is or implies hangs in delicate balance. Its future is intricately intertwined with South Africa's.

For more than a year Prime Minister Robert Mugabe has threatened to impose sanctions against South Africa. They would include banning imports of South African iron, steel, coal, and coke, and ending direct air links. But as of this writing Mugabe has delayed playing his hand. One reason for the delay is that Zimbabwe's neighbors are reluctant to go along. The fear of countermeasures is strong among the leaders of Malawi, Lesotho, and Swaziland. Even Kenneth Kaunda, the President of Zimbabwe's strongest ally, Zambia, has urged caution. Indeed, South Africa's economic power still dominates southern Africa. South Africa employs more than one million black workers from the surrounding nations, and those workers send much of their earnings back home. It controls more than half of the electricity used in at least five bordering African countries. Almost all the region's roads and rail lines—its economic lifelines—run through South Africa.

Reprisals from South Africa could shatter Zimbabwe's economic promise, and this is another reason that sanctions have been delayed. Zimbabwe, which is landlocked, sends more than 80 percent of its exports through South Africa's ports and rail lines. And South Africa is Zimbabwe's principal trading partner in Africa: about 14 percent of Zimbabwe's foreign trade is with South Africa, and 40 percent of its manufactured goods are sold there. Moreover, roughly 40 percent of Zimbabwe's tourist trade comes from South Africa.

The vulnerability inherent in these economic links and in Zimbabwe's physical proximity to South Africa has often been demonstrated. South Africa at times has blocked the rail lines and with-

held freight cars from Zimbabwe. It has conducted ground and air strikes against what it suspects are African National Congress (ANC) hideouts, bombing suspected ANC buildings in and around Harare, Zimbabwe's capital, and in Livingstone, Zambia, on the country's border. "Of all its neighbors," a Western diplomat told *The New York Times*, "Zimbabwe is the one South Africa would really like to lay into."

Now Zimbabwe is trying to develop a route to the sea which would free it from South Africa's control—a 250-mile road, rail, and pipeline corridor from Harare through Mutare, in eastern Zimbabwe, to Beira, a seaport in Mozambique. Zimbabwe hopes to conduct 60 percent of its trade through the corridor after Beira's port is upgraded. If it does, Zimbabwe will be able to withstand most economic countermeasures from South Africa.

This assumes, however, that the corridor can be protected. The Mozambique National Resistance (MNR, also known by its Portuguese acronym, RENAMO) has been attacking the pipeline and other targets in Mozambique in an effort to topple the government and isolate Zimbabwe. The MNR began in about 1975 with support from the white-minority regime in Rhodesia (as Zimbabwe was known) and former Mozambique colonialists. With Zimbabwe's independence, the MNR has been getting increasing military assistance from South Africa. The corridor is so valuable to Zimbabwe that it now stations 12,000 soldiers—about 30 percent of its army—along it, at a cost estimated to be 10 percent of the country's budget.

The reason for South Africa's efforts at destabilization is that Zimbabwe is an illustration of the very thing the white-minority regime in South Africa claims can never be achieved there: a prosperous and peaceful majority-ruled country.

Links and comparisons to South Africa have a long history. The Colony of Southern Rhodesia was administered by the British South Africa Company from the late nineteenth century until 1922, when the white minority voted narrowly against incorporation with the Union of South Africa, and the country instead became a "self-governing colony" in 1923. In 1953 Great Britain joined Southern Rhodesia with Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia) and Nyasaland (now Malawi) in the Central African Federation, with Salisbury (now Harare) as its

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capital—a move that caused Southern Rhodesia's industry and commerce to develop rapidly. The federation ended in 1963 with the independence of Zambia and Malawi, and on November 11, 1965, Ian Smith, then the Prime Minister, announced a unilateral declaration of independence from Great Britain. The declaration represented a defiant effort by the white minority—less than three percent of the population—to prevent a decolonization that would lead to black-majority rule.

No country formally recognized Rhodesia's claim of independence, and for the next fifteen years the United Nations, and also Great Britain and other Western countries, applied political pressure and sanctions to try to force Ian Smith's government into negotiations that would lead to majority rule. The sanctions had little effect. South Africa and Mozambique, then a Portuguese colony, opened their railways and ports, allowing Rhodesia to import and export freely. Despite its nominal support for UN sanctions against Rhodesia, the United States imported Rhodesian chrome and other minerals.

In the early 1970s intense guerrilla warfare against the Smith regime began, led by two forces, one under Joshua Nkomo and the other under Robert Mugabe. The war was fought primarily over the issues of land and freedom for blacks. Blacks had been forced by the government into enclaves called tribal trust lands. These were the least fertile areas in Rhodesia, and the blacks struggled to sustain themselves with small farm holdings, farm labor, or, when permitted by the whites, work in the towns. Out of about 6.6 million acres of farmland, 5.5 million acres were set aside for 5,150 white farmers. The remaining 1.1 million acres were left to about 600,000 black farmers. Population pressure, poor farming and grazing methods, soil depletion, and erosion soon caused starvation among the Africans in the tribal trust lands, and this fueled the guerrilla cause.

The fighting lasted almost eight years, during which perhaps 50,000 people, most of them blacks, died—the proportional equivalent in the United States would be about 1.7 million fatalities.

Peace initiatives began in 1976 but did not reach fruition until three years later. A brilliant series of negotiations by Lord Peter Carrington, the British Foreign Secretary, culminated in the signing by all parties of the Lancaster House

Agreement, on December 29, 1979, in London. Three elements of that agreement formed the basis for Zimbabwe's peaceful birth. They could offer guidelines for a peaceful transition to majority rule in South Africa, as well.

First, the Lancaster House Agreement called for a new constitution that provided a democratic, parliamentary form of government. The constitution included a court-enforced bill of rights, and guaranteed whites twenty seats in the hundred-member House of Assembly. It protected the parliament from political change through April of 1987, and stipulated that thereafter changes could be made only with the concurrence of seventy of the one hundred members of the House. The concept of a new, democratically elected government, with the instruments of power in the hands of the majority, placated most blacks. The guarantee of individual and property rights, and the opportunity to share power, placated some whites.

Second, the agreement stated that the government could not seize farms or other property and could purchase them only on a "willing seller, willing buyer" basis.

Third, the agreement called for a short transition period—about ten weeks—during which elections were to be held. Such a quick transition helped hold down black frustration over the already protracted delay in getting the new nation started, and allowed for a rapid ceasefire and disengagement of the three military forces: Nkomo's, Mugabe's, and Smith's. A Commonwealth monitoring force of 1,200 soldiers (900 of them British) helped to maintain the peace. Still, the transition was delicate and marred by some cases of voter intimidation and by sporadic violence.

The first free elections were held at the end of February, 1980. Mugabe's Zimbabwe African Nationalist Union (ZANU) took fifty-seven of the eighty parliamentary seats reserved for blacks. Nkomo's Zimbabwe African Peoples Union (ZAPU) got twenty, all from the region of Matabeleland, his home area. Bishop Abel Muzorewa, who in April of 1979 had won an election that was boycotted by Mugabe and Nkomo, won just three seats and soon faded from politics. In the separate election for whites Ian Smith's party, the Conservative Alliance of Zimbabwe, won all twenty white seats. On April 18, 1980, Rhodesia became Zimbabwe, with Robert Mugabe its first Prime Minister.

ZIMBABWE'S GREATEST SUCCESS has come in agriculture. Despite the guerrilla war and a much heralded (but so far unfulfilled) land-redistribution program, patterns of farm and land ownership have changed little. About 5,000 white farmers remain—not many fewer than in 1980. During the same period the number of small (100 to 300 acres) commercial farms owned by blacks has increased from 9,000 to 10,000. More than 800,000 black farmers now work the soil of the marginal communal lands.

Production figures, however, have changed. Following independence Zimbabwe's farmers—black and white—enjoyed two good seasons and in 1982 exported food to nearby black African nations. In 1983, however, agricultural output fell by 15 percent—maize production dropped 56 percent—because of increasing drought. Some 250,000 cattle died. In 1984 Zimbabwe had to import food; it got more than 370,000 tons of grain from the United States, Argentina, and Thailand.

The Mugabe government—which calls itself socialist but practices a mixture of socialism and capitalism—diverted \$44.8 million from national development projects to drought relief. It offered credit to farmers, kept crop prices high to stimulate production, and distributed seeds, fertilizers, pesticides, and tools to keep farmers operating. Since independence it had been improving wells and extension services, and building farm-to-market roads, railway lines, and storage facilities in the former tribal trust lands. These proved invaluable during the drought.

In 1985 Zimbabwe's luck changed. Unexpected rains early in the year helped produce a maize harvest of about three million tons, double the harvest of 1984. The white farmers' yields returned to normal, and those of the small-scale black farmers rose dramatically. "That's where we really scored," Denis Norman, the Minister of Agriculture at the time, told a reporter. "We expected a hundred thousand tons from them, and we got more than four hundred thousand."

Last year Zimbabwe's farmers harvested about 2.5 million tons, at least a million tons more than the domestic need. Depleted storage bins were refilled. Nearly half a million tons of maize were exported in the year beginning with April, 1986. At least 25,000 tons of that went for emergency food aid elsewhere in Africa, and 200,000 tons of

maize were sold to South Africa. (A deal with South Africa for another 250,000 tons fell through, possibly because Zimbabwe's maize was selling for \$180 a ton, while the world price was about \$100.) The country's maize farmers expected to earn from all sales more than \$280 million, and for all crops the country's farmers anticipated receiving \$800 million.

According to Western development experts, Zimbabwe's marketing and pricing systems, and its agricultural research, are among Africa's best. And while Kenya, for example, imports fertilizer, Zimbabwe produces some fifteen varieties domestically. In the rest of sub-Saharan Africa grain spoilage averages 15 percent or more of the harvest; in Zimbabwe, with its new transportation and storage systems, spoilage is less than one percent.

Not everything is running smoothly, however. Soil erosion—caused in part by overplanting and overgrazing—is washing away Zimbabwe's topsoil at the phenomenal rate of 40,000 pounds per acre per year. Prime Minister Mugabe has called the situation "a headlong rush to self-destruction."

Still, Zimbabwe is one of the few African nations where peasant farmers are growing more food per capita than they grew a decade ago. Black farmers are becoming surplus producers and now harvest more than 40 percent of the nation's maize and cotton. Nearly half of the record 1985 harvest was produced by small-scale black farmers on communal lands, a dramatic turnaround since 1980.

Another good sign is the nation's fledgling film industry. At least thirteen feature films were shot on location in Zimbabwe in 1986, by film crews from the United States, Great Britain, Israel, and even South Africa. They added about \$17 million in hard currency to the economy. One certain attraction is the cost of extras: \$8.50 a day plus a per diem of \$11, as compared with \$120 a day plus meals and lodging in Europe and the United States.

Still another hopeful sign for the multi-racial nation is that the white exodus from Zimbabwe now appears to be leveling off. In 1980 whites were fleeing at the rate of about 1,500 a month, and by August of 1982 the number of white residents had fallen from 250,000 to 147,650. According to an estimate in 1986 by the Standard Chartered Bank in Harare, 110,000 whites still lived in the country.

However, whites who wish to leave



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have few desirable options. Great Britain's unemployment rate remains high; the United States is expensive. Increased violence in South Africa has lessened the attractiveness of that destination. Zimbabwe remains comparatively peaceful, and it has sunny weather and allows an aristocratic life-style. Another argument for staying put is the restrictions—initiated by the colonial government but kept intact by Mugabe—that set currency and property limits on those who leave. For these reasons, after a 1985 law abolishing dual citizenship was passed, 19,424 whites in Harare alone renounced their foreign citizenship and became Zimbabweans, casting their lot with the black majority.

One source of tension between that majority and the whites who remain is a concern that whites will take or keep jobs that blacks badly want. Unemployment is high—it is now about 25 percent—and with 80,000 additional blacks entering the job market every year, it is expected to rise. Mugabe said in a 1985 speech, "Those whites we defeated are still in control. They own the mines, the factories, the commerce. They are the bosses in our own country." Some of that is slowly changing: more than 60 percent of the senior administrative positions in government are now held by blacks, and all but one of the twenty-five permanent ministers are black.

THE JOB MARKET is not helped by Zimbabwe's population growth rate of 3.6 percent a year, which is among the world's highest. At this rate the number of Zimbabweans, now over 9 million, will double in slightly more than nineteen years. Zimbabwe will need twice as much of everything—schools, teachers, houses, hospitals, jobs—just to maintain its current economic level.

To offset this, Mugabe and his government are trying to slow population growth. Zimbabwe's family-planning program, in place for just four years, now has 38 percent of the nation's married women practicing some form of birth control—well over four times the average for African women south of the Sahara. Officials hope that by 1990 the rate will be 70 percent and that the population growth rate will start to fall. (Thirteen sub-Saharan African nations have no family-planning programs at all, despite an average population growth rate for the region of 3.1 percent a year.)

The family-planning program works

as well as it does because it has the support not only of Mugabe but also of his wife and his sister-in-law. The government has tripled the program's budget over three years. And the program is locally controlled. Villagers select two thirds of the family-planning staff from among themselves. Those chosen are trained in Harare and return to their villages to distribute contraceptives. This gives family planning grass-roots support. Even so, critics claim that the national staff is more concerned with turf, politics, and record-keeping than with performance. And, of course, Zimbabwe's birthrate remains among the world's highest.

Health and health care are also problems. Serious malnutrition afflicts a third to a half of the country's children under the age of five years. Some 36,000 die from malnutrition and related diseases each year, while 500,000 are stunted in physical and mental development, a situation that the Ministry of Health has called "a national disgrace." Access to health care is better in Zimbabwe than in most other African countries, but the amount of public funding that goes to central hospitals in the major cities is still disproportionate, given that 75 percent of the population lives in rural areas.

Zimbabwe's crucial test, however, lies in its politics. The country has held two free elections since 1980, involving at least three functioning political parties. The political system has been flexible enough to accommodate Ian Smith, the former white colonial ruler, as a member of Parliament and the head of his own party, and Joshua Nkomo, as the leader of ZAPU, the largest opposition party. All of this is now under challenge. In April, Ian Smith was suspended for one year from Zimbabwe's House of Assembly because of remarks he had made in South Africa, where he urged whites to unite behind their minority government and work to overcome sanctions being imposed against the republic. On April 18 the constitutional protection of the twenty white parliamentary seats ended. Mugabe has vowed to abolish those seats, but to do so he needs the votes of seventy of the one hundred members of the House. His ruling party, ZANU, holds sixty-four seats; finding the other six votes will be difficult.

Mugabe will need the support of Nkomo's ZAPU to get those six votes. But talks about uniting ZANU and ZAPU, creating a one-party state, have been go-

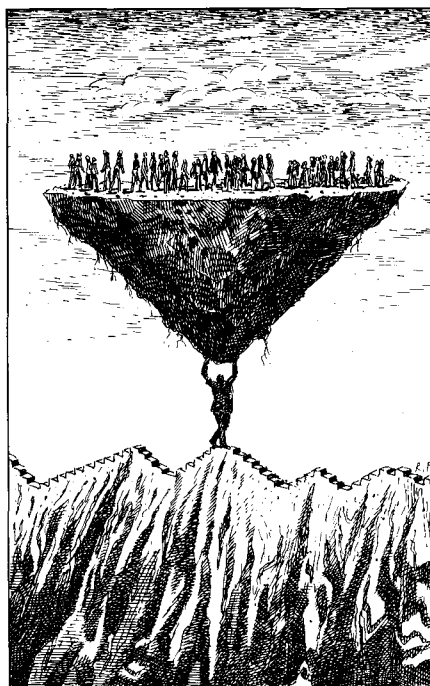
ing on for more than eighteen months. A merger would greatly enhance Mugabe's political power (while diminishing Nkomo's), but the likelihood of one remains remote. For one thing, the two sides cannot even agree on an emblem of their union—the first effort had ZANU's symbol, a rooster, perched precariously between two charging ZAPU bulls. On a more troublesome level, Mugabe's supporters are mostly from the majority Shona people, while Nkomo's supporters are Ndebele, a minority, from Matabeleland. The failure of the talks illustrates the deep divisions and animosities that remain between the two leaders and their peoples.

FEARS OF REPRISAL and oppression have a basis in reality. The Ndebele of ZAPU have been at the mercy of Mugabe and ZANU since independence. Matabeleland has the highest level of malnutrition in Zimbabwe and receives the lowest level of food aid.

Although Mugabe initially appointed Nkomo to his Cabinet, he dismissed him in 1982. Since then Mugabe has ordered periodic crackdowns in Matabeleland, aimed at what the government claims are armed bands of dissidents supported by South Africa. According to a report from the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights, which is based in New York, 1,500 Ndebele-speaking people were killed by security forces sent to the region in 1983 to halt dissident activities. Thousands more were beaten, and hundreds detained without charges. Nkomo's home was raided several times, his property confiscated, and his bodyguards and aides arrested. The report concluded:

... the Government's campaign to suppress armed dissidents in Matabeleland has resulted in grave and persistent abuses of human rights. The Ndebeles have been subjected to a campaign of harassment and repression that has been scarcely distinguishable from the counterinsurgency campaign waged by the old white regime.

Further violations followed the second, 1985 election, which in the judgment of outside observers was fair and open, without intimidation and with little violence. The voter turnout was large, and multiracial, multi-party democracy seemed to be working. Mugabe's ZANU won sixty-four of eighty seats—a seven-seat gain. Nkomo's ZAPU took fifteen seats (losing five), all from



Matabeleland. One seat was won by the tiny ZANU-Sithole Party. Predictions that whites independent of Ian Smith and the old colonial regime would sweep the twenty parliament seats reserved for whites proved wrong. Smith's Conservative Alliance won fifteen of them, and Mugabe was furious.

Violence was one outcome of the election results. For three days ZANU's youth and women's brigades looted and burned the suburban homes of Nkomo's supporters. Mugabe had his political opponents rounded up, including five members of parliament; seven army officers; the mayor, former mayor, and mayor-elect of Bulawayo, Matabeleland's largest city; and eleven city councilmen. Following the 1985 elections, the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights has charged, more than a hundred leaders of ZAPU were abducted, and many have not been heard from since.

A report from the Catholic Justice and Peace Commission, a church-funded human-rights organization in Zimbabwe, listed 207 people who had been arrested. Many were taken to Stops Camp, a former stable that now serves as a holding pen inside the Mzilikazi police station, in Bulawayo. There, according to Amnesty International, "many [were] reported to be beaten with truncheons, rhinoceros-hide whips, rubber hoses or sticks. . . . Some victims [were] said to be hung upside down and beaten, with their heads in buckets of water."

The main architect of this was Enos

Nkala, whom Mugabe named Minister of Home Affairs shortly after the elections. Nkala spent fourteen years in prison under the Smith regime, and was adopted as a "prisoner of conscience" by Amnesty International. Ironically, Nkala, like his predecessors, has successfully called for six-month extensions of the twenty-one-year-old state-of-emergency laws, which allow for detention without trial, among other things—the very laws under which he was imprisoned. The most recent extension began on January 20. Last year Nkala overstepped his authority by ordering the arrest of Michael Auret and Nicholas Ndebele, two top officers of the Justice and Peace Commission, for supplying information to Amnesty International about torture and arrests in Matabeleland. The charges were later dropped and the men released on the orders of Mugabe.

Other political prisoners are gradually being released, and Nkala said early this year that "only thirty-one are still being held without trial." Relations with the United States, after deteriorating badly, are slowly recovering. A new U.S. ambassador, James Rawlings, a former chairman of Union Carbide for southern Africa, presented his credentials last December and joined Zimbabwe's Foreign Minister in expressing hope for better relations between the United States and Zimbabwe. This was the same Foreign Minister, Witness Mangwende, whose staff delivered remarks during a reception at the U.S. Embassy last July 4 which offended former President Jimmy Carter and caused him to walk out in protest, and which brought an indefinite suspension of U.S. foreign aid.

The present moment is a precarious one in Zimbabwe's brief history. As South Africa, with troubles of its own, seeks to retain its political and economic dominance in southern Africa, Mugabe and his government need to be encouraged to nurture their fragile economy and democratic political system. Zimbabwe could be a herald of what South Africa—indeed, much of sub-Saharan Africa—might become. Or it could slide into Marxism-Leninism, with a one-party state—a slide that has led to impoverishment and oppression elsewhere in Africa.

Zimbabwe is poised on the brink. "If we mess this up," Nicholas Ndebele says, "we might go down the same drain that many African states have."

—Jack Shepherd

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RESERVATIONS

BY JILL CRANE



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"What day of the week?"

"Maybe over the weekend, or a Wednesday or Thursday."

"We have one opening on Flight #962 leaving Ithaca Thursday, August 27, at 12:27 P.M., arriving Philadelphia 4:22 P.M., leaving Philadelphia on Flight #225 at 8:17 P.M., arriving Syracuse at 12:57 A.M., leaving Syracuse on Flight #789 at 3:17 A.M., arriving Boston at 6:55 A.M. Shall I book you?"

"What about flights back to Ithaca? I'll be in Boston just a few days."

"That would mean a return of Saturday, August 29?"

"Saturday would be all right."

"We have an opening on Flight #998 leaving Boston at 6:10 A.M., arriving Buffalo at 3:15 P.M., leaving Buffalo on Flight #722 at 6:40 P.M., arriving Philadelphia at 10:55 P.M., leaving Philadelphia at 2:25 A.M. on Flight #1225, arriving Ithaca at 5:55 A.M. Shall I book you?"

"How much will it cost?"

"You are not eligible for the Supersaver, since you are not booking nine months in advance, and since you are

not staying overnight in Boston on a Saturday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday. The fare is \$497.50. I can book you tentatively now. And if you change your mind, you will not be penalized so long as you have not purchased your ticket and you are not holding a Supersaver reservation, or so long as more than seven days remain prior to departure."

"Do you have any cheaper fares? What if I went nine months from now—say, in April?"

"We have one opening at our Supersaver fare on Thursday, April 21, leaving Ithaca on Flight #1166 at 4:05 A.M., arriving Albuquerque at 9:55 A.M., leaving Albuquerque at 3:25 P.M. on Flight #1229, arriving Mexico City at 7:55 P.M., leaving Mexico City on Flight #499 at 12:25 A.M., arriving Philadelphia at 6:05 A.M., leaving Philadelphia on Flight #888 at 9:55 A.M., arriving Boston at 2:50 P.M."

"As for a Saturday-morning return flight, we have Flight #988 leaving Boston at 3:55 A.M., arriving Pocatello at 10:55 A.M., leaving Pocatello on Flight #697 at 5:25 P.M., arriving Fairbanks, Alaska, at 9:30 P.M., leaving Fairbanks on Flight #229 at 9:44 P.M., arriving Philadelphia at 11:30 P.M., leaving Philadelphia on Flight #955 at 4:55 A.M., arriving Ithaca at 5:25 A.M."

"How much will it cost?"

"At our Special Spring Flyaway rate, the fare is \$1,197.50."

"What if I stay over in Boston on Saturday night?"

"We have one opening left on all the same flights departing Boston Sunday, April 24. And the Supersaver fare is \$1,597.50."

"Sounds good. I'll tentatively take it." □

WE DON'T MAKE AMERICA COMPETITIVE BY SELLING OFF ITS PARTS

T By Bob Bergland

The sale of public assets rarely makes headlines. But, the subject deserves full exposure.

As the Administration presses its contention that "lesser government is always better," it seeks to sell many publicly-owned assets and scuttle programs of proven worth.

"Privatization" is the code word. Yet too little thought has been given to the long-term consequences and the needs of large segments of the American people.

Two of the Administration's privatization targets are the federal power program and rural electrification, essential parts of the electric energy infrastructure that have been instrumental for decades in helping fuel the country's economy. ■ ■ ■

ITEM: The Administration is engaged in a concerted effort to sell the electric generation and transmission facilities of the federal Power Marketing Administrations—agencies that provide low-cost electric power for millions of consumers nationwide. Advocates of this policy overlook the fact that consumers of this electricity are steadily paying back all costs of these power systems. And,

these advocates totally ignore the rate increases to consumers as well as the economic disruption to entire communities that would result. ■ ■ ■

ITEM: The Administration is intent on applying the privatization concept to the loan programs of the Rural Electrification Administration, instead of letting this essential government agency be a constructive force in revitalizing a devastated rural economy. Ironically, at the same time it is jeopardizing rural electric co-ops by trying to prevent them from turning to the private market to refinance high interest loans from the Federal Financing Bank. ■ ■ ■

Federal power and rural electrification are stellar examples of the public sector working successfully to help meet people's needs. They are part of the balance between public and private enterprise which has played an indispensable role in making us a great, competitive country.

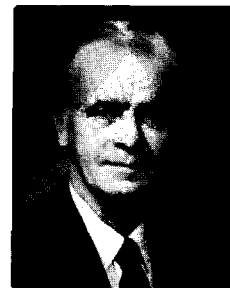
Some in Congress have been far-sighted and practical enough to put a brake on indiscriminate privatization. They

understand that corporate profits alone are not always the solution to meeting human needs, and that government participation is not always bad.

A carefully crafted public-private partnership – with an eye towards the country's long-term needs – has a history of producing outstanding results.

We should keep this in mind as we undertake the mammoth task of making America competitive again in world markets, and even in our own markets.

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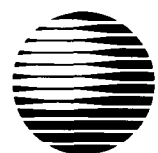
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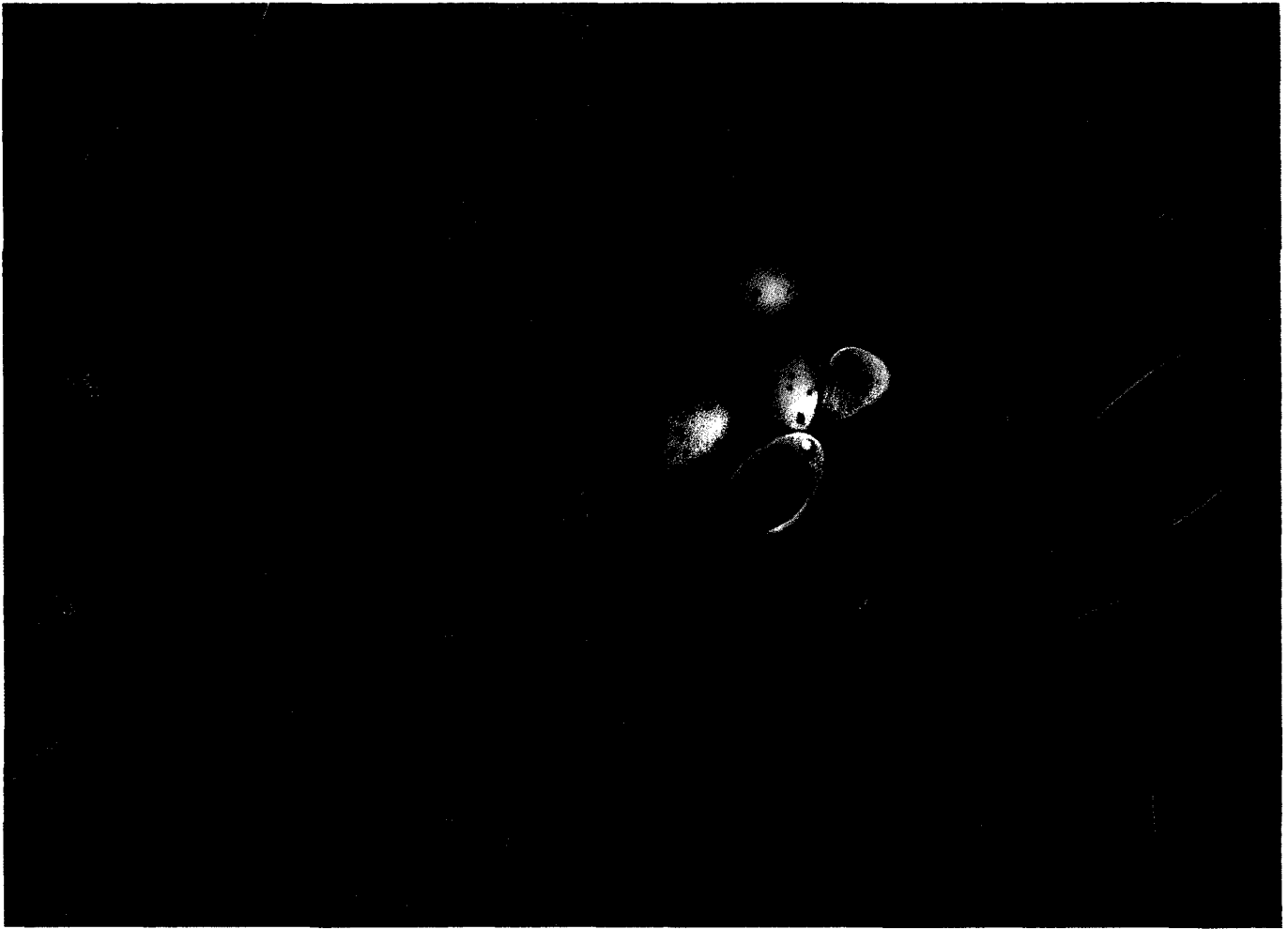
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*America's wilderness areas are in crisis—
losing native plants and animals at a frightening
pace. They can't be preserved unless the Park Service is reformed*

HOW TO SAVE OUR NATIONAL PARKS

BY ALSTON CHASE

MOST AMERICANS BELIEVE THAT OUR NATIONAL parks and monuments remain safely protected. Ever since the creation of our first national park, Yellowstone, in 1872, these parks have represented our highest achievements in natural and historic preservation. The system today comprises 337 sites—including places as diverse as the Statue of Liberty and the vast, undeveloped parks of Alaska—covering more than 79 million acres and visited by nearly 300 million people a year. Together they have become a model that countries around the world have sought to emulate. Similarly, Americans believe that the agency that runs the parks—the National Park Service—is one arm of government that they can trust. Indeed, in a 1978 Gallup poll more than 95 percent of the respondents gave the Park Service a favorable rating.

Yet today the park system is in trouble. In those parks classified as “natural zones,” animals and their habitat are disappearing, even though some of the same animals continue to thrive outside the park system. In the Everglades the future of the panther and the wood stork is in doubt, though the latter is rebounding elsewhere; the peregrine falcon is declining in Guadalupe Mountains National Park while staging a comeback in many other places; bighorn sheep are threatened in Death Valley National Monument. Yellowstone has already lost the white-tailed deer, the wolf, and the mountain lion, and has fewer and fewer grizzly bears, beaver, bighorn sheep, and probably mule deer—even though many of these species are doing well just outside the park. Exotic vertebrate species—including goats, rabbits, pigs, burros, and mongooses—have, ac-

cording to Park Service records, invaded more than 150 parks and monuments, where in many instances they threaten native plants and animals.

A study by William Newmark, a researcher at the University of Michigan, published in the British journal *Nature* this year, found that fourteen national parks in western North America had lost a total of forty-two populations of mammals and were in danger of losing more. "Without active intervention by park managers," Newmark wrote, "it is quite likely that a loss of mammalian species will continue."

While the public may have known little about these unfortunate developments, they have increasingly troubled wildlife professionals. The National Park Service, in its State of the Parks Report of 1980, identified 4,345 specific threats to park resources. In 1984 Destry Jarvis, the vice-president of the National Parks and Conservation Association (a citizens' advocacy organization), told a group of park professionals, "Today the national-parks system exists in a state of crisis."

Much of this attention concerns external threats: air and water pollution, growing population pressures, and industrial developments that border some parks. But while encroachment does present a clear and present danger, it is not the only cause of worry. A growing consensus among park professionals holds that a major reason for our parks' decline is the National Park Service itself.

WHEN THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE WAS CREATED, in 1916, the enabling legislation directed the Service to "promote and regulate the use of the Federal areas known as national parks, monuments, and reservations . . . the fundamental purpose of the said parks . . . is to conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wild life therein and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations."

This language has always bothered Park Service officials, for it appears to give the agency two contradictory missions: it directs the Park Service not only to preserve the parks but also to "provide for the enjoyment of same" by the public. How could the mandate of preservation be carried out while the Park Service also promoted public use of our parks? The more the parks were visited, the more damage would be done to them. In attempting to balance use and preservation, many rangers felt, they were playing a zero-sum game.

This ambivalence was aggravated by the fact that for much of its history the agency has had two constituencies with very distinct interests: environmentalists and the recreation industry. The environmental community naturally wished to see preservation take precedence over use, while the recreation industry wanted the reverse. Coincident with these two conceptions of how our parks ought to be used were competing ideas of what parks ought to be. In one—which we might call the landscaping philos-

ophy—national parks were envisioned as larger versions of city parks. They were places of great natural beauty, to be sure, but more important, they were places for people. Rather than presenting to the visitor true wilderness, they offered pleasing, if contrived, vistas, pleasant accommodations, and recreational opportunities. In the landscaping philosophy, parks were cultural entities, the products of artifice. The second view of what national parks ought to be might be called the wilderness philosophy. This was the perception of parks as little pieces of undisturbed, primeval wilderness.

These two ideals called for quite different techniques of park management. Landscaping required the services of landscape architects and maintenance personnel. The wilderness vision, in contrast, required no management at all. If national parks were to be true wilderness, they needed only protection from the impact of people and civilization. Over its history the Park Service has vacillated between these two models, sometimes emphasizing use, sometimes preservation—shifts that have to some degree reflected changes in the lobbying power of the competing interest groups.

During periods when the Service was most anxious to please the recreation industry and serve the public, it tended to encourage park development, stocking streams with game fish and building hotels, resorts, and even golf courses. This emphasis on public use inevitably affected wildlife. Seeking to please the public, the Park Service immediately after its creation inaugurated a program to exterminate "bad" animals, predators such as wolves and mountain lions, in order to increase the number of "good" animals, such as elk and bison, which the new agency believed would bring more people to the parks.

But when conservationism was ascendent in America, the service tended to put a higher value on preservation. During the 1930s, for example, when the railroads—once a potent influence on national-parks policy—were declining and environmentalism was on the rise, the Park Service terminated its predator-control program and established an ecological think tank known as the Wild Life Division.

Struggling with its equivocal mission, moreover, the Park Service was capable of championing both use and preservation in the same park at the same time. In 1972, for example, authorities at Yellowstone decided to build a major tourist center, known as Grant Village, in the park while simultaneously seeking to have the park declared a "wilderness area."

SO LONG AS THE PARK SERVICE BELIEVED THAT IT HAD to choose between public use and preservation, it could never formulate a consistent mission for itself. Nevertheless, it did find a formula for management that seemed to serve both the landscaping and the wilderness philosophy, for these two agreed on one critical point: the role of the Park Service, in managing the park system, was

principally protective. If parks are managed for people—as the landscaping philosophy dictates—then the Park Service has a duty to protect those people; if parks are managed to protect wilderness, then the Service has a duty to protect the park from people.

Consequently, whether the Park Service was tending to favor visitation or preservation, it felt that its rangers had to be trained in law enforcement. Currently rangers are far better schooled in law enforcement than in science and ecology. Historically the career ladder has been open to custodial engineers and those trained in police science, but not to ecologists or historians. Not surprisingly, the Park Service budget reflects these priorities: the lion's share of its appropriations goes to "visitor safety and protection," and little is allocated for resource management or research.

These priorities have had critical implications for Service wildlife management. For the past nineteen years those parks classified as natural zones have been managed in accordance with a policy known as natural regulation or ecosystems management. The idea is that parks, as self-regulating ecosystems, will, if left alone, remain roughly in equilibrium. The best way to preserve the parks, therefore, is to protect them from all outside interference.

Unfortunately, even though this protectionist philosophy—as a reincarnation of the wilderness vision—receives strong support from conservationist public-interest groups, it alone is an inappropriate model for managing our national parks. Never complete ecosystems, these places have been radically altered by civilization and are now tiny islands surrounded by a technological society. The eviction of the Indians, the elimination of predators, the introduction of exotic species of plants and animals, and a century of fire control have thrown even the "wildest" parks into ecologic disequilibrium. And once an ecosystem has been truncated and thrown out of balance, it no longer has the capacity to restore itself. Like a seriously ill person whose vital organs are no longer functioning, the natural communities, if left alone, will die. A policy of protection, therefore, will neither arrest further change nor ensure that all that happens is "natural." Rather, over time it will produce historically unprecedented conditions—an entirely new regime of fauna and flora—which we will not have anticipated and which we probably will not like.

This is what is now happening in our parks. Left by management to their own devices, some native species decline while exotics proliferate, and other species, whose numbers were earlier limited by Indians or predators, multiply without limit, destroying the habitat of countless other species.

In Yellowstone, for example, an area that I have studied in detail, there are clear signs of these trends. In the absence of natural enemies the northern elk herd has grown from around 3,000 in 1968 to more than 16,000 today, and bison have increased from about 400 to over 2,000. As their populations explode, these animals destroy forage for other species, such as grizzly bears, bighorn sheep, mule deer, and beaver. Many ecologists have expressed concern about

what seems to be increasing soil erosion, a consequence of overgrazing by the burgeoning elk and bison. As soil conditions change, exotic grasses flourish while natives dwindle. Similar problems plague most of the great national parks of the West. The policy of natural regulation, in short, is making our parks a little less natural each year.

What our national parks need, more than protection, is restoration. If the parks are to be preserved, they must first be restored to a semblance of ecological balance. Restoration of the land, moreover, is not a utopian ideal but a developing science. The task of restoration ecology is like searching for and then assembling parts of a puzzle to make a picture. Ecologists find isolated communities of native genetic types and carefully transplant representative individuals of these species to preserves that are reconstructed to replicate their original habitat.

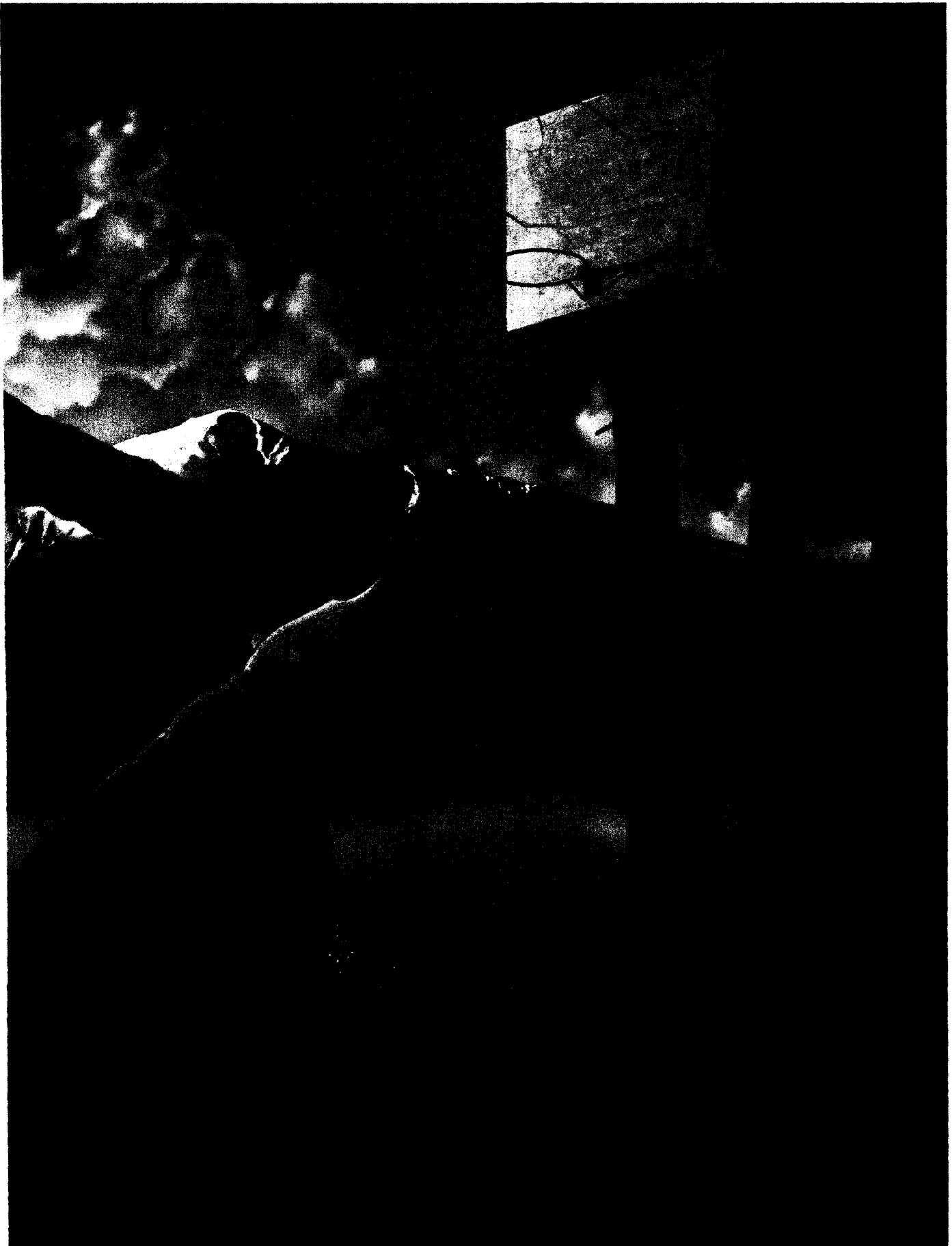
Many promising examples of ecological restoration are visible today. Throughout the Midwest and the West wetlands and grasslands prairies have been nursed back to life. The University of Wisconsin Arboretum, for example, was founded in 1934 for this specific purpose. "Our idea," wrote its first director, Aldo Leopold, "is to reconstruct . . . a sample of original Wisconsin—a sample of what Dane County looked like when our ancestors arrived here during the 1840s." Today the arboretum has been reasonably successful in restoring about a third of its 1,280 acres of wetlands, forest, and prairie.

Reclamation, however, can never be complete. We cannot suppose that even after a relatively successful restoration parks could be left alone. We cannot bring extinct species back to life, nor can we reproduce all the conditions that prevailed before the coming of the white man. Animals that evolved in ecosystems the size of half a continent cannot be expected to survive unaided in the relatively tiny areas we call national parks, any more than Indians can be expected to live as hunter-gatherers on the postage-stamp-sized reservations to which they are now consigned.

The habitat of scavengers like condors and grizzly bears, for example, cannot be completely reclaimed. In pre-Columbian times these species depended heavily on natural deaths in abundant and widespread animal species such as bison and spawning salmon, and also on carrion left by Indians and predators. Yet the animal world will never be as fecund or widely dispersed as it once was, nor will Indians and predators be playing their ecological role to the extent they once did. So if we wish to preserve scavengers, we may have to find substitutes for the food sources on which they once depended.

Restoration therefore leads to a kind of management we might call sustenance ecology. In national parks this process would go forward in four steps. First would come the collection of what scientists call base-line data—information gathered by historians, anthropologists, archaeologists, and biologists which would tell us what the parks were like in pre-Columbian times. Second would be an inventory of changes in the park's wildlife population, noting what species had been lost and what exotic species had





been introduced. Third would be the removal of exotic species and the reintroduction of native plants and animals now missing. And fourth, ecologists would make and implement strategies to compensate for conditions that prevailed in pre-Columbian times but cannot be recovered. Such strategies might include, for example, providing carrion for scavengers, culling game herds, and burning forests and grasslands to replace lost Indian hunting and fire practices.

Protectionism in its ordinary form neither allows for any human use of wilderness nor offers any plan for reversing the changes in the wilderness that our civilization has already introduced. Sustenance ecology does both. It is a philosophy specifically for parks, dedicated to re-establishing and sustaining ecological equilibrium in lands that receive a reasonable amount of public use.

RESTORING AND SUSTAINING OUR NATIONAL PARKS IS not a new idea. As early as the 1930s thoughtful wildlife ecologists and rangers were aware of the limitations of protectionism. Yet the policies of protection were still prevailing when, in 1962, President John F. Kennedy's Secretary of the Interior, Stewart Udall, created a committee known as the Advisory Board on Wildlife Management and directed the committee to address wildlife problems then afflicting the national park system. The conclusions of this committee—which was chaired by A. Starker Leopold, a professor of zoology at the University of California, and the son of Aldo—were far-reaching, containing both the outline of a philosophy of wildlife management and a statement of purpose for national-parks preservation.

"As a primary goal [of park management]," the committee stated, "we would recommend that the biotic associations within each park be maintained, or where necessary recreated, as nearly as possible in the condition that prevailed when the area was first visited by the white man. A national park should represent a vignette of primitive America."

Yet most of the parks, the Leopold committee noted, had changed dramatically since the white man first came on the scene.

Many of our national parks—in fact most of them—went through periods of indiscriminate logging, burning, live-stock grazing, hunting and predator control. Then they entered the park system and shifted abruptly to a regime of equally unnatural protection from lightning fires, from insect outbreaks, absence of natural controls of ungulates, and in some areas elimination of normal fluctuations in water levels. Exotic vertebrates, insects, plants, and plant diseases have inadvertently been introduced. And of course lastly there is the factor of human use—of roads and trampling and camp grounds and pack stock. The resultant biotic associations in many of our parks are artifacts, pure and simple. They represent a complex ecologic history but they do not necessarily represent primitive America.

Restoring the primitive scene is not done easily nor can it be done completely. . . . Yet if the goal cannot be fully achieved it can be approached. A reasonable illusion of primitive America could be recreated, using the utmost in skill, judgment, and ecologic sensitivity. This, in our opinion, should be the objective of every national park and monument.

The Leopold report was made official Park Service policy by the Department of the Interior in 1963. In 1968 the Park Service published policies for management of natural areas (in a publication known as the Green Book) that it claimed incorporated the recommendations of the Leopold report. These policies, in slightly revised form, are still in force.

Yet, surprisingly, little restoration was attempted following publication of the Green Book. Few base-line studies were ever undertaken; almost no historical, archaeological, or anthropological research was done in parks classified as natural zones; native-species restoration—of wolves, in particular—was stalled, and proliferating exotic species, rather than being removed, were for many years ignored.

In truth, the Park Service was unable to implement the Leopold report. When Udall accepted the committee's recommendations, the National Park Service research program was almost nonexistent. A study of Park Service science done that year by the National Academy of Sciences reported that "for the year 1962 the research staff (including the Chief Naturalist and field men in natural history) was limited to 10 people and . . . the Service budget for natural history research was \$28,000—about the cost of one campground comfort station."

Unfortunately, attempts to strengthen Park Service resource management and research met with considerable resistance from the ranger corps, which saw development of a professional cadre of scientists and resource managers as a threat to its control of the Service. The only way reformers could increase the science budget was to put research and resource management under the supervision of the rangers, which is what they did.

Government research in the national parks, the Service decided, would be "mission-oriented." That was interpreted to mean that the role of scientists was to provide "service to the superintendents." Scientists in the major national parks reported to the superintendents, were graded by the superintendents, could do only research approved by the superintendents, and had every incentive to publish only those findings that pleased the superintendents. Similarly, resource managers reported to the chief rangers, whose primary function was visitor protection.

Funding for research by university scientists was increased substantially, but such work remained under the control of the rangers. Funds were awarded by contract between the National Park Service or its contracting agencies and the individual researcher or his institution. Decisions regarding who was to receive a contract were either dele-

gated to the field level—that is, to the superintendent or his supervisor of research—or made by university-based “cooperative park-study units,” on which park administrators or district headquarters often had considerable influence.

Further, each of the Park Service regional headquarters (their number has grown from six in 1968 to ten today) was given control of research and resource management in its region. The major parks were to a large degree autonomous. In these ways superintendents and regional directors acquired nearly total control over scientific activity. Being untrained in ecology, they had little appreciation for the kind of base-line research that was needed to accomplish restoration.

Through the delegation of such powers to the regions and superintendents, the Service was decentralized, preventing any coordinated scientific undertaking. Park studies tended to be short-term and politically directed. Both the flow of information and the chain of accountability between the parks and Washington were broken. Results of research that might reflect badly on a park administration could be—and often were—prevented by the superintendent from leaving the park.

The balkanization of the Park Service was further encouraged by the national park system reorganization of

1964, which divided the parks into three categories: natural, historical, and recreational. The emphasis built into this functional separation effectively discouraged the kind of sustained interdisciplinary research that true restoration ecology required.

While mission-oriented biological research continued in natural zones like Yellowstone, historical research—which the Leopold report had said was “the first step” in restoration—was almost never undertaken.

THROUGH THIS EVOLUTION THE PARK SERVICE, while spending more and more money on research, was making little of the effort necessary to save the park system. To make matters worse, the retrograde nature of this trend was obscured by describing park policy in a new and attractive way: its goal, the Park Service decided, should be to “perpetuate the natural ecosystems.”

Ecosystems management was supposedly the translation into policy of the Leopold report. Yet the committee explicitly declared that parks are *not* ecosystems: “Few of the world’s parks,” the report stated, quoting a 1962 report from the First World Conference on National Parks, “are large enough to be in fact self-regulatory ecological

CHORD

While Keats wrote they were cutting down the sandalwood forests
 while he listened to the nightingale they heard their own axes echoing through the trees
 while he sat in the walled garden on the hill outside the city they
 thought of their gardens dying far away on the mountain
 while the sound of the words clawed at him they thought of their wives
 while the tip of his pen moved the iron they had coveted was hateful to them
 while he thought of the Grecian woods they bled under red flowers
 while he dreamed of wine the trees were falling from the trees
 while he felt his heart they were hungry and their faith was sick
 while the song broke over him they were in a secret place and they were cutting it forever
 while he coughed they carried the trunks to the hole in the forest the size of a foreign ship
 while he travelled to Italy they fell on the trails and were broken
 when he lay with the odes behind him the wood was sold for cannons
 when he lay watching the window they came home and lay down
 and an age arrived when everything was explained in another language

—W. S. Merwin

units." Nevertheless, by 1968 the Park Service was calling our parks "natural, comparatively self-contained ecosystems." What the Leopold report in 1963 regarded as a challenge—the creation of vignettes of primitive America—the Park Service in 1968 took as a given, though it had done no restoration work at all. By defining intact ecosystems into existence, the Park Service created a rationale for continuing its policy of protection. If parks were intact ecosystems, then restoration was unnecessary. Nature could be left to take its course. Nor was scientific research required. Parks could be run by people trained as policemen. That this is a kind of voodoo ecology is not lost on professional biologists. Bruce A. Wilcox, the director of the Center of Conservation Biology, at Stanford University, explained last year, "A laissez-faire approach to management is simply not tenable any longer."

"The overall management of resources philosophy needs to be changed," Peter Dangermond, a former director of the California park system and now a national-parks consultant, told me this spring. "We need to admit that man has been in the modification and management business a long time, and that we have made some changes to the ecosystems that have thrown nature out of balance. A program to correct past mistakes should be made public in a big way."

But taking this advice requires resources the Park Service does not have. Ranger training and scientific research within the national park system are approaching a scandalous state. Few rangers today have much knowledge of environmental science. Research stays firmly under the control of superintendents. Yet according to a 1983 poll by the Association of National Park Rangers, only 2.2 percent of the superintendents responding had had the majority of their previous experience in resource management, as compared with 5.8 percent in maintenance and 24.5 percent in "visitor protection."

According to Richard Briceland, the agency's chief scientist until last January, resource management remains "an underground activity in the Park Service." No career ladder exists for resource management, so rangers who choose this field find little room for advancement. Only about seventy researchers are available for the 337 units of the national park system.

The problem is not the result of a shortage of federal funds. Rather, the service remains reluctant to give resource management the high priority it deserves. The total fiscal 1987 budget for protecting natural resources, for example (including many items with little relation to ecology, such as fire prevention and backcountry patrols), is around \$57 million—just six percent of the NPS budget. Park Service spending on research nationwide is around \$16 million—less than two percent of the total Park Service appropriations and less, according to Briceland, than the Department of Agriculture spends on one range experiment station.

And in January of 1986, to make matters worse, a pro-

posal to establish a career ladder in resource management was vetoed by the regional directors.

Faced with these and other challenges, the Park Service director, William Penn Mott, Jr., last year introduced a twelve-point plan that the Park Service says is aimed at "shaping a new vision and stimulating a new enthusiasm for protecting, preserving, and perpetuating all units of the national park system." Among the aims of the plan is to establish a blue-ribbon panel of outside experts to re-examine the "management policies for both natural and cultural resources" which have guided the service for the past quarter century.

At this writing the panel has not yet been named, but it already faces a daunting challenge. Regardless of the value of the advice it offers, the Park Service seems unlikely to heed this advice any more than it did the prescriptions of the Leopold committee.

Because the problems facing the park system reflect institutional inadequacies, saving our parks requires rescuing the Park Service first. How can this be done?

Those who call themselves "new resource economists" believe that it can't, that the Park Service is incapable of reform. The agency's shortcomings, according to this view, are an inevitable consequence of public management: "When everyone owns a resource, such as air and water, no one actually owns it—and no one is accountable for treating it properly," says Jane Shaw, a senior associate of the Political Economy Research Center, which is a think tank that studies privatization of public lands. Some PERC associates think that the parks would be better managed in private hands, even if that means ownership by profit-making enterprises. Others—for example, John Baden, the founder of PERC and now the director of the Foundation for Research on Economics and the Environment—advocate turning the management of the national parks over to private, non-profit Wilderness Endowment Boards, organized like the trustees of an art or history museum but accountable to Congress.

But elsewhere there are those who say that the Park Service needs more money for things like base-line research. "If this Administration has hurt us," Paul Pritchard, the president of the National Parks and Conservation Association, said last year, "it is in denying us the raw data. The Park Service simply doesn't have the money to do an inventory of the animals."

N EITHER PRIVATIZATION NOR MONEY IS, IN MY OPINION, the magic formula that will turn the Park Service into a professional, ecology-minded agency.

The preservation of nature, while clearly something that Americans desire, is difficult to price in a way that would offer entrepreneurs a profit incentive. The challenge of preservation is unique—quite different from the goals of managing lands for farming or hunting, for example—and the value of it is intrinsic and difficult to measure. The Park Service has made many of its mistakes in



being *too* entrepreneurial in promoting recreation at the expense of preservation. And while Wilderness Endowment Boards may not be entrepreneurial, putting the parks under their control would further feudalize the system, making accountability even more elusive.

As for giving resource management and research more money, they are, to be sure, starved for funds and have been throughout the history of the agency. But the miser in the system is neither Congress nor the President; it is the Park Service itself. This agency consistently fails to submit appropriations requests for what it should spend on resource management and research. The National Academy of Sciences urged in 1963 that around 10 percent of the Park Service budget be spent on natural-history research. Twenty-four years later, in fiscal 1987, the budget share for such research is less than two percent.

What is needed is a reform of the National Park Service. Such a process would, I believe, entail the following steps:

1. The President should appoint a commission to review the purposes, policies, and performance of the Park Service. This commission should be aided by the National Science Foundation and should include prominent scholars who have not been associated with the Park Service in the past.

2. The Park Service should make clear its own interpretation

of its congressional mandate—something that, surprisingly, it has never done. Following this, the agency should reconsider its present equivocal park-management policy and address directly the apparent conflict between its missions of preservation and providing for public use. It should adopt a more holistic philosophy that is uniquely designed for parks: one that sees them as neither resorts nor pseudo-wildernesses but places of natural and historical importance, designed for appropriate public use. The Park Service should make clear that it is more than a custodian and that its responsibilities include restoration and nurturative management, which imply its sponsorship of intensive research.

3. The present distinction between “natural” and “historical” areas should be abolished. The purpose for the parks set forth in the Leopold report—preserving vignettes of primitive America—implies that all parks, even so-called “natural areas,” are historic places, established to preserve various features of both our natural and our cultural history. And just as no park is purely a natural area, without any historical relevance, so all “historical” parks have some natural value.

4. If our parks are to preserve the past, they should also reflect, where appropriate, the role that Indians played in these lands. Unfortunately, both the Leopold committee

and the Park Service, in implementing the Leopold report's recommendations, have almost entirely overlooked the contributions of the Indians to the primitive ecosystems. Where appropriate, the Indian heritage of our parks should be emphasized, and Indian techniques for modifying the environment should be adopted by resource managers.

5. To give the Park Service more independence and make it more accountable to the American people, it should be established as an independent agency, apart from the Department of the Interior, which is devoted almost entirely to the development of natural resources. As long as the Park Service—with its mission of preservation—remains in Interior, it will be treated as a stepchild.

6. To reduce the power of special-interest groups and enhance the professional stature of the agency, anyone appointed director of the National Park Service should be subject to Senate confirmation, and his or her credentials clearly established.

7. To make management more sensitive to the contributions of science, the ranger corps should be completely professionalized. That is, the Service should create a cadre of resource managers who would be required to have graduate training in relevant academic disciplines in order to advance through the ranks. Resource management should be the primary career ladder that reaches all the way to the top. Qualifications for superintendents and their staffs should not be dissimilar to those we expect college administrators and museum directors to have.

8. Scientific research should be made the centerpiece of all Park Service activities. The number of researchers within the Service should be multiplied at least fivefold. At least one fourth of all researchers should be recruited from academia, and the Park Service should establish clear guidelines for public access to the fruits of government research.

9. To de-balkanize the Service, the chief of research in each national park should report not to the park's superintendent but to the district chief scientist, who in turn should report to Washington. To ensure the accountability of resource managers in the individual parks, resource management, rather than remaining under the aegis of the park's chief ranger, should be made a separate division within each national park, and its chief should be responsible to a regional chief of resource management.

10. To ensure national coordination of resource management, an Office of Ecologic Studies should be established in Washington to direct research throughout the park system and serve as a research facility for natural and historical preservation.

11. To promote field research and provide the best possible information for park-resource managers, multidisciplinary research stations should be established in or near the major parks, and parks in critical condition.

12. To minimize the co-optation of independent scholars doing research in the parks, the process by which such people come to participate in mission-oriented research should be revised. Most needed are long-term studies collecting base-line data on the parks, and equally long-term basic research on ecosystems dynamics. Direction and support for such research should come not from short-term contracts awarded by each park or by Service contracting agents, as are awarded now, but from a funding program administered by peer-review panels composed of nongovernmental scholars, following the pattern of the National Endowment for the Humanities and the National Science Foundation.

Are these reforms likely to happen? To answer this, I think we must take an ecological point of view. Ecology is the science of interconnections. The problems of the parks are interrelated, a consequence of faulty policies and institutional inadequacies, and cultural matters as well.

Our parks represent our past. Very much a part of that past is the frontier. This magic place, as Frederick Jackson Turner noted in 1920, bound the nation together. It represented the qualities we have come to think set us apart as a people: youth, innocence, energy, possibility, freedom, opportunity, and equality.

But to many Americans the frontier has also represented a negative side of the American character: the desire to conquer nature. For three hundred years the land beyond the frontier was a place our forefathers believed they were destined to control. This attitude eventually led to the disappearance of much of this country's wilderness. The lesson many Americans draw from this sad history is that if we want lands to remain wild, we must keep people out of them.

Both positive and negative aspects of the frontier outlook are still very much alive in the American psyche. We all like to think that wilderness still exists, where the land, as the artist Charley Russell once put it, belongs "only to God." And we still fear that human intervention in such places, no matter how well-intentioned, can only lead to harm.

The parks—particularly those classified as natural zones—have been represented to us as such places. They are, we have been told by the Park Service, the last vestiges of wild America. And though the Leopold committee might have considered them illusions of primitive America, in Park Service rhetoric and to many of our countrymen they are the real thing.

In suggesting that our parks are intact ecosystems, therefore, the Park Service has reinforced a peculiarly American myth. Saving our parks, however, can begin only when we reject this myth. We must embark on a program of restoration that treats our parks as places to be nurtured, and we must recognize that the frontier—and true wilderness—is gone forever. □

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A Short Story

INN ESSENCE

BY RALPH LOMBREGLIA

FOR A COUPLE OF MONTHS HERE WE HAD PEACE, relative peace, more peace anyway than you expect in the restaurant business. The occasion of this peace was the delivery of Victor, our pastry chef, to a mental hospital. He went there to recover from the breakdown he'd had in the kitchen one dark March afternoon. And even for a little while after Victor returned, things were good. He was taking his medication, his wife and kid were back from her mother's, he had a new life to think about. Once again he was in his own special zone of the kitchen, making the most glorious chocolate desserts in the tri-state area. Some people say that Victor's creations go beyond culinary experience and into the realm of sex or voodoo. They say that on a good night finishing a meal at Inn Essence with the raspberry-laced chocolate torte or the Cointreau-bathed chocolate mousse is like having your body inhabited by the pastry chef himself.

Me, I try not to eat sweets, so I wouldn't know. But the point is, our peace is now gone. Victor has lost his mind again.

And for this reason I'm driving Route 80 east across northern New Jersey at 10:45 A.M., sleepy-headed in the right-hand lane, my blinker on for the exit that takes me to the restaurant. Forty miles more and I'd be on the George Washington Bridge, all of Manhattan lying before me like an antipasto tray. Right now I'd like to lean back and coast straight into it. At nine o'clock my telephone rang twice in rapid succession. I let the machine do its job, slept another hour, and then rolled out and listened to the messages. They were both from Jimmy Constanopolous, my employer.

"Jeffrey," Jimmy said to me in the first message, "my God, what a heartache this business is. Why are you working here, Jeffrey? You're a romantic, that's why. You think the restaurant business is romantic—don't deny it. I used to think that too. But now I'm a realist. I've had twenty years, I don't think I can take one more. Jeffrey, I've reconsidered our recent conversation. Go back and finish college. Get your degree. Yes, I said I wanted to groom you, turn you into a restaurateur. And I could do that. I could teach you to buy provisions, gain the trust of a staff, talk to the bank when the bank needed to be talked to. Manny could show you the famous veal medallions, the sauces that get written up in the papers. You already do beautiful salads. You could learn to mix a drink and hide cash from the registers at night. All the things I promised.

But why, Jeffrey, why? So you could make the same mistakes I made? You'd stay with me a few years, I'd learn to love you like a son, and then the inevitable would happen. You'd want your own place. Because you're too smart to work for another man your whole life. You'd come to me for help—a down payment, leverage with the liquor-license people—and I wouldn't be able to turn you down. I'd have to help you. And then your life would be destroyed, like mine."

"Jeffrey," Jimmy went on, "I'm only going to say this once. Don't ever—under any circumstances, no matter what happens—even consider, for one minute, the idea of opening a restaurant."

Jimmy hung up. And then the second message came on. "Jeffrey, I know you're there. Get over here right now. I know, you're not on until three today. I'll make it up to you. Victor just tried to kill one of the Thai students—the little one, what's his name?—with a carving knife, no less. He said they stole pastries from his walk-in. And then he disappeared. Victor, I mean. I can't find him. And now the Thai students won't come out of their house and work, and I'm short-handed already, and we don't have enough desserts, and today is—what day is it, anyway? Christ, it's Friday. I've got to get my meat man on the phone. My bread man. I've got to find Victor. Jeffrey, I won't forget the way you've helped me. I'll set you up in business someday, you'll have your own place. Just get over here and talk to the Thai people. They like you. You're their friend." And then Jimmy hung up again.

Yes, I think to myself now, I could go for a day of hooky in Nueva York. The bookstores, the theaters, the streets full of people living lives of mysterious meaning. My foot wavers between the brake and the gas. But then I think of the thousands of restaurants in Manhattan, five or six of them on every block, and I almost lose control of the car.

THE DAY VICTOR GOT OUT OF THE MENTAL HOSPITAL, Jimmy offered him a deal. If Victor would come back to work and make his brilliant desserts, take his tranquilizers, and behave himself, Jimmy would remodel the old carriage house in back of the restaurant, and Victor and his family could live in it free of charge. The desserts Jimmy had been buying in Victor's absence were like the shadows in Plato's cave, and this idea had a

precedent, Manny the chef having occupied the carriage house rent-free in the early days of Inn Essence. Since then, true, the place had fallen into wretched disrepair, lying empty or barely keeping rain off the heads of the assorted dishwashers and busboys Jimmy was forever trying to rehabilitate. I know, because I spent my own first month in its dank and peeling rooms. But the basic construction was the solid, old-fashioned kind, with enormous potential. He would put in skylights, Jimmy told Victor, and a working fireplace, a totally new kitchen and bath, and fresh paint on everything. He emphasized the old-fashioned gentility of it—the gifted chef-in-residence on the estate, waking with his wife to birdsong each morning, strolling to work through the woods like a country squire, fishing with his son at the stream when the day's desserts were done.

Victor came back to us a different man—quiet, productive, minding his own business, taking coffee breaks alone out back, where for a week or so, while Jimmy arranged for the carpenters to come, he could be seen staring past the dumpsters at the carriage house in a kind of reverie.

By this time it was early May, and one afternoon a red Mustang pulled up to Inn Essence. At the wheel was Kampon Padasha, an electrical-engineering student from Thailand. College was out now and Kampon wanted a summer job. He came in and explained this to Ethel, our hostess, who was sitting at the bar smoking and sorting out credit-card receipts from the day before. She looked him over and nodded while he spoke. His English wasn't great. He was thin and gangly, not handsome, overly polite in that disturbing foreigner's way. He had a sad haircut and thick black-rimmed glasses. He was not of Ethel's race. She smiled and shook her head and said she was sorry. She was showing Kampon the door when Jimmy walked into the bar. He was probably on his way to find me. We have at least one good chat a day about the meaning of life, usually around that hour—about four in the afternoon, the happiest point in the daily curve of Jimmy's relationship to whiskey. But he ran into Kampon first, and snatched him away from Ethel.

In his office Jimmy poured two drinks and sat the young engineer across from him at his desk. He told Kampon of his lifelong fascination with Kampon's part of the planet. "As the years go by," Jimmy said, "I think I'm becoming more and more of an Eastern mystic myself." He swept his arm in a gesture meant to encompass the entire world. "The physical plane means less and less to me every day."

"I am good worker," Kampon said.

"Of course you are," Jimmy said. "You come from an industrious people. Not like us," he said, laughing and slapping himself in the stomach. "Lazy and fat." He leaned over his desk. "Your people will inherit the earth. We will be your servants."

Kampon was bewildered. He said nothing, but slid forward in his chair, his face hovering at the edge of Jimmy's desk as if to inhale any life-giving vapors that might emanate from the big American.

"I will teach you to wait on tables," Jimmy said. "You will make tips—a custom we have. To Insure Prompt Service. You'll see." He held out his hand and smiled. The teeth in Jimmy's smile are straight and fine and white in front, and then, going back on either side, you see generous helpings of gold.

His mouth is like another man's purse is the rough English equivalent of what Kampon thought then in his native tongue.

Jimmy led his new employee out the back door onto the stretch of asphalt where the trucks back in to make deliveries and empty the dumpsters. They strolled together around the building into the parking lot. "This is a great country," Jimmy said to Kampon, "even though our civilization is a tiny infant compared with yours."

"Very great country," Kampon said, nodding his head up and down.

"Many types of people are needed to make a world," Jimmy said. "We don't have to destroy each other."

"Not destroy!" Kampon said, shaking his head and hands with alarm. He stopped alongside his red Mustang. Inside the car were four other young men from Thailand, attending college in America. "My friends," Kampon explained, smiling and pointing to them.

Four clear-complected faces looked out at Jimmy, each one framed by a helmet of lustrous black hair. Jimmy called them out of the car to look them over. *All right*, he thought, *I see what I have to do*. After he had hired them all, Jimmy discovered that the Thai students were forbidden to hold jobs in the United States under the terms of their student visas. This in itself was not a disaster. Keeping people off the books is as common as bread in the restaurant business. But then Jimmy learned that they had no money and nowhere to live. They'd been put out of their college dormitory that very morning.

This was how Jimmy explained it to Victor: The Thai students would live in the carriage house only for the summer, three or four months, the restaurant's busiest season. And the trees and rampant vegetation around the carriage house made it a dark, unpleasant place in the summer anyway. Then, the instant they went back to school in September, a work crew would transform the place and Victor's family would dwell there in time for the fall foliage.

And this was how Victor responded to Jimmy's explanation: a chocolate ricotta pie pitched against the metal door of the walk-in cooler he uses to store his decadent desserts. We've lived with Victor for almost a month since then, his psyche collapsing darkly like a dying star, amid eruptions of tantrums, insults, and erratic pastry production. And now, attempted murder.

I PULL INTO THE LONG TREE-LINED DRIVE THAT LEADS down to the sprawling white form of Inn Essence, nestled in a shady grove on a defunct spur of the Erie-Lackawanna line. Twenty years ago, when Jimmy opened this place, the train was still running on this stretch of

track—stopping at the old rambling inn this actually once was—and the land out there on the interstate where you see all those Martian-looking mirror-faced corporate headquarters was nothing but pasture full of cowplops. Now our parking lot can hold more than two hundred cars, though only a handful are in it so far today.

I park all the way down at the end, near the woods behind the dumpsters. As soon as I set foot on the shaded path that leads to the carriage house, Bucky comes running out of it to meet me. He's the sweet little guy of the Thai group, gregarious and completely devoid of guile. Just like Victor to pick on the littlest one. Maybe I should forget about peace, I think, and just help them finish Victor off.

"Hello, Señor Buck," I say, when he reaches me on the path. "I hear you had a little run-in with Mr. Cream Puff."

"I get kill almost!" he says, grabbing my arm and exploring me with his wonderful almond eyes. Then he releases my arm and steps back, and makes the motions of a big knife piercing his chest. He falls to one knee with this great blade inside him, his protruding teeth making it all the more heartbreaking. "Almost!" he cries.

"Why did he come after you, Buck?"

"I do no thing!" he says.

"Nothing?" I say. "You didn't eat any of his goodies?"

"No!"

"You didn't laugh at him? Snicker when his back was turned?"

"Snicker?"

I demonstrate a snicker for Bucky, hand over my mouth.

"No!"

"Okay, I believe you." I pat his back and help him stand up.

"Bad man!" he says with a shudder. "Very terrorful!"

"Calm down, Buck," I say. "We'll fix it up."

"Thank!" he says, and we walk together up the path.

"Bucky" is not Bucky's actual name. The waitresses named him Bucky because of his teeth. He doesn't understand that, fortunately, and he likes the name. In fact, all the Thai students are quite pleased with the nicknames they were given by the waitresses almost immediately upon their arrival; it makes them feel very American. Plus, they're much bigger flirts than even the waitresses are, and receiving any nickname at all from a woman signifies something pretty good in their book.

We go into the carriage house. It's dark inside even though the luminescent orange polyester curtains are open. What little light comes through the windows is soaked up instantly by wall paneling so depressingly cheap that the wood-grain pattern repeats exactly every eighteen inches. Rocky and Toots are sitting on the ratty sofa in the living room, decked out in the black, satin-labeled tador jackets that Jimmy has his waiters and busboys wear. But they have their clip-on bow ties in their breast pockets and they're showing no signs of going in to start the lunch shift. Kampy and Buzz, off until dinner anyway, are sunk cross-legged in armchairs. The house is full of bad vibra-

tions, a humid, conspiratorial air. "Hi, dudes," I say. Nobody says anything. Kampy, my best buddy among the Thai students, stares at me with a wistful face.

"Look, guys," I say. "Here's the thing about Victor. Victor is a sick man. He has visions. He sees things that aren't there. He hears voices. That's why he was in the hospital before you started working here."

"So why Mister C. take him from hospital to here?" Rocky says. "Why not stay at hospital if sick?"

"It's not that simple, Rocky. The hospital is very expensive in America, and Victor is not crazy enough to stay there all the time anyway. Plus, his desserts are famous. And he wasn't always crazy. He lost his mind while he was working here. Many years of service. Mister C. feels responsible. You understand that, don't you? Isn't that the way it would be in your country? Wouldn't a boss feel responsible for a sick worker?"

"But not responsible for Thai students," Toots says.

"Yes, responsible for you, too. He gave you this house to live in, didn't he? He likes you. That's what caused the problem. Victor is jealous. His feelings are hurt."

"What about Thai worker feelings?" Buzz says.

"Yes, what about?" Rocky says, shaking the straight black luster of his hair.

Next to him on the sofa Toots holds up an arm and grabs the flesh of it with his other hand. "What about Thai worker skin?" he says, shaking his forearm and grimacing.

So things are much worse here than I thought. And meantime, Kampy is just sitting there letting me dangle in the breeze. "Kamp," I say. "You understand, right? You appreciate this difficult situation."

"What I can say?" Kampy says. "Bloodfall happening at this place."

"No," I say, "that's not true. Nothing like that has happened and nothing is going to happen." I turn to Rocky and Toots on the sofa. "Come on, you guys. Take Bucky inside and have some lunch. And then I want you to get out there and throw some food at those customers like only you know how."

"Very bad man," they say, but grudgingly they clip on their bow ties.

"Kampy," I say, "let's take a little walk."

He gets up and follows me outside. In the sunlight he looks me up and down as if seeing me for the first time. I'm wearing my pink Converse high-tops, wiped-out blue jeans, and a T-shirt with a cartoon of some happy snow peas dancing above the slogan BE A HUMAN BEAN.

I'm the salad man here at Inn Essence.

Kampy meditates on my T-shirt for a minute, moving the words around in his mouth. Finally he shakes his head and lets it go.

I put my hand on his shoulder and lead him along the path, which is dappled by flashes of yellow light coming down through the trees. We emerge from the cool, shady grove, and then we stroll along the edge of the underbrush that covers the old railroad tracks. Grasshoppers are springing out of the dandelions like trick party favors; the air is

full of spicy weed smells. It's a beautiful June. On either side of the abandoned tracks thick stands of trashy sumac trees have grown to a height of forty feet or so and then fanned out flat on top into a canopy of pointy finger-leaves. They give the back of the restaurant a jungle feeling.

I point up at the sinewy, sour-smelling trees. "Does Thailand look like this, Kamp? These kinds of trees? Little hills like that in the distance?"

Kampy looks up at the sumacs and then all around himself. He half shakes, half nods his head. "Maybe someday," he says. "Yes, little bit."

I laugh. "The sky is blue over there?"

He laughs too. "Yes, sky is blue."

We sit down on a fallen tree next to the railroad bed.

"Yes, we have railroad in Thailand," Kampy says, not waiting for me to ask. "Very similar."

"Hey, Kamp," I say. "Mister C. had another brainstorm. He thinks I should have you teach me to speak Thai. So I can become more of a citizen of the world. He was telling me the other day."

Kampy smiles. "Very hard for you. Not like English."

"But I know you're a good teacher. I've been hearing about these cooking lessons of yours."

Here Kampy laughs out loud. "Oh, ho," he says. "Mister C. say, 'Kampon, I must know true Thai way of cooking. Tell me exact way you eat in your house over there. Maybe I serve some of these things here at restaurant.' I tell him, 'American people not like Thai home-style, Mister C.' But he not listen."

"Yes, he's good at that."

"He say, 'Kampon, food is key to world culture. All people must learn to eat together.'"

"Sounds like our boss, all right."

"But is not true."

"No?"

"People are different ways in this world, Jeffrey. People have loyallness with their own way. I, Kampon, understand this. Victor scream and bang at Thai workers. Mister C. say no thing to Victor. Now Victor do violence against Bucky. You, Jeffrey, my friend, yes, but you say, 'Kampon, have forgetfulness.' No, Jeffrey. Thai workers must glue their selves in one lump."

"I agree with that, Kampy. I think you should stick together. But look. Jimmy will get Victor to go back on his medicine, and then everything will be fine."

"No, Jeffrey. Not true. Thai people can never work here tomorrow again, unless."

"Unless what?"

"Mister C. must punish Victor." He stands up and walks away from me, out to the parking lot. "Farewell," he says, holding up his hand.

I stand up too. "Kampy, I'm going to see you in a few hours," I say. "When you come on for dinner."

"My heart flows," Kampy says, his hand on his breast. Then he cocks his head quizzically and stares at me, and suddenly he starts to laugh. "Oh, human bean," he says. "I got you. That's a funny one."

I SCUFFLE BACK THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH TOWARD the restaurant, passing by the *Aqua Marie* on the way. This is Jimmy's cabin cruiser, a thirty-two-foot monster he keeps parked on its trailer in a clearing next to the dumpsters. The boat is named in honor of Jimmy's wife—the Invisible Woman, we call her. I've heard Marie Constantinopolous's voice on the phone but I've never seen her; except for Manny, who's been here forever, no one at Inn Essence has ever met the woman our boss is married to. Part of Jimmy's arrangement with Marie is that she has nothing to do with the restaurant and is expected never to come here for any reason. Other aspects of Marie's conjugal life are speculated upon endlessly by the waitresses, who get what they can out of Manny and invent the rest. Marie is commonly presumed to have an unbelievable wardrobe, unlimited money to spend, and at least one handsome lover, if not a brace of handsome lovers—nice young ones in their twenties, the waitresses say, if she's got any brains. Even a nineteen-year-old wouldn't be out of the question; any woman can stand to recharge occasionally with a nineteen-year-old, the waitresses tell me.

The waitresses think that Marie Constantinopolous's situation comes as close to perfection as anything women have achieved in the history of the world.

But, even more than Marie, the waitresses have to wonder about Ethel, our hostess here at Inn Essence. How has she hung on all this time? Why does she put up with Jimmy's crap? What is she getting? What lies is he telling her? What does she feel when she answers the phone and hears Jimmy's wife on the other end? What goes through poor Ethel's mind when she walks out back and sees a huge, fine cabin cruiser with the wife's name painted on it in letters two feet high?

I understand the waitresses' fascination, but I think they might as well be doing algebra with angels, or trying to see the human soul by sprinkling cornstarch on people as they die. Me, I have an old friend in California named Ricky, a psychologist. Ricky has the word on this. "Nobody understands the boy-girl stuff, Jeffrey," Ricky says. "Not even God."

I walk across the loading area to the outside door of Jimmy's office, which is actually a one-bedroom apartment in its own small wing at the back of the restaurant. This is where for three years now Jimmy has been making love to Ethel. The blinds on the office windows are shut today, but behind the closed screen door the wooden door is ajar. I rap on the aluminum frame and call through the screen. "Bwana Jim, the natives are restless. I think you may have a revolt on your hands here. Spears and arrows may start flying out of the trees any minute now."

He doesn't answer me. When I cross the threshold, I smell Ethel's strong perfume. The waitresses say she alternates between Opium and Poison. If somebody comes out with a perfume called Sex or Death, straight out, Ethel will wear it. But then, so will everybody else. The woman herself is on the sofa, with a Scotch sour in one hand and a handkerchief in the other. She's had her hair done since

yesterday, tinted a light bronze this time and sprayed into stiff swirls around her head. She's wearing a white silk blouse and a baby-blue suit. Her eyes are red and she's dabbing at her nose with the hanky. The bottle of Dewar's is on the coffee table—one third gone and it's not even noontime. Between Jimmy and Ethel, they're killing a good liter of it a day.

"Trouble in Thailand?" she says, tilting her head toward the carriage house.

"Well, Victor tried to murder Bucky this morning, and they're a little upset about it, that's all."

"I know, I heard," Ethel says. She takes a long drag on her cigarette and then sips her drink, smoke pouring out of her face over the glass. She puts her stockinged feet up on the coffee table. "They'll get over it."

"I don't think so, Ethel. This was pretty abusive, even for Victor."

"Honey, we all have to take our share of abuse, now don't we?"

"Some of us have to take more than others."

"Tell me about it," she says. "Actually, I thought it was kind of amusing, Victor running around the parking lot in those little Italian shoes, waving that big knife. We don't have enough excitement around here."

Ethel has her own waitress-given nickname. Miss Frosty, they call her.

"Jimmy around?" I say.

"No, he's out looking for the mad muffin." Her own joke makes her smile. "The king of pork loin is searching for the mad muffin."

"That's pretty good."

"It really is, isn't it? I'm pretty creative, aren't I? I don't give myself enough credit."

"Most people don't."

"Some people give themselves too much," she says.

"The Thai students want Jimmy to punish Victor," I say.

"Ha," Ethel says.

"They say Jimmy must make some show of righting this wrong. Their heritage demands it."

Ethel leans her head back and cackles at the ceiling, coughing on her drink. "I didn't think anybody could do it today," she says. "But you're doing it. You're making me laugh." She giggles in a macabre way for a half minute or so, until, with no perceptible transition, she's weeping.

"Ethel, is something wrong?"

We all have to pretend that we don't know about Ethel's life, how her husband left her on account of Jimmy and how she's been waiting two years now for Jimmy to do the right thing.

"None of your business," she says through the handkerchief. After a minute she gets herself under control, blots her eyes, and has another taste of her drink. "What exactly is it that they want Jimmy to do to Victor, by the way?"

"I don't know," I say. "A gesture. Something to restore their dignity. Make him apologize, I suppose."

"Can you imagine Victor apologizing to anybody about anything?"

"No."

"Me neither. Maybe you and Jimmy can philosophize about it when he gets back. Maybe he'll have a theory about it. He was looking for you before. He wanted to ask you about a word. It's on his desk."

I walk over to Jimmy's desk. There's a legal pad with the word *epistemology* written on it, spelled incorrectly.

Ethel says, "He wanted to know if that word meant there were some things he'd never get to the bottom of."

I think about it for a minute. "Yeah, I guess you could say that."

NINE MONTHS AGO I STARTED HERE BUSING TABLES. Then, after a couple of weeks, Jimmy gave me my choice of moving up to waiter or going to the kitchen. Most people would have chosen to be a waiter, for the tips. I didn't think I needed daily contact with the public, and I certainly didn't need to work under Ethel out there. But I chose the kitchen for another reason, one that surprised me as much as anyone else. After two weeks of observing the impeccable ballet of our chefs, and tasting the results, I discovered that I wanted to be able to cook like that.

So they brought me back and started me in on salads. At most restaurants this would have been like permanent exile; salad chefs are usually a notch above busboys and not going anywhere. But at Inn Essence people have respect for salad. I'm a colleague here, encouraged to be creative. And I'm in training for bigger things.

Ordinarily I show up in the kitchen in the middle of the afternoon and scrub my vegetables. I wash my lettuce, reserving the best leaves for cups and baskets, tearing the rest into pieces. Then I get out my gleaming little knife for the magical part—the radish roses, the kiwi-fruit lotus pads, the celery palm trees, the gift bows out of cante-loupe shavings, the apples peeled and carved into carnations, the whole vegetable fantasy world I've learned to do so well.

But now, early in the dinner hour, all my salad chores are done and I'm having my latest cooking lesson. I'm learning to make the famous stuffed medallions of veal, as done by the Venezuelan-born Manny Quintero, the head chef of Inn Essence. We're together at his counter, our backs to the ovens, cutting the veal and talking about the stuffing of legend.

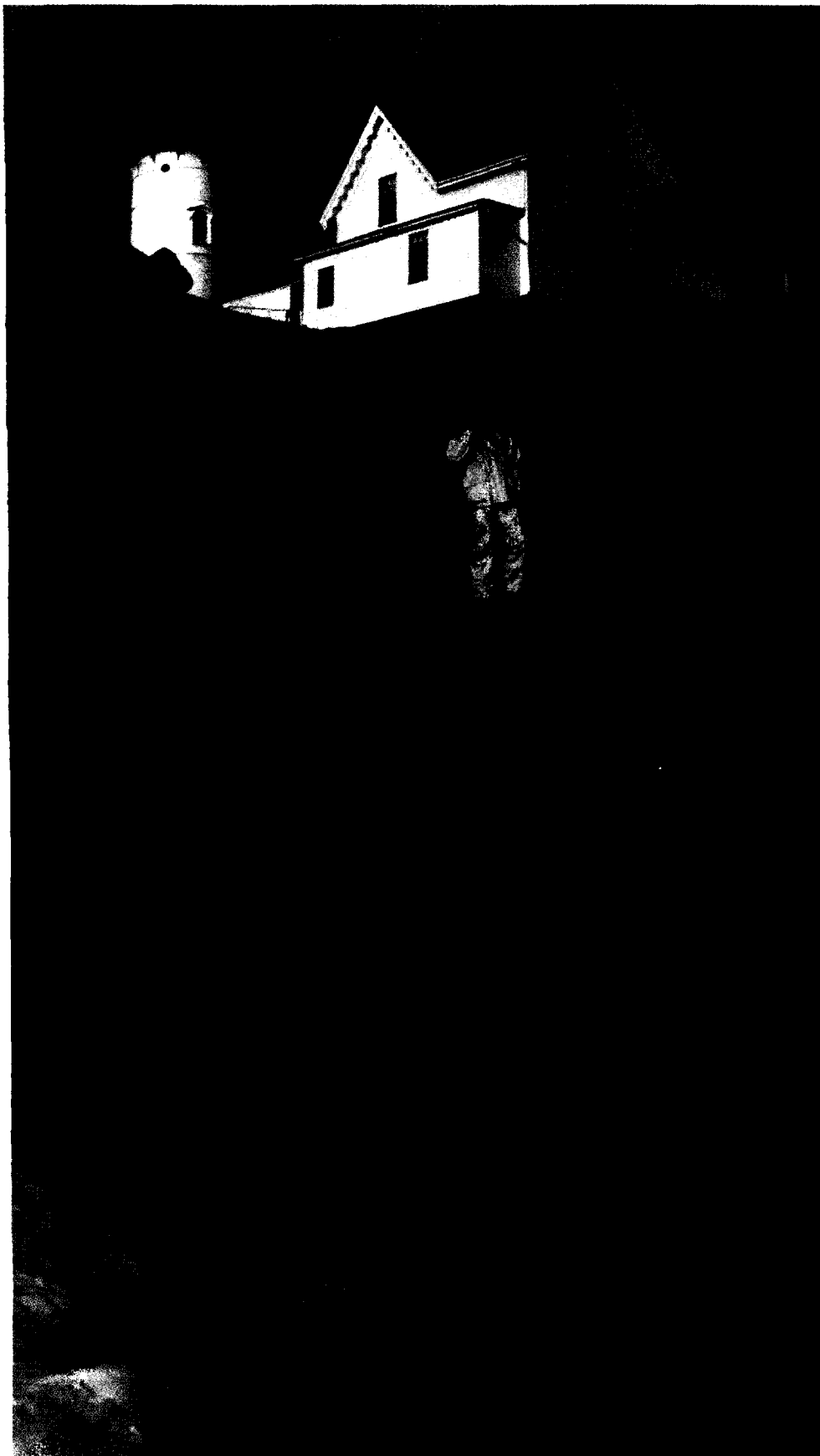
So far I've heard nothing from Jimmy. If he's lost interest in where things stand with the Thai students, that's his lookout.

"I use butter," Manny says. "You hear? Butter. I use fresh garlic, fresh mushrooms, only fresh herbs. Some so-called chefs, they use soybean oil, garlic and mushrooms from bottles, herbs from little cans." He tosses a veal medallion on the pile and wipes his hands on his long cook's apron. "I pity the bastards."

We're not just
a fair weather friend.



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"Me too," I say, nodding my head.

Manny's two assistant chefs are working to our left, at the range, in a flurry of smoke and steam, putting up orders for the dining room. Rocky and Toots arrive to load the plates onto their trays. They're aloof and businesslike, still full of fear and hurt pride.

"Are the citizens of America happy tonight?" I ask them. "Do they have that hungry light in their eyes? Men, are they ripping those salads apart?"

"Citizens pretty happy," Toots says.

Manny says, "When I cook, I like to think of them as people who stayed in this inn when they were young, and now, tonight, they're back for the first time in twenty years. It inspires me."

I take a step backward to look at him. "You're getting as dreamy as the guy who owns this place," I say. "And all this time I thought you were secretly driving the bus."

"I thought you were," he says.

Suddenly a high-pitched burst of Thai exclamation comes out of Rocky. He's staring at the back door of the kitchen, around the corner from Manny's ovens. Victor has just strolled in, dressed in his dazzling whites, right up to the towering puff of chef's toque. He must drive his car in this outfit. His feet are as tiny as a girl's in their little black pumps.

"What do you know," Manny calls out. "It's the mousse man. Hey, mousse man, we don't have any desserts tonight. What happened, Mister Mousse?"

Victor ignores Manny. Instead he looks at me. "Will you get a load of this," he says, pulling the big metal handle of his walk-in to open it. "Manny is training Jimmy's little pet."

He waits for me to respond but I don't give him the satisfaction. He steps into his walk-in, and the door snaps shut behind him. Rocky and Toots are simmering in the hot red light of the warming lamps, looking mean. "Waiters," I say to them, "pick up your orders and take them out to the people. Be professionals."

They do so, but their concern is justified. There's something very eerie about seeing Victor in the kitchen at this hour of the day. His routine is to start in the early morning and be long gone by the time the first blackened red snapper comes off the grill at night. I refuse to believe he's here out of guilt over leaving us without desserts.

"We have to send that boy back to the nut bin," I say to Manny.

"No, they can't help him there," Manny says, shaking his head. "They just give him the drugs and stare at him all day, make him worse than he was before. He's happy when he bakes. So I say let him bake. And when the man gets crazy, knock him down."

I look at Manny flexing his nut-brown arm. He's referring to the way he handled the episode last March. Victor comes out of his walk-in and installs himself in the L-shaped baking zone at the rear of the kitchen, where he has his long counters of work space, his own special ovens and range. He doesn't look tranquilized to me. He's re-

moved several big aluminum trays of flaky pastry puffs from his cooler, and now he sticks them in their sides with the business end of a pastry bag, squirting them full of chocolate-cream filling. He seems to be taking unusual delight in this operation.

I hear Ethel call my name. She's standing inside the kitchen's swinging doors. "Jimmy wants to see you," she says, nodding in the direction of his office. I see her take note of Victor's presence. Then she shoulders open the right-hand door and spins away through it.

"Boss wants to see his little pet," Manny says to me, really enjoying himself, showing all of his gleaming tusks.

"Give me a break, Manny," I say.

"One break coming up," he says.

I walk out from behind the chefs' area, untying my apron on the way. I stop at the swinging doors and look through their windows. Ethel is at the waiters' station, talking to Kamy, Buzz, and Bucky. They're gesturing with their hands and she's nodding her head. Rocky and Toots appear with their empty table trays and join in this conversation. Ethel is actually listening to them, which is odd; she's not known for her sympathy, certainly not to the Thai students, whom she's tried to ignore from the day they started.

Two waitresses, Cheryl and Nadine, are sitting here in the kitchen by the uniform closet, having a cigarette. I mention what I'm seeing out there—Ethel being chummy with the Thai waiters.

"Oh, yeah, she's the good mother tonight," Cheryl says, nodding her head so that the plumes of smoke from her nostrils make waves. "She had a big fight with Jimmy, and now she's being real nice to everybody."

"They should fight all the time," Nadine adds. "It makes her almost like a person."

A smoke ring leaves Cheryl's mouth. "They do fight all the time."

STEPPING OUT OF THE KITCHEN, I NOD TO ETHEL AND the guys. I walk into the open corridor with the restrooms and pay phones, turning to take another look at them from the quiet, carpeted dimness. Sometimes, in the middle of the dinner rush, Jimmy will stand here like this, next to the cigarette machines, watching the Thai waiters interact with the public and each other. He has an anthropologist's fascination with them as they make their way through the world; their customs and doings are deep, mysterious things to him.

His office door is all the way down at the end of the hall. I knock on it.

"Oh, it's you," he says when I walk in. "So what's going on out there? Do I still have a restaurant?" He's sitting slumped on the sofa, a heavy man in a gray tropical suit, shirt collar open, no tie, holding a Scotch-and-water in his lap.

"No man ever knows what he really has," I say.

He laughs with great Greek delight, eyes wrinkling,

golden teeth flashing in the corners of his mouth. "I like you, Jeffrey," he says. "I can always count on you." He points to a chair and I sit down. "You think it's easy being the guy in charge?"

"Of course not," I say. "It's hell."

"Correct." He sips his Scotch. The liter of Dewar's is still on the coffee table, maybe one drink left in it now.

"Have I ever told you about when I was in Korea?"

"You've mentioned it."

"You wouldn't even have been born yet."

"No."

"I was a sergeant, did you know that?"

"You told me."

"It was an amazing thing, Jeffrey. Koreans were all around us. Everywhere you looked you saw Korean people and Korean life."

"Well, Jimmy, you were in Korea."

"Exactly. I'm saying it was their country, but we were there. We were the strangers."

"I'm with you so far."

"But the weird thing was, Jeffrey, *we were in charge*. We were there to solve their problem. They were looking to us for *answers*. And Jeffrey?"

"Yeah?"

"We didn't even know what the question was. We didn't know the first thing about those people's lives. I was giving out orders, for Christ's sake, and I didn't even know what I was doing over there. But for the first time in my life I had incredible power. And I discovered something."

"What?"

"I loved it. I loved the power. It didn't matter at all that I was an ignorant schmuck. Having that power canceled out everything else."

"Strange. Listen, Jimmy, Victor's here. He's baking in the kitchen right now."

"Yeah, I know, I just talked to him." He parts the blinds on the window next to the sofa and looks out at the carriage house. Often he secretly observes the comings and goings of the Thai students from this window. "I learned another thing in the service," he says. "You always hear that people everywhere are basically the same, that all anybody really wants is to be loved. That's true, but they also want to make sure nobody gets any but them."

"Jimmy, I think a lot of those people in Korea just wanted not to get shot by you or have a bomb dropped on their house. They wanted to wake up the next day, and that was about it."

"Those are the accidents of history, Jeffrey. I'm talking about the big, eternal things, like the fact that all people are greedy and self-centered and they make excuses for it with ideas like 'honor' and 'saving face.'"

"You talked to Ethel about the Thai students."

He shakes his head and deeply sighs her name. "Ethel." Then he belts down the rest of his drink. "What am I going to do about Ethel?"

"She was crying in here before."

"She cries all the time," he says. "Okay, everybody

wants a piece of Jimmy. All right, fine, I accept that. But Ethel's not satisfied with her piece, and she's letting it ruin her life. Let me tell you something, Jeffrey. I never promise anybody anything I can't deliver. If I can't deliver, I don't promise. It's a good rule, one you could live by if you're interested. Ethel has gotten everything she was ever promised and a lot more. If she wants to walk out, she can walk out."

"Is that what she wants to do? Walk out?"

"No, I told you. She wants to be the only puppy in the litter. Since she can't have that, she's going to find a different way to make me miserable every day. But tonight she's unbelievable. Tonight—get this—she wants me to punish Victor for running after Bucky with the knife."

"No kidding."

"Yeah, she insists on it. The dignity of her staff requires it, she says. I said forget it. I'm not punishing anybody."

"Maybe you should. If it would keep her happy."

"Jeffrey, yesterday Ethel couldn't stand the Thai people, all right? Don't argue with me, I know how to handle this. Now listen carefully, kid, you're about to learn something. Here's what I do. I call the Thai students in and—humbly, with gratitude for good service—I offer them more money. Right out of the blue, I give them a big raise."

"I'm sure they'll appreciate that."

"But I say nothing to them about Victor. Victor's name is never mentioned. I make no connection between Victor and their reward. Okay? And now, do I then turn around and punish Victor? Far from it. Pay attention, Jeffrey, I've never let anyone else in on this. *I call Victor in and I give him more money too*. In fact, I've already done it. You see what I'm saying? Money is love, Jeffrey, and now everybody has more than they had before. Presto, peace is restored to the garden. All the animals can live happily together again. But the brilliant part is that this love doesn't make judgments. It doesn't take sides. It's love that forgives. Frankly, Jeffrey, it's the love Jesus was talking about. I resolve the conflict by giving everybody more money, Victor and the Thai students equally, even though Victor did something very bad."

"He tried to kill Bucky."

"Oh, no, something much worse than that. Something to hurt me personally, his benefactor and friend."

"He did? What?"

"He called Immigration, the jerk."

"He didn't."

"Oh, yes, he did. He ratted on me about the Thai students. He admitted it to me here in this office just now. He called them from his house, and then he came back here to be on hand for the excitement. He strolled in and sat right there, puffed up with his secret betrayal. But he couldn't carry it off. He became remorseful and confessed. I let him stew in his own guilt for a minute, and then I just blew him away with his raise. You think he was confused before? Now he's really confused. But he's confused by love, which is good."

"Jimmy, what about Immigration?"

"Yeah, them. You're right, we should take some defensive action. We should hide the Thai students. Would you do that for me? Go hide the boys and then buzz me when the feds get here."

I'm up out of my chair and walking away when something occurs to me. "This idea of putting love in people's paychecks—you ever try that on Ethel?"

"Are you kidding? Ethel makes so much money here now it's ridiculous. But that doesn't work for her anymore. It's my fault, I let Ethel get keyed in to a different symbol. You know, I always wondered why mystics and saints denied the body, why priests, those poor bastards, had to be celibate. Now I think I get it. Jesus kept the company of whores, but I've never read anything in there about him messing around with them. Sex changes everything, Jeffrey, don't ask me why."

I tell Jimmy my friend Ricky's line about boy-girl business.

"A friend of yours said that?" Jimmy says. "Hey, does this guy want a job? The man who said that can come work for me anytime."

"I'll let him know," I say. "Now I better get out there and save our butts."

"Good. You do that."

I'm halfway out the door when he calls me back again.

"Hey, one second," he says. "I had a few recipe ideas I wanted to run by you. Wait till you hear these. What would you think of moussaka with—brace yourself—hot curry and a peanut sauce? Or feta-cheese pie with ginger and snow peas? And how does baklava with coconut milk and litchi nuts grab you?"

"Don't tell me," I say. "Greek-Thai cuisine."

"You got it," he says. "Inspired, right? A whole new contribution. East meets West. Two ancient cultures united. I hope Manny doesn't give me a hard time about it. You get to be my age, Jeffrey, and you start thinking about the big picture. You start asking some basic questions about your existence. 'Did his menu reflect his vision of life? Did he *have* a vision of life? Did he have anything new to offer? Did he have anything to say?' Things like that."

I HURRY OUT TO THE HEAD OF THE CORRIDOR AND stand behind the cigarette machines, scanning the dining room. Just inside the front door, next to the sign that says OUR HOSTESS WILL SEAT YOU, are two hard guys in rumpled suits. They look hungry all right, but not for anything we serve here. They're swiveling their heads on their big necks, checking the place out real good. Our hostess will seat you! For the first time in my career at Inn Essence I'd give anything to see Ethel walk around the corner—her face carved out of flesh-colored ice, her hair sprayed into a bronze battle helmet. She could make crème brûlée out of these guys. But, incredibly, in the middle of the dinner rush, she's not on duty. Just across from me Nadine is picking up a drink order at the end of

the bar. I sidle up to her and point out the feds. "Head those guys off, Nadine!" I whisper. "Stall 'em. They're here to bust us for illegal aliens." She looks back and forth between me and the front door like I've just dropped down from Neptune.

"Do it, Nadine!" I cry. Then I burst through the swinging doors into the kitchen. The Thai waiters are nowhere to be seen. Neither is Victor. But then I see that all the way at the back of the kitchen, by the exit to the parking lot, the door of Victor's walk-in is just closing.

Manny, still doing the veal medallions, sees me standing there. "Here's how they look when you're done," he calls out, holding on his palm the glistening meat wrapped neatly around its stuffing.

I run up to the glass partition beneath the warming lamps. "Never mind the veal, Manny!" I bark at him. "Where are the Thai students?"

He looks around. "I don't know," he says. "They were just here."

"Manny, Victor called Immigration! They're at the front door!"

He catches this hot potato like the pro he is, dropping the veal and bolting out of his work space toward the dining room. I run the other way past him and around the corner to Victor's walk-in. I'm going to take care of Victor, I think to myself. I'm going to fix this clown. I yank open the door of his cooler and leap inside.

In doing so, I smack into Ethel and nearly knock her down.

"What the hell are you doing in here?" I snap at her. She snaps the same thing at me. Then the heavy door of the walk-in snaps shut and I can't see anything. The only light in Victor's huge cooler comes from two low-wattage bare bulbs on either side of the ceiling fan, and my eyes are accustomed to the brightness outside. It's cold, but deliciously so, compared with the swelter of the kitchen.

I'm about to tell Ethel what I'm doing in here, when my eyes adjust enough to see that all the Thai workers are standing in here with her. I throw my arms around her shoulders. "You're beautiful, Ethel!" I say. "Good going! But is it safe enough?"

She pushes me away. "Safe enough for what?" she says with great irritation.

And then I see Victor. He's sitting against the rear wall of the walk-in, legs stretched out in front of him, arms behind his back, hands and feet bound with crisp cloth napkins fresh from the linen service. His mouth is wide open as if in amazement, but that's because one of his own cream puffs has been stuffed all the way into it to gag him. His narrowed eyes are fixed on me—not with fear or rage or even supplication, not with any emotion at all, but with the unnerving vacancy of a man in shock. I look at him more closely in the thin yellow light. Squiggles of dark brown chocolate cream are all over his body—stripes of it up and down his arms and legs and outlining the pockets and buttons of his baker's uniform. He looks like a gingerbread man in reverse, brown frosting on white. Bucky is

kneeling on the floor next to him, the chocolate-cream-filled pastry bag in his hands.

"Do his face now, Bucky," Ethel says. "He needs some nice eyebrows, doesn't he, boys?"

All the Thai students giggle their agreement. Bucky chortles with delight and sets to work on the brows, squeezing thick lines of chocolate onto Victor's face. Suddenly Victor comes to life and struggles violently for a moment, making scary animal noises around the cream puff in his mouth and messing up the frosting on his eyebrows.

"Baking man not want to be cookie," Bucky says, flashing all his protruding teeth. He puts some chocolate on Victor's nose, and then he sets to work decorating Victor's tall white hat. Kampy and Toots and Rocky and Buzz are all smiling and nodding their heads up and down. Then Kampy turns to me.

"Mr. C. understand Thai worker feelings," he says. "He send Miss Ethel to tell us good idea of punishment for Victor. We have such ways like this in Thailand, too. No person get hurt, and Thai workers have honor restored. Mister C. is very wise man. America is fair country."

I look at Ethel. She glares at me. I turn to the metal door of the walk-in and press my ear tightly against it. The bitter chill gives me a headache instantly, but I stay there.

"We have a report that you have employed illegal alien workers from Thailand," I hear Immigration saying, faintly through the door. "Let's go, chef. Where are they? Let's see these Thai workers."

Victor sees me listening at the door, and he starts making a fuss again in the back of the cooler, bucking and snorting some guttural sounds. But his walk-in was once the inn's meat locker, with solid walls and a heavy rubber seal around the opening; no one will ever hear him out there.

I put my ear back to the cold agony of the door. Manny's distant voice materializes, the volume fluctuating up and down. He must be following Immigration around the kitchen. "Thailand?" he says. "You must mean Venezuela! It's me you looking for? Manny Quintero from Venezuela? But I ain't no illegal, man! I got my papers twenty years now! Just 'cause I'm a foreigner one time you come after me? Let's go to my house, I show you some papers. Gonna be egg on you faces, misters."

Ethel slides a tray of Victor's cream puffs halfway out of a rack, picks one up, and raises it above her head. She throws like a girl, but her aim is good. Chocolate cream and flaky pastry splatter across Victor's face. The Thai students applaud. Then Bucky stands up and Ethel passes cream puffs out to the boys. They all get one and wait for me to get mine.

Now Jimmy comes storming into the kitchen. "Where

did you get this crap?" he says. "Who said these things about me? Where is my accuser? Let him show his face. Come out wherever you're hiding, you bastard."

"It was an anonymous tip," Immigration says. "On the telephone. We don't know who it was."

"Come on, Jeffrey, take your cream puff," Ethel says.

"You don't know who it was?" Jimmy screams. "You don't know who it was? Well, I know who it was! I'll tell you who it was! It was the man in the moon! You come to my place of business with this slander, this libel, these filthy lies, trying to get my name in the papers, trying to ruin my good reputation, trying to shut down the nicest restaurant in New Jersey on the basis of a telephone prank? I could make a stink about this you wouldn't believe! I know people in Trenton! I could have your jobs! I could get you Border Patrol in the Texas scrub! For life! Get the hell out of my restaurant!"

"I don't want one," I say.

"I knew it," Ethel says. "Sensitive Jeffrey doesn't want a cream puff. That's because you are a cream puff, Jeffrey. This is a ritual, everybody has to do it. Take it."

I remove my ear from the door. "No, Ethel."

Now the Thai students are confused. Jeffrey's not taking a cream puff. They stand there looking at me, not knowing what to do.

"Fine, Jeffrey. You don't have to participate. But you don't get to stay and watch the fun, either. Just open the door and get out."

"No," I say. "I can't do that."

"Oh, you are such a wimp, Jeffrey. You are such a little teacher's pet. Never mind him," Ethel says to the Thai students. "This is the ancient American way. Mister C. knows it, I know it. You have your old customs in Thailand, we have ours here. Throw those cream puffs, boys. Jeffrey's just anti-American, aren't you, Jeffrey?"

Pressing my head against the freezing metal door must have numbed my brain, because suddenly I'm dizzy and can't even talk to Ethel anymore. I have to close my eyes for a second to collect my thoughts. I have to see if I have this straight. I'm one of eight people hiding in a dim restaurant walk-in, our breath coming out of our faces in little mingling clouds. The proprietor of the walk-in is tied up on the floor, and federal agents are outside trying to bust us, but not for tying him up. The owner's mistress is calling me names because I won't take a cream puff she's offering me, while five young men from a distant land are looking at me with questioning eyes, the sweet pastries of revenge already in their hands. They're waiting for me to confirm that whatever we're doing is indeed the way justice is done in my country.

Can I deny it? □



*Conversations with the
candidates and an analysis of their candidacies*

THE REPUBLICANS IN '88

BY WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IS THE PARTY OF REVOLUTION, and to Republican activists, 1980 is Year One. I found this outlook pervasive when I interviewed groups of delegates to the 1984 Republican National Convention for the *Los Angeles Times*. What did the delegates think of the Nixon-Ford-Kissinger foreign policy, which, polls showed, was still widely admired? Republican activists were unimpressed. "Who cares about those guys?" said one exasperated delegate. "That's all over with. It's prehistoric."

History ended late last year. The Reagan revolution ran out of initiative exactly six years after it began. Its enemies did not bring it down. It simply collapsed. In part, the Administration was a victim of its own success. The President

had done what he was elected to do—curb inflation and restore the nation's sense of military security. What reason was there to continue the revolution? At the same time, Iranscam exposed the excesses of a revolutionary mentality. Reagan, a man of deep ideological convictions, attracted true believers to his Administration. He also prided himself on a management style that, in the words of the Tower commission, "places an especially heavy responsibility on his key advisers." The combination of ideological fervor and disengaged management turned out to be explosive. It meant that zealots were tolerated and even encouraged in the White House, and that no one kept an eye on what they were doing. "None of this would have happened if Ronald Reagan were still alive" was the sardonic



comment heard in Republican circles. That is precisely wrong. It happened because Ronald Reagan was very much alive.

Nineteen eighty-seven is Year One of the post-Reagan era. The problem is, Ronald Reagan is still in office. The revolutionary regime has outlived the revolution. Reagan himself is a lame duck, his effectiveness depleted and his popularity squandered.

Having been abruptly thrust into the post-revolutionary era, Republicans are scratching their heads and asking each other, "Now what?" These days, virtually all Republicans are conservatives who endorse the principles of the Reagan revolution, even if they dissociate themselves from its errors and excesses. What they have to figure out is how to change the regime while preserving the revolutionary tradition. It is very much like the problem Communist parties face when they have been in power too long. The problem is more serious for Republicans, however; unlike Communists, Republicans can be turned out of office.

All Republican Party leaders are Reaganites, just as all Communist Party leaders are Leninists. But that doesn't prevent partisans of either persuasion from going off in different directions. Some Republicans are Old Bolsheviks, who fought at the glorious leader's side during the great

revolution. They see themselves now as guardians of the revolution, as keepers of the flame. But the glorious leader is no longer the hero he once was. His errors are being exposed. Although his close comrades will probably escape the unhappy fate of the Old Bolsheviks under Stalin, their support has been eroding quickly and their political future looks problematic.

Other Republicans are revisionists. They proclaim their loyalty to the Reagan revolution but say that their mission is to correct its mistakes. The more the mistakes that come to light, the more attractive revisionism looks. But revisionists have to be careful. If they go too far, they will raise questions about their commitment to the revolution. The line between revision and counterrevolution is a thin one.

Finally, the Reagan revolution, like all revolutions, has a Red Guard. These are the ideologues who talk about a bold new agenda aimed at extending the revolution. They preach an aggressive, not a defensive, conservatism, one that will bring new groups into the movement. They even dream about exporting the revolution to other countries.

During the next year, the Republican Party must decide which kind of conservatism—orthodox, revisionist, or radical—will be the party's agenda for the future. The winner will end up in New Orleans, the losers in the political equivalent of Siberia.



Before the Revolution

THE CONSERVATIVE CONSENSUS IN THE REPUBLICAN Party was achieved only recently, and with considerable difficulty. Throughout most of this century the Republicans were as factionalized as the Democrats. But whereas the Democrats have traditionally been divided North against South, the major split in the Republican Party has occurred along an East-West line.

In the early part of this century the wing of the Republican party in the Midwest and the West was a hotbed of progressivism, a doctrine that combined radical political and economic reform with isolationism. The eastern wing of the party tended to be economically conservative, internationalist, and big-business-oriented. The New Deal essentially eliminated the economic left of the Republican Party, by stealing the progressives' economic thunder. Progressive Republican (and third-party) voters rallied behind FDR and were, for the most part, absorbed by the Democrats. After the progressives left, the remaining western and midwestern Republicans were mostly conservative and small-business-oriented, but were still staunchly isolationist.

Three Republican factions emerged after the Second World War: the parties of Wall Street, Main Street, and, eventually, Easy Street.

Wall Street was the eastern wing of the party. It was the Republican Party of Thomas Dewey, Dwight Eisenhower, and Nelson Rockefeller. In a usage that must have been hopelessly confusing to Marxists, the Wall Street Republicans were usually considered to be the left wing of the party, since big business quickly learned to accommodate to and even prosper under the big-government economic policies of the New Deal.

Main Street was the midwestern wing of the Republican Party, its geographic and ideological center. Main Street Republicans were rural and small-town dwellers, bankers and small-business men—decent, honest, God-fearing, and tightfisted. The Republican Party of Main Street was the party of Robert Taft and Everett Dirksen, of Arthur Vandenberg and Gerald Ford.

These two wings of the party found themselves in a confrontation shortly after the Second World War. Main Street Republicans were "real Republicans," who longed to turn the clock back to pre-New Deal America and who displayed more than a tinge of isolationism. Wall Street Republicans were "me-too Republicans" and staunch internationalists, motivated by economic self-interest and businesslike pragmatism. The showdown came in 1952, when Eisenhower, the candidate of Wall Street, defeated Senator Taft, of Ohio, for the Republican nomination.

The remainder of the 1950s saw a gradual reconciliation between eastern and midwestern Republicans. Many leading midwestern figures, like Senator Vandenberg, of Michigan, had already converted to internationalism, as a result of the Second World War. The Cold War converted the rest of the isolationists, who had objected to America's

alliance with the left but now supported a foreign policy of militant anti-communism.

Easy Street, the Republican Party of the nouveau riche, is an altogether new phenomenon. It appeared quite suddenly in the suburbs and boomtowns of the Sun Belt, a part of the country that had never been a center of Republican strength. Easy Street Republicanism first became visible with the presidential candidacy of Barry Goldwater, in 1964, when Goldwater challenged and defeated the eastern establishment of the party, as represented by Rockefeller and William Scranton.

The Easy Street wing of the party espouses a vigorous, populist, anti-establishment conservatism that appeals to many working-class voters and Democrats, particularly on social issues and foreign policy. In 1964 the Goldwater movement attacked the bipartisan foreign-policy consensus that accepted peaceful coexistence with communism. In 1976 Ronald Reagan ran against his own party's policy of détente. The backlash against civil rights also contributed to Goldwater's southern support in 1964 and to the Republican Party's subsequent rapid growth in the South. The 1968 Wallace vote, for example, which was almost entirely an expression of racial backlash, was essentially folded into the 1972 Nixon vote; Nixon's worst state in 1968, Mississippi, became his best state in 1972. Outside the South, racial and social-issue backlash brought a good many white ethnics into the Republican Party. What had once been an exclusive club for the WASP elite now found itself overrun with Irish and Italian Catholics, the so-called Archie Bunker vote. The most dramatic example is the Republican Party of New York. A party once led by Nelson Rockefeller, Jacob Javits, Kenneth Keating, and John Lindsay now counts as its top office-holder Alfonse D'Amato, who was resoundingly re-elected in 1986 in a straight two-party race.

Look at the career of Richard Nixon, the dominant figure in postwar Republican politics. Although he started his career as a Communist-hunter, by 1960 Nixon was Eisenhower's boy, the candidate of the Wall Street wing of the party. When he ran for President again in 1968, Nixon tried to repair the Goldwater calamity by presenting himself as a centrist—a Main Street Republican and party regular who avoided divisive ideological positions and promised to "bring us together." It helped that his principal opponents for the Republican nomination were Reagan on the right and Rockefeller on the left. Nixon chose an eastern liberal as his running mate—Spiro Agnew, of Maryland, a Rockefeller supporter whose nomination was seconded by John Lindsay.

By 1972 Nixon had become the candidate of the Sun Belt, of San Clemente and Key Biscayne. He was tough in Vietnam and an uncompromising foe of liberals and radicals. Thus, in three presidential campaigns Richard Nixon traveled clear across the Republican Party spectrum, from left to center to right, and on into oblivion.

The final reconciliation between Main Street and Wall Street Republicans came in 1974, when President Gerald

Ford appointed Nelson Rockefeller his Vice President. Reagan, when he challenged Ford for the 1976 nomination, tried to undo this alliance by designating Senator Richard Schweiker, of Pennsylvania, as his prospective running mate. Reagan gambled that eastern Republicans, who controlled the margin of victory at the convention, would not see much difference between a Main Street conservative like Ford and an Easy Street conservative like himself. He was wrong, although his move did shake up the convention and keep his candidacy alive for a while. Ford's eventual choice of Senator Robert Dole, of Kansas, as his running mate did little to placate the Reagan forces, who saw Dole as just another Main Street Republican.

The triumph of the Easy Street Republicans came with Reagan's victory in 1980. George Bush's decision that year to minimize his ideological differences with Reagan signaled the capitulation of moderate Republicans. Essentially, the Easy Street Republicans won control of the party and made their revolution. The Wall Street and Main Street Republicans have remained in the party, but only on Reagan's terms.

As the former senator Paul Laxalt said this year, "The old rift in the party, between a Goldwater and a Rockefeller, just doesn't exist anymore. Everyone will be running as a Reaganaut." Indeed, all the candidates for the 1988 Republican nomination are Easy Street conservatives. Representative Jack Kemp, the Reverend Marion G. (Pat) Robertson, and Laxalt all have roots in that wing of the party. The two candidates who originated in the Wall Street wing, George Bush and Pierre ("Pete") du Pont, the former governor of Delaware, have both shed their moderate skins and become converts to the Reagan faith. Bob Dole, the Senate minority leader, came from the Main Street wing of the party but made a point of assiduously courting the Republican right during his two years as majority leader. Dole has a solidly conservative voting record and has established his credentials as someone who can deliver for the right. Thus, when conservatives claim that they have no candidate to rally behind in the 1988 primaries, as they have been doing lately, they are not quite telling the truth. The truth is, they have *all* the candidates.

Keepers of the Flame

VICE PRESIDENT GEORGE BUSH HAS ONE ADVANTAGE and one disadvantage as a candidate for President in 1988. Both of them are Ronald Reagan. Since the outbreak of the Iran controversy, it has become clear that Bush's fortunes are tied to those of the Administration.



Bush's life-or-death dependency on Reagan can be seen in the polls. In a survey taken in late January by CBS News and *The New York Times*, three out of five Americans disapproved of President Reagan's handling of foreign affairs. Among Republicans who supported Dole for the 1988 nomination, four out of five disapproved. Bush supporters, however, were one of the few groups in the survey to approve the President's foreign policy. Polls of Iowa Republicans taken early this year showed Dole running ahead of Bush for the nomination. But polls of New Hampshire Republi-

cans taken at the same time indicated that Bush was still ahead of Dole in that state. The explanation? Ronald Reagan. Reagan's approval ratings have been running low in Iowa as a result of that state's devastated farm economy. New Hampshire, however, is part of the New England boom economy. Reagan's popularity has been holding up well in New Hampshire. Consequently, Bush's has too.

In other words, Bush remains a viable candidate for the Republican nomination as long as the Reagan Administration retains its base. "Your base," a politician once said, "is the people who are with you when you're wrong." Reagan was wrong on Iran. The Tower commission has said so, and the President has admitted as much. Although hard-core Republicans and conservatives were shocked at the spectacle of their President selling arms to the Ayatollah Khomeini (very few rallied to the call by the former White House communications director Patrick J. Buchanan to "start firing from the upper floors"), they did not desert Ronald Reagan. For that matter, during Watergate most Republicans stuck with Richard Nixon until the White House tapes were published. Only when they read evidence of Nixon's appalling lack of decorum did they start falling away. So far the Reagan Administration has not been discredited with its base. A base values loyalty to its leader, and that is exactly what Bush stands for. "I've never considered loyalty a character flaw," the Vice President said while he was campaigning in Iowa.

In other words, George Bush lives, and that has got to be regarded by Democrats as good news. They see Bush as the weakest possible candidate on the Republican ticket—and for good reason. Loyalty to an Administration discredited with all but its hard-core supporters is no great source of strength. The problem is not unique to Bush, however. In any Administration the quality that makes for a successful Vice President is loyalty. That same quality makes for a poor presidential candidate, however. Voters do not value "loyalty" in a President; they value independence and leadership, the image of a candidate as "his own man."

That is the vice-presidential trap. The stronger and more popular the President, the more he diminishes his Vice President by comparison. But a Vice President cannot desert a weak and unpopular President for fear of incurring the charge of disloyalty. As it was put to me by Walter Mondale, who should know, there is about the office a "dependency smell." The smell doesn't seem to bother partisans, and so a party unable to renominate its incumbent typically nominates its most recent Vice President—Nixon in 1960, Humphrey in 1968, Mondale in 1984. But dependency apparently does matter to the larger electorate; none of these candidates won the ensuing general election.

Everyone in American politics, including George Bush, is aware of this problem. Bush knows that he is under pressure to differ from Reagan's policies, to reveal a message or vision of his own. But he also knows that the minute he distances himself from the Reagan Administration, he risks giving up his strongest advantage. So far he has played it safe and been impeccably loyal. He has done no more than hint at his own priorities. At "Ask George Bush" forums in Iowa last March the Vice President suggested that the federal government could play a greater role in educating people about the dangers of AIDS, expressed the view that, "regrettably," the condition of education in the United States was not what it should be, and called for a greater emphasis on fostering democracy and economic development in the Western Hemisphere. None of these could be labeled a significant departure.

For Bush, Iran has been a classic no-win situation. After the scandal broke, reporters spent months trying to demonstrate that the Vice President was deeply involved. The principal disclosure was that Bush had been informed by an Israeli official that the United States was dealing with radicals, not moderates, in Iran. The Vice President had then, he explained, expressed "certain reservations on certain aspects" of the policy. The Tower commission could find no evidence of this, however. After the commission's report was released, Bush remarked that he took "no pleasure in the fact that I got very little ink." In response to chuckles from the audience he added, "Oh, maybe I do."

Soon, however, people began asking a different question: Why wasn't the Vice President *more* involved in the policy? He was supposed to be the crisis manager on the National Security Council, the chief foreign-policy professional in the White House. He should have known that the arms deal was a bad idea and would never work. "The Vice President is noteworthy more for his absence than his involvement in this whole unfolding tragedy," Edmund S. Muskie, a member of the Tower commission, said. When President Reagan was asked at his March 19 news conference whether Bush had objected to the arms sale, he answered, "No." The next day the White House had to explain that Bush did "express reservations" to the President about the deal but that the Vice President "always supported the policy and the decisions." "There did appear

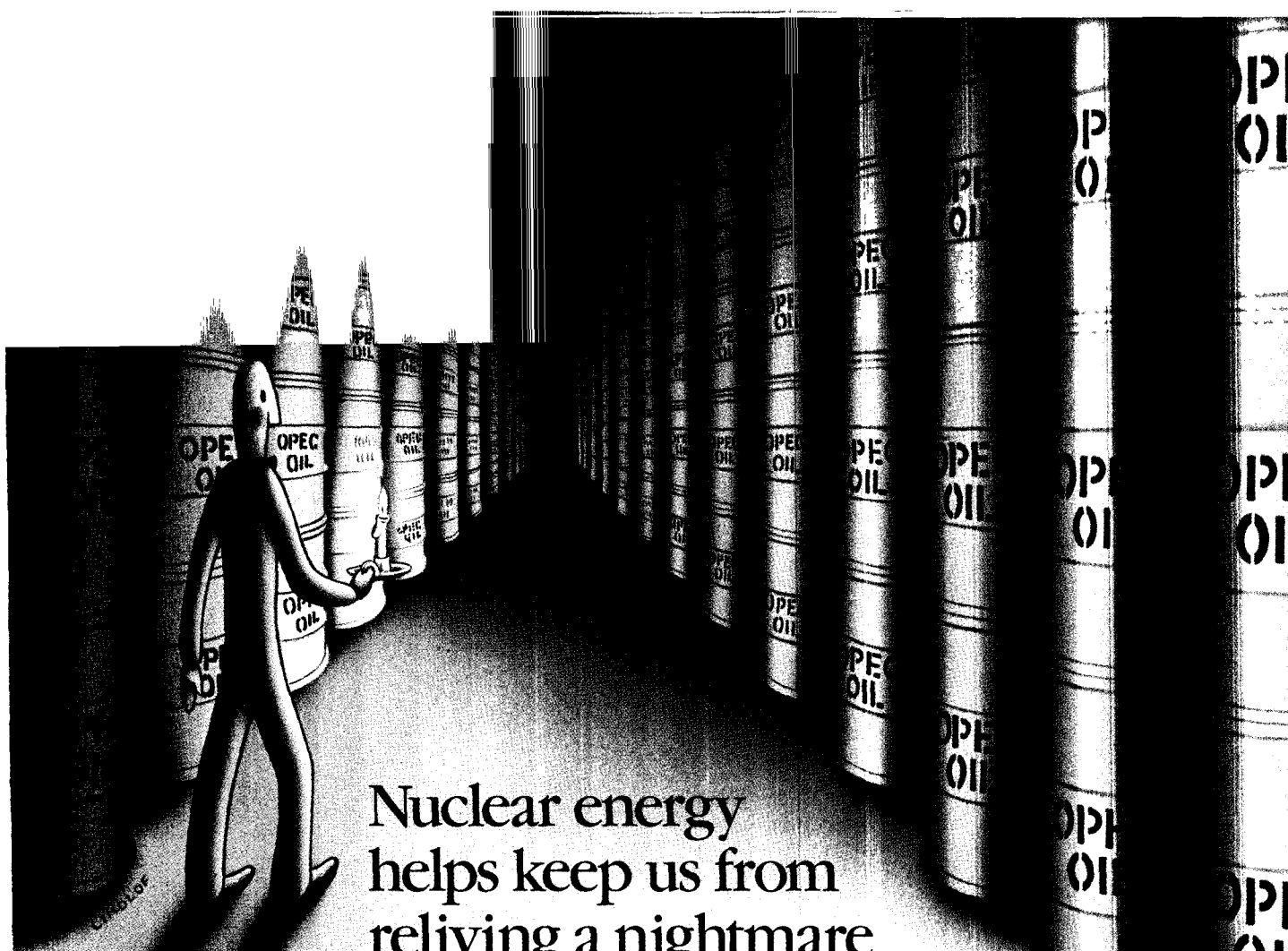
for a fleeting moment to be a misunderstanding," Bush said afterward. Poor George Bush. Whether he was involved or uninvolved in Iranscam, he ended up, as he told his Iowa supporters, "catching the dickens" over it.

One of Bush's strengths as a candidate is his résumé. He built a successful oil business. He served two terms as a congressman from Texas. He lost two Senate elections (good for humility). He was the chief United States delegate to the United Nations. He was the chairman of the Republican National Committee (during Watergate, no less). He was the U.S. envoy to China. He was the director of the Central Intelligence Agency. He ran for President. And he was elected and re-elected Vice President of the United States. One can almost hear the echo of Walter Mondale in 1983: "I am ready to be President."

But Bush's career is nothing if not an *establishment* career. And this is still very much an era of anti-establishment politics. That is one reason why movement conservatives, who see themselves as an anti-establishment force, continue to distrust him. No matter how loyal Bush has been to the Reagan revolution, he still looks and acts like the kind of Republican the New Right set out to destroy twenty-three years ago. Last year Richard A. Viguerie, the former publisher of *Conservative Digest*, wrote a letter to the editor of *The Wall Street Journal* detailing Bush's sins. He had a moderate voting record in Congress. He did not give ideological direction to the Republican Party. He received an award from the Ripon Society, "a club of John Anderson-type Republicans." In his 1980 campaign he called Reagan's economic proposals "voodoo economics," a term that has stuck to Bush more than it has stuck to Reagan. His inner circle includes not a single "movement conservative."

And—the unpardonable sin—Bush was well born. Viguerie quoted Bill Baxley, the lieutenant governor of Alabama, who, in 1984, called Bush "a pin-stripin' polo-playin' umbrella-totin' Ivy Leaguer, born with a silver spoon so far back in his mouth that you couldn't get it out with a crowbar." Whether the charge is fair or unfair is not the point. The point is that the Republican Party has not dared to nominate a candidate born to wealth and privilege since Charles Evans Hughes. Democrats can get away with it (Roosevelt, Kennedy). Republicans can't.

Reportedly, the day after the 1984 New Hampshire primary, Bush approached Senator Gary Hart on the Senate floor. After congratulating Hart on his dramatic primary victory Bush asked him what plans he had made for the Maine caucuses the following week. "This is all happening very fast," Hart replied. "We're just playing it by ear." Bush then informed Hart that his summer place in Kennebunkport was currently vacant, and if Hart needed a place in Maine to relax and unwind, "just say the word—it's yours." There are two ways of reading this episode. One is that George Bush is a nice guy, which is undoubtedly true. The other is that he has an establishment mentality, a preppie outlook that sees politics as a game (with Hart playing in a different league). The good sportsman, not



Nuclear energy helps keep us from reliving a nightmare

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the true believer. Bush's style of conservatism was captured by the cartoonist Herblock last year, when in a caption he referred to Bush as waving a pennant that read, "Go Contras!"

Bush is a reasonable and serious man who looks at an issue from all sides, even if, in the end, he always supports the Administration's position. When I met the Vice President in his White House office last year, the subject of trade came up. "There are no virgins in the field of trade protection," Bush told me. "But to the degree an Administration can keep the pressure on for one road or another, we should keep the pressure on for no protection, or for less protection, or for not going further down the protection road." He called the Strategic Defense Initiative "a moral answer to the question of nuclear arms," while admitting that "the doctrine of mutually assured destruction has worked." But, he added, "that doesn't mean we can't think of a new and better way to do it with less risk to mankind." About Central America he said, "The worst thing we could do is impose U.S. power. That would revive and solidify all the countries against us, including the democratic countries. I don't think we have to learn that lesson from Vietnam. We have to learn that lesson from our own history and our own hemisphere." He said he welcomed the religious right's involvement in politics. "They should be active. But I don't plan to roll over and say, 'Hey, take over the Republican Party.' For somebody like me—no."

Sensible, informed, pragmatic—not the kind of thinking one usually associates with movement conservatives. Or with President Reagan, for that matter. Bush's strategy so far has been to split the Republican right and keep any potential rival from building a base among conservatives. Toward that end he has praised the Reverend Jerry Falwell for "the moral vision you have brought to our political life." And he spoke at a tribute to the late William Loeb, the right-wing publisher of the *Manchester, New Hampshire, Union Leader*, who reviled George Bush during the 1980 campaign. Bush's strategy has worked. The conservatives have so far shown no inclination to coalesce on a single alternative. On the other hand, his courting of the right occasioned a savage attack by the influential columnist George Will, who depicted Bush as a phony and a panderer. "The unpleasant sound Bush is emitting as he traipses from one conservative gathering to another," Will wrote, "is a thin, tinny 'arf'—the sound of a lapdog."

And then there are the jokes. The *Doonesbury* cartoon depicting Bush committing his manhood to a "blind trust." The *Washington Post's* characterization of Bush as "the Cliff Barnes of American politics: blustering, opportunistic, craven, and hopelessly ineffective, all at once." The crack that he's the sort of man who reminds every woman of her first husband. The "wimp" factor. Democrats salivate at the prospect of running against Bush. They remember his shrill and frantic demeanor in the 1984 vice-presidential debate with Geraldine Ferraro. And his pseudo-macho posturing the next day, when he commented that he'd "kicked a little ass" in the debate. All this

matters because it says something important about Bush. *He bleeds*. As David Keene, formerly Bush's national political director and now a Bob Dole operative, puts it, "He sends out a message of personal instability. . . . Bush is not seen as a stable commodity."

Still, for several reasons Bush remains the front-runner for the 1988 nomination. He has been around the track before. He is likely to do well in the crucial early caucuses and primaries—in Michigan (where last year he scored a decisive victory over Kemp and held off Robertson in the selection of precinct delegates), in Iowa (where he beat Reagan in 1980), and in Texas, his home state. And he can raise the big money needed to compete in the fourteen-state "Mega-Tuesday" primaries, which are now scheduled to take place three weeks after the New Hampshire primary.

The continuing Iranscam revelations pose the biggest threat to Bush's candidacy, particularly as the investigations focus on the diversion of funds to the contras. Bush could be discredited indirectly if it is discovered that President Reagan knew about the diversion of funds. Evidence that Reagan lied to the American people would demoralize the President's supporters and devalue the appeal of Bush's loyalty. Bush would also be discredited if he were found to have been aware of or personally involved in the illegal transfer of funds. His national-security adviser is already known to have played a key role in resupply operations for the contras. Any disclosures along these lines from Oliver North or John Poindexter and George Bush's presidential candidacy will, in his own immortal words, end up in "deep doo-doo."

ONE POLITICIAN WHO SEEMS KEENLY AWARE OF Bush's liabilities is Paul Laxalt. "A Vice President, in order to be a good Vice President, loses his credibility," Laxalt told me when I visited him at his Senate office. "He appears to be a Charlie McCarthy. He has no views of his own. That's the essential reason, I think, historically Vice Presidents haven't made it [to the presidency]. It's a loser job." The view that George Bush is unelectable appears to have motivated Laxalt to get into the race. "George is obviously the front-runner," he added, "but it's wide open."

Laxalt has the informal status of "First Friend." He was elected governor of Nevada the same year Reagan became governor of neighboring California. He is one of the original Reaganites, having served as the chairman of Reagan's 1976 presidential campaign. He has acted as Reagan's personal emissary in the Senate, his envoy abroad, and the general chairman of the Republican Party during the Reagan presidency. Laxalt is known to be a personal favorite of Nancy Reagan's, whereas Bush is believed not to be.

In short, Laxalt is the person best qualified to challenge Bush's credentials as keeper of the flame. Laxalt is clearly worried that if Bush is nominated, the flame will go out.

"My strongest reason [for running]," he said last year, "would be that the Reagan program and policies be perpetuated beyond Ronald Reagan." Laxalt's candidacy creates serious problems for Bush. Laxalt has a prior claim on the loyalty—and money—of the old Reaganites. Any partiality the President might show toward Bush will vanish if Laxalt becomes a full-fledged candidate.

Laxalt is not only close to Reagan—he even resembles Reagan in style and temperament. Laxalt is viewed as sharing Reagan's best character traits—notably a sense of personal security and of decency. In explaining why Reagan has been successful as President, Laxalt told me that "people like and trust him—those are very important elements in this business." I asked, "Would you describe yourself as sharing those characteristics?" "Oh, yes," he replied. "We're exactly on the same wavelength when it comes to that."

At another point in the interview I asked Laxalt what he regarded as his principal achievements in twenty-four years in public life. His answer in this case was notably different in tone. "Oh, boy. I'd have to think about that," he said after a pause. "I'm not comfortable with self-serving situations." Laxalt, unlike Reagan, has no record as a leader. His colleagues say that he never delivered a memorable speech in twelve years as a senator. He did not run for majority leader. The only time he played a leadership role on a major issue was in the fight against ratification of the Panama Canal treaties—a fight that he lost. In fact, there is no evidence that he is any better prepared than Bush to offer "a new beginning, a new horizon" in the 1988 campaign. "I don't have any grand vision yet," he has been quoted as saying. "Wish I did."

Laxalt's conservatism is like his temperament—relaxed. There is little of the fervor one finds among movement conservatives, or in Ronald Reagan. About defense spending, he told me, "I'm increasingly concerned about the cost of defense. I just wonder how much water there is in that \$300 million. I've sort of come to the conclusion that Eisenhower was probably right: watch out for the military-industrial complex." Imagine Ronald Reagan saying that.

His attitude toward the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua was equally placid, if a bit confused. "I'd like to see the Sandinistas be replaced, peacefully," Laxalt said. "That's as far as we're concerned. I have no problem with the contras doing their thing."

Want to hear a relaxed ideology? I asked Senator Laxalt for his view of progressive taxation. "Depends on the times," he said. "What about right now?" I asked. "Right now, I don't really believe in it."

One achievement Laxalt can take credit for is serving as Reagan's personal envoy to Ferdinand Marcos, in the Philippines. I asked him whether the Administration had learned anything from its experiences in the Philippines and Haiti. "As far as those events being object lessons that have changed Administration policy, I don't know," the Senator said. "I think those events just plain happened."

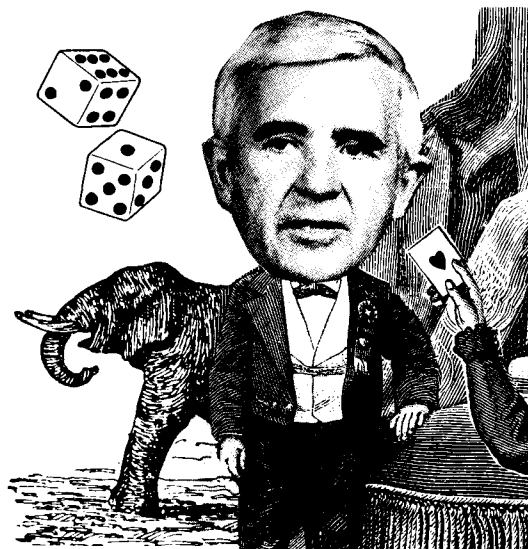
WELL, NO. WHEN THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION came to power, in 1981, the President endorsed the foreign-policy views that Jeane Kirkpatrick, then an obscure political-science professor, had expressed in a 1979 magazine article.

Using the examples of President Carter's allegedly failed policies in Iran and Nicaragua, Professor Kirkpatrick argued against "the pervasive and mistaken assumption that one can easily locate and impose democratic alternatives to incumbent autocracies." But she observed, too, that "the history of this century provides no grounds for expecting that radical totalitarian regimes will transform themselves." In the case of authoritarian regimes friendly to the United States, our policy should be to encourage liberalization and democracy, Kirkpatrick argued, not threaten revolution. In the case of radical Marxist regimes, encouragement will do no good; they will respond only to threats.

The Democratic line has been precisely the reverse: threaten the right, encourage the left. The party's 1984 platform, for instance, threatened maximum pressure against the apartheid regime in South Africa, on which the Democrats wished to impose economic sanctions and an arms embargo. While recognizing "the undoubted Communist influence" on left-wing insurrections in Latin America, the platform stressed "the indigenous causes of unrest" in these countries and called for "social, economic and political reforms" that would accommodate the "legitimate forces of change." The Democrats' proposed policy toward Cuba and Nicaragua was not to threaten them militarily but to encourage change and reward it by improving relations.

The Democratic view is that sanctions against right-wing dictatorships, which are often dependent on U.S. support, can bring about effective change, whereas the United States has much less leverage against Communist regimes. Kirkpatrick argued that it is dishonest and usually counterproductive to threaten our friends while offering to stabilize relations with totalitarian countries of the left.

Then, all of a sudden, came the revolutions in Haiti and the Philippines. The Reagan Administra-



tion discovered, more or less by accident, that sometimes it was in our best interest to take a tough line with right-wing dictators like Jean-Claude Duvalier and Ferdinand Marcos and even to help depose them. Moreover, such actions were applauded not only by liberals but by a broad spectrum of the American public, because they were accomplished with a minimum of effort or involvement.

The Reagan Administration took advantage of the situation. On March 14, 1986, the President sent a message to Congress proclaiming the Administration's commitment to "democratic revolution" around the world and pledging to use American influence to encourage democratic change. The document included this Carteresque assertion: "The American people believe in human rights and oppose tyranny in whatever form, whether of the left or of the right." Haiti and the Philippines were indeed object lessons that changed American foreign policy. Yet Senator Laxalt, who was intimately involved in the American response to those events, somehow failed to grasp their significance.

Laxalt's moral attitudes are as relaxed as his thinking. He is a divorced Catholic. As governor of Nevada, he supported legalized gambling and legalized local-option prostitution. "Taking money from gamblers [in Nevada politics] is like taking auto money in Michigan," he has said. He has described Nevada as a "live-and-let-live state," and he says that he straddles the line between fundamentalists and libertarians—"That's where I am." He is not relaxed when it comes to his reputation for personal integrity, however. In 1984 he filed a libel suit against the owners of the *Sacramento Bee* as a result of an article charging that money was illegally skimmed from gambling proceeds at his family's casino. The trial date has been set for June 23, but because of a pretrial ruling allowing the reporter to keep his sources confidential the case may prove difficult to resolve.

Laxalt retired from the Senate last year, but he promised the Reagans that he would stay in Washington for the remainder of the current Administration. He suffered a political setback in November when Jim Santini, a Democrat-turned-Republican whom Laxalt had favored as his successor, lost the Nevada Senate race. As for his presidential plans, he formed an exploratory committee in April and announced that he was "about as close as you can get" to declaring his candidacy. Reagan's loss of popularity as a result of Iranscam removes the strongest justification for Laxalt's candidacy. If the public is dissatisfied with Reagan's performance, why should it vote for a Reagan replicant? Laxalt's case seems especially weak now that the Tower commission has criticized the President's "disengaged" management style and his inattention to detail. Those arguments, plus his "Nevada problem," plus his lack of a strong leadership record or a rallying cry for his campaign, may keep Laxalt, who says he won't run unless he can raise \$2 million by October, out of the race. In which case, as a retired senator and a friend of the President's, he could just relax.

Princes of the Senate

THE SURGE OF ANTI-DEMOCRATIC VOTING IN 1980 gave the Republican Party a net gain of twelve Senate seats and a majority in that chamber for the first time since 1954. The majority lasted six years. For the first four years the majority leader was Howard Baker, Jr., of Tennessee. Baker, who had been a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination in 1980, gave up his Senate seat in 1984 for the explicit purpose of considering another try for the presidency. "My perhaps excessively cute remark during the 1980 campaign," Baker told me last year when I called on him at his Washington law office, "was that we are going to see if you have to be unemployed to run for President."

Bob Dole, who succeeded Baker as the Senate majority leader, was the party's vice-presidential candidate in 1976 and, like Baker, made an abortive run for the presidency in 1980. Dole assumed the majority leadership for the same reason Baker gave it up—to help position himself for another presidential campaign. "Well, one of us is wrong," Dole quipped. Dole gained considerable visibility and stature after taking over as the majority leader. Baker seemed to disappear for two years, although he never gave up his presidential ambitions. Last February, when President Reagan summoned him to take over as White House chief of staff, Baker was meeting with his family in Florida to discuss his plans for 1988. "I had pretty much made up my mind to run," Baker said after accepting the White House position.

Ironically, by taking himself out of the 1988 race, Baker may have enhanced his prospects for eventually becoming President. No one had counted Baker as a serious contender for the 1988 nomination. He was too moderate, too establishment, no longer a "player" in national politics. A loss in 1988 would most likely have ended Baker's career in national politics.

Now Baker is definitely a player. But what game is he playing? Many conservatives expressed horror at his appointment, which seemed to symbolize the takeover of the Reagan Administration by the Washington power elite. But it also symbolizes the eagerness of the Republican establishment to come to terms with Reaganism. As much as Reagan is using Baker to rescue his presidency, Baker is using Reagan to restore his standing in the Republican Party. "He is our President," Baker said after assuming his new job, "and our dedication is to see that it looks good after eight years." Or, as they say in advertisements for beauty products, "We don't look good if you don't look good."

Baker regards himself as a Reaganite. But he expresses a distinctly revisionist view of President Reagan, referring to him repeatedly during our interview as an "establishment President." He said, "I think there has indeed been a Reagan revolution. But I don't think it is an anti-establishment revolution. That might be the rhetoric, but that is not the reality of it." He praised Reagan not for his ideo-

logical leadership but for his skill at coalition management: "To be able to hold diverse groups together for a common purpose even though they have disparate objectives—Reagan does that better than anybody I ever saw except Roosevelt."

What Howard Baker brings to the White House is professionalism. What the White House gives Baker is a record of commitment to the cause. There is even talk of Baker's becoming a compromise presidential candidate in 1988 if the party remains stalemated after the early primaries. "To the extent Howard is seen as having rescued the Reagan presidency and restored a sense of credibility to the White House, it could happen," Senator William Cohen told *Newsweek* in March. "It's a long shot, but not inconceivable." In fact, it is probably less of a long shot than were his prospects for winning the nomination before he became chief of staff. In accepting the job, Baker most likely made a realistic assessment of his chances for the 1988 nomination, as well as the Republican Party's chances of retaining the White House next year. He may have decided that 1992 (when he will be sixty-six years old) looked like a much better year and that a tour of duty in the Reagan Administration would give him much stronger credentials than a humiliating defeat at the polls.

BOB DOLE, LIKE HOWARD BAKER, IS A PRINCE OF THE Senate. He became nationally known first as his party's vice-presidential nominee, in 1976, and later as a result of serving as the Senate majority leader. The majority leadership has done Dole a lot more good than his nomination for Vice President did. Dole seemed to diminish in stature during the 1976 campaign, when he came across as a nasty and narrow-minded partisan (during the vice-presidential debate with Walter Mondale he referred to the two world wars, Korea, and Vietnam as "Democrat wars"). Four years later Dole ran seventh in the New Hampshire primary, garnering 597 out of 150,000 votes. The Republicans' loss of the Senate majority last year might have been a blow to Dole's stature, but within a few weeks of that defeat Dole became his party's hottest property. What did it for him was his deft handling of the Iran issue.

Hardly a day passed last November and December when Dole's name was not at the top of the news. He pressured the Administration for full and immediate disclosure of all details relating to the Iran arms deal. He called for a special session of Congress to create select investigating committees. He endorsed proposals for a special review board to review National Security Council operations, a special prosecutor to investigate possible criminal activities, and a special legal adviser within the White House. He even proposed an allied summit meeting to "lay all the cards on the table." In short, Dole called for a radical program of damage control without criticizing the President directly. Reagan "didn't make any mistakes," Dole said. "The people who worked for him made mistakes."

What prompted Dole to act quickly and forcefully was the voice of experience. He had been the Republican national chairman and an ardent defender of Richard Nixon during the Watergate scandal. It nearly cost him his Senate seat in 1974, when he won re-election by fewer than 15,000 votes. As he explained last December, "I had a strong belief it wasn't going to blow over. I'd already been there."

There was some predictable grumbling from Dole's rivals that he was distancing himself from the President. Jack Kemp's press secretary said that Dole was "too far out in front, too eager to make news over the corpse of a popular President." But the charge of disloyalty didn't stick. Instead, most Republicans seemed to agree with the assessment made by John Deardourff, a leading party strategist, who told *The New York Times*, "[Dole has] stepped right up to bat, admitted there was a serious problem, and proposed ways to solve it. That appeals to people with an institutional interest in the party—the people who will play a big role in the nominating process—because it is a sign of a mature, sophisticated politician." The evidence could be seen in the polls. The bonanza of publicity boosted Dole's standing and made him the principal challenger to George Bush (thereby confounding Bush's expectation that most of his problems would come from the party's right wing). In fact, as the Iranscam story continued to unfold early this year, many pundits gave up on Bush and began to regard Dole as the new Republican front-runner.

All Dole can be divided into three parts. The first phase of his national career was the period 1976–1980, when, as a result of the 1976 campaign, he was known primarily as a hatchet man for the Republican Party. The second phase came during Reagan's first term, 1981–1984, when, as the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, he emerged as one of the leading critics of the Reagan Administration's reckless fiscal policies. Then, as majority leader in 1985–1986, he became a Reagan loyalist and the chief legislative strategist for the conservative agenda. Dole's "opening to the right" improved his standing among movement conservatives and gave him considerably more credibility as a presidential contender.

All three Bob Doles are still very much in evidence—the sarcastic partisan, the spokesman for the establishment, and the right-wing strategist. Elements of each could be seen in his aggressive response to Iranscam. Dole has not really changed over the past ten years. He has simply added new layers of complexity.

Dole has never been able to resist taking a jab at supply-siders. "I could never read anywhere that they wanted to reduce spending," Dole told me not long ago. "All I could see was they wanted to cut taxes." What supply-siders don't understand, he said, is that "it has to be a double track. You have got to say, 'Let's stimulate the economy, let's reduce taxes, but let's also reduce some of this federal spending out there.' That is where I criticize those who run around and talk about supply-side economics."

Dole also takes a critical view of social-issue conserva-

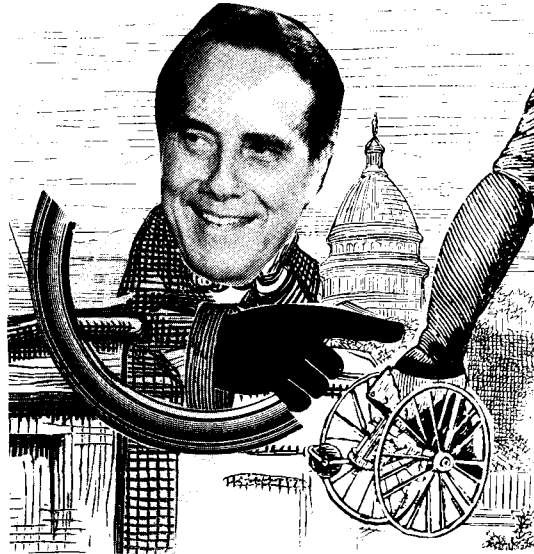
tives. He thinks that there should be room in the party for religious fundamentalists, but says, "If those issues are listed first, then I think you are headed for trouble. You are going to divide the party in two." As for the prospective presidential candidacy of the television evangelist Pat Robertson, Dole said, "So far he is helping me out." I reminded Dole that Phyllis Schlafly once said that he didn't have his heart in the issues conservatives care about. "I don't have a heart in her issues," he replied. Did he regard her criticism as fair, then? "No. But coming from her, it is probably a plus."

Dole has long been mistrusted by movement conservatives. In November of 1985 Fred Mann wrote, in the *National Review*, "Reaganite loyalists, supply-siders, and New Right activists have all had occasion to regard the powerful Dole as a serious danger to their causes: His instinct for the safe center often seemed to assert itself most strongly on the questions they regarded as most critical."

As the leader of the fiscal-responsibility wing of the Republican Party, Dole played an important role in getting a tax increase passed in 1982. That effort earned him the label "tax collector for the welfare state" from congressional conservatives. Today he says, "A lot of people have forgotten what was in that bill. That was the first step toward tax reform. We went in and closed a lot of loopholes. We didn't raise anyone's taxes except those who had big fat tax breaks."

Dole has been a strong advocate of civil-rights and voting-rights legislation. He has fought against cuts in Medicare and Medicaid. He has supported food stamps and other anti-hunger programs. Dole, whose right arm was shattered during the Second World War, is also deeply committed to aid for the handicapped, including his own Dole Foundation for Employment of Persons with Disabilities. (Business interests eager to curry Dole's favor have been generous contributors.) Having stressed the need for budget cuts, Dole added, "There is a role for government. There are vulnerable groups in this society for whom we have obligations as a government." He said that we must do what we can to restrain waste, "but if we are going to err on one side, maybe it ought to be spending a little too much rather than not enough."

I asked him about the Reagan Administration's commitment to supporting anti-communist revolutions, including the overthrow of the Sandinista government of Nicaragua. Did he support that foreign policy? "I wouldn't say yes or no. Generally . . . no, I don't think so." About trade Dole said, "I have never felt much for those titles like free trade and protectionism."



TWO YEARS AGO DOLE TOLD *THE NEW YORK TIMES*, "I'm perceived as a moderate Republican for all the work I've done on tax reform, voting rights, food stamps, all the stuff for veterans and the handicapped. But we're going to make a play for the conservatives. I think I deserve a shot at them." Indeed, Dole's voting record has been staunchly conservative; he has supported President Reagan on about 90 percent of major legislative votes, including abortion, school prayer, and a balanced-budget amendment to the Constitution. He employed the political consultant David Keene, a long-time movement-conservative activist, and made Donald J. Devine, an influential neo-conservative, the director of his Campaign America political-action committee. Last year Dole became a tougher and far more partisan figure in managing the Senate agenda, sidetracking Democratic amendments and giving high priority to issues dear to the hearts of the New Right. In his final year as majority leader, Dole led the fight to confirm the right-wing favorite Daniel A. Manion as a federal judge.

Dole sided with the Reagan Administration and against most of his Senate Republican colleagues in opposing tax increases. He allowed anti-abortion amendments on the legislative agenda. He supported military aid for Jonas Savimbi, the leader of the anti-communist forces in Angola. Despite his expressed reservations, he voted to aid the contras in Nicaragua. He favored applying federal anti-extortion laws to labor violence. He called for the abandonment of the unrattified SALT II treaty with the Soviets.

He is the favorite of the conservative activist Paul Weyrich, who gives Dole high marks—in contrast to his predecessor as majority leader. A conservative group issued a statement calling Dole "the finest Republican Senate leader since Bob Taft."

Dole has clearly gone a long way toward making amends with the Republican right. But as for his being one of them, the evidence is not convincing. A self-described "realistic conservative," he continues to focus on the deficit. "The first priority on anybody's agenda," he told me, "is going to be how to control the federal debt. We are going to reach the three-trillion-dollar ceiling by 1990. That demands a little summit meeting up on the mountain top with the leaders of both parties plus business and labor. In fact, I am already working on the invitation list."

Dole remains resentful about the absence of fiscal responsibility in the White House. "Some of us have made the hard choices," Dole said. "We voted on May 10, 1985, to freeze Social Security and terminate fourteen programs. We walked the plank, and then the White House pulled

the plug.” He complained that “every time I mention the word *taxes*, I get a memo from someone saying, ‘Oh, don’t say that. You’re just getting over the 1982 flap [about the tax-increase bill].’ We can’t walk around with blinders on in this country. You read that Jim Miller [the budget director] announces, ‘Well, it looks like we are going to have a bigger deficit than we thought.’ Well, that is just great. What happened to all those assumptions they were making, the ‘rosy scenarios?’” Dole expressed wry amusement at the fact that, apparently because of the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings bill, “there is a perception out there, not at all accurate, that we’ve somehow dealt with the deficit.”

Dole’s message seems to match the defensive mood that now prevails in the Republican Party. The party has had its revolution. Before heading off on some bold new adventure, it might be a good idea to go back and correct the mistakes that were made. One was Iranscam. On that issue Dole was quick to establish his standing as a professional who would never tolerate such excesses. The other mistake was the deficit. Although Dole no longer talks about raising taxes, he clearly identifies with the bite-the-bullet school of Republicanism. He said that the “most exciting vote” he ever cast in the Senate was that 1985 vote to freeze cost-of-living adjustments for Social Security recipients. “In the U.S. Senate that morning,” he told *The Washington Post*, “we demonstrated to the American people there was a majority willing to take on everyone in America for the sake of America, to put on the brakes and tell the American people that someone was willing to vote no. . . . The deficit is not going to grow away or go away. We are going to have to address it head-on, without taxes, and we are going to have to do it the hard way.”

Supply-siders contemptuously refer to that sort of message as “austerity talk.” Republicans ran on such messages for almost fifty years—cut the budget, there is no such thing as a free lunch, you can’t spend yourself into prosperity, the day of reckoning is at hand. It was not a spectacular vote-getter. The Democrats tried to steal the Republicans’ thunder in 1984, when Walter Mondale ran against Reagan on the deficit issue. The Democrats got caught in the same thunderstorm. Moreover, Republican strategists know what happens whenever their leaders talk about cutting or freezing or modernizing or “taking another look at” Social Security. They unleash a hurricane, and the whole party has to run for cover.

In making the deficit a principal issue in his campaign, Dole is very much a prince of the Senate. Congress, which is usually blamed for the deficit, is the one branch of government that takes the deficit seriously. Of course, President Reagan says that reducing the deficit is important—but he makes it clear that other things, like keeping taxes down and defense spending up, are more important. The public is essentially in agreement with the President’s view. Sure, we should reduce the deficit, people tell the pollsters. But not if we have to raise taxes or cut entitlement programs or reduce social spending or cut defense. Do it some other way. Pass a law making the deficit illegal,

for instance, like a balanced-budget amendment to the Constitution or the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings deficit-control bill. The deficit, everyone agrees, is bad. But other things, like reducing the deficit, are worse.

The one constituency that responds to the deficit issue is the Republican establishment, and there Dole has hit pay dirt. A poll taken in March by ABC News and *The Washington Post* found that “Bush . . . does well among lower-income and younger Republicans, but his numbers drop sharply among older, wealthier and better-educated respondents,” where he ran behind Dole. This should be deeply disturbing to Bush partisans. It means that Dole is eating into Bush’s base—the party establishment. And it means that Dole is doing best among the kinds of Republicans most likely to participate in the primaries and caucuses. Of course, Bush might shift gears and try to become the anti-establishment candidate, which is a startling concept indeed. That is the difference between Bush and Dole. Whenever Bush tries to be something he is not—macho, for instance—he looks foolish. Dole, however, has transformed himself so many times that he’s almost the Zelig of American politics. Ambiguity is Dole’s specialty. Or, as he puts it, “I am a broad-based candidate.” He managed the renewal of the Voting Rights Act and supported the Martin Luther King, Jr., holiday, but he also managed the Manion nomination. He voted to support sanctions against South Africa but then voted to uphold Reagan’s veto of the same measure. He says he is “not a union-basher” and is considered accessible by organized labor, but he has also backed right-to-work legislation.

He is committed to cutting the budget, but his principal theme this year has been that the Republican Party must “reassert that we are a sensitive, compassionate, caring party.” How? By spending money, of course. In March he called for the federal government to take aggressive action to prevent the spread of AIDS, saying, “Whether it takes a hundred million dollars or a billion or two billion we need to address it.” Dole says things that are surprising coming from a Main Street Republican: he has warned, “We’ll continue to lose Senate seats until we’ve matured enough as a party to bring blacks into the party.”

Dole has been criticized for having a “vision gap.” He offers no grand vision of where he wants to lead the country. Donald Devine, one of his top advisers, says defensively, “Ronald Reagan has set the basic issue agenda of the Republican Party, just as Roosevelt did for the Democrats. . . . You don’t need a visionary leader in the White House every time.” The closest Dole comes to a theme is to portray himself as the candidate of the American heartland, the distressed farmers and businessmen and Rust Belt industrial workers. “That’s where the problems are,” he told *Newsweek*. “Whenever we get in trouble in this country, we turn to somebody from the Midwest.”

Dole is not exactly Abraham Lincoln, however. He has always had trouble making emotional contact with voters. There is something terribly cool and calculating about him. He is at heart a legislative tactician. “I’ve always

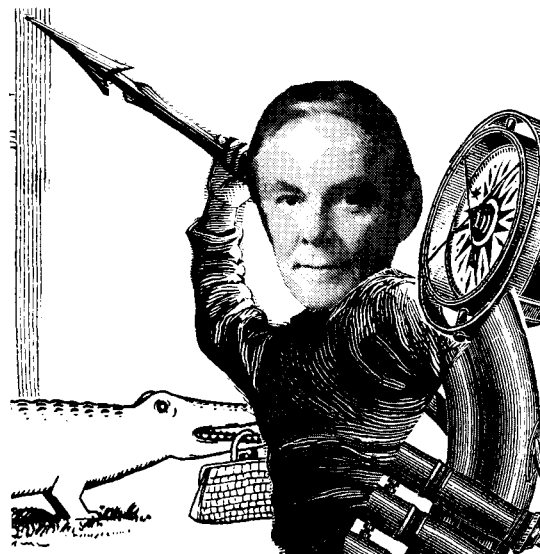
found that it's great to make speeches about what you are going to do when you take over," he said in a television interview, "but you've got to have the votes." When asked by *The Washington Post* to describe how he was different from the other candidates, he said, "I'm a producer."

Dole is looked on with trepidation by Democrats, but they forget that he has twice run for national office and twice been a disaster. His skill as a campaigner remains unproved. He has the reputation of a loner, someone who likes to call the shots. He has no brain trust and no long-term cadre of strategists and political confidants. Indeed, his campaign got off to a rocky start this year when his advisers starting feuding over vision and strategy. Noting Dole's jump in the polls, a rival strategist pointed out that Dole's "candidacy is still way ahead of his organization."

Party ideologues try to insist that Dole define what side he is on. For instance, the columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak wrote last December that Dole must decide what kind of candidate he will be—"essentially tactical and oriented to the news media; or determined to convince the Republican rank-and-file that he is the legitimate heir of Ronald Reagan." Dole's reply seems to be, "Why do I have to choose?"

There is an old Eastern European Jewish story about a rabbi renowned for his brilliance and learning. One day he agreed to settle a dispute between two business partners. The rabbi asked his wife to bring the first businessman before him. He listened attentively to the man's case and gave his considered judgment: "You, sir, are in the right." Then he asked his wife to bring the other partner into his chambers. Having heard the other man's side, the rabbi said, "You, sir, are in the right." The two men left the rabbi's court, satisfied with his ruling and marveling at his wisdom. The rabbi's wife was astonished. "What kind of judgment is that?" she said to her husband. "You told the first man he was in the right, and you told the second man he was in the right. They can't both be in the right." The rabbi replied, "You, my dear, are also in the right."

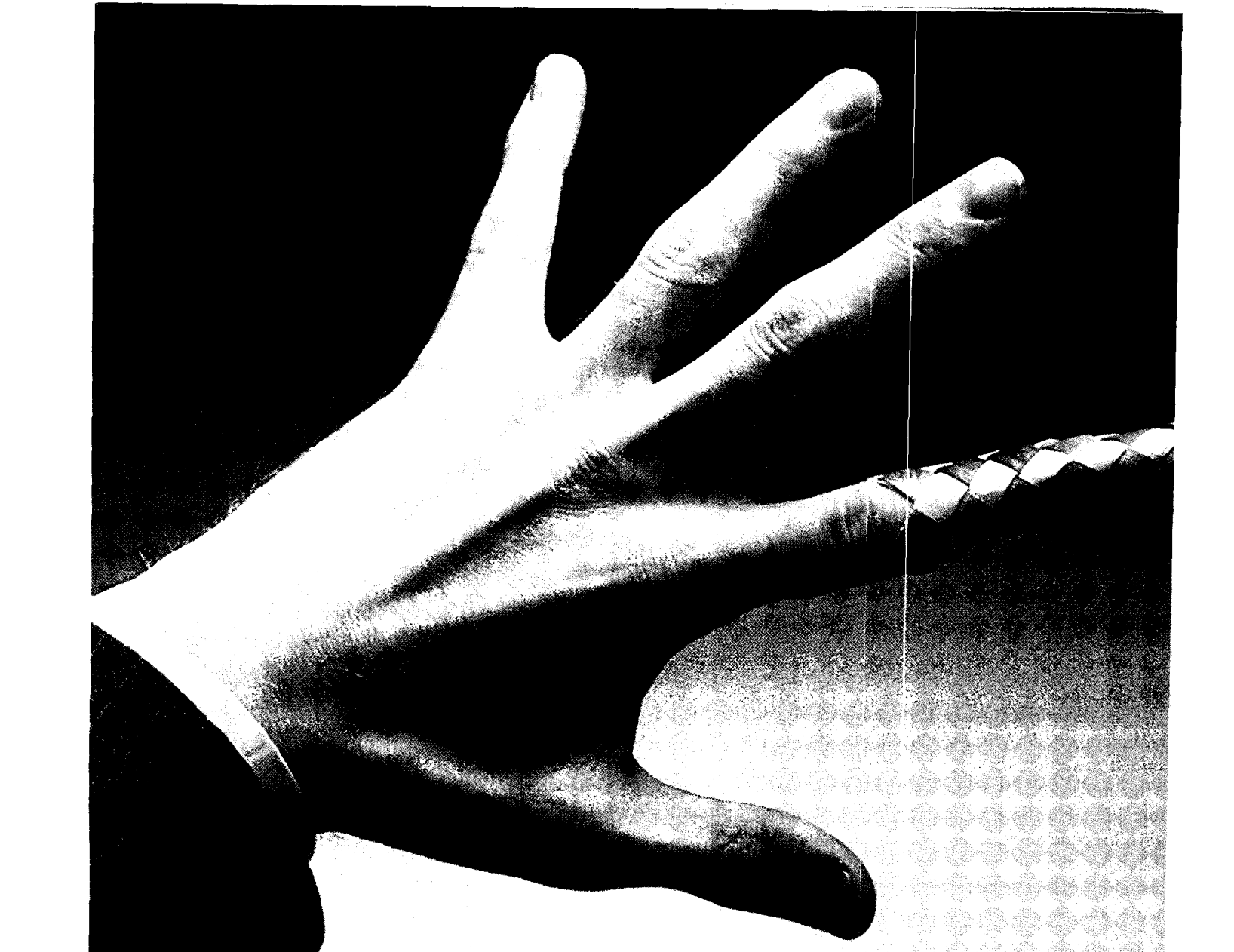
It's a brilliant strategy—if you can make it work. So far, Bob Dole's skills as a tightrope walker have been dazzling. He exploits the two greatest Reagan weaknesses—Iran-scam and the deficit—but somehow manages not to come across as a critic of the President. He is a hard-core partisan who chides his party to open itself up to new groups and values. He is a budget-cutter who talks about spending whatever is necessary on legitimate social needs. His rhetoric is that of a moderate—pragmatism and problem-solving—but he has a strongly conservative voting record and has demonstrated a commitment to the conservative agenda.



Bob Dole sells himself, without embarrassment, as an establishment politician. "We've had Carter the outsider, Reagan the outsider," he said in an interview. "I think, at least I hope, that those of us who've demonstrated a little experience . . . may have a little edge." He and his wife, Elizabeth Hanford Dole, Reagan's Secretary of Transportation since 1983, are known as Washington's "power couple." At the same time, he offers himself to the Reaganites as someone who can deal for them. In response to the criticism that his heart is not with them, Dole says, "I think what they want is a cheerleader. It's not enough to be with them on the issues." The polls show that Dole appeals to two disparate groups of voters: the Republican Party establishment, who admire his cautious and pragmatic conservatism, and Democrats and independents, who admire his independence from the Reagan Administration.

How does he do it? Partly through agility, which any tightrope walker needs. But there is another quality to Bob Dole, one that is well known to his colleagues in Washington: he is relentless. Remember that he fell off the tightrope twice, once in 1976 and again in 1980. "I'm a survivor," he told *The Washington Post*. "I keep coming back." In what undoubtedly strains the bounds of journalistic license, the *Post* interviewed Dole's ex-wife. Dole appears to have survived that fall, too, since she told the interviewer, "I think he's the best man to be President. He doesn't know how to do a job halfway." Dole's relentlessness came out in a famous exchange on the Senate floor last year, when he said to Robert Byrd, then the Senate minority leader, "I didn't become majority leader to lose." He is not running for President to lose either.

IF PRINCES OF THE SENATE HAVE PROBLEMS RUNNING for President, princes of the Cabinet have it even worse. In the American system executive officers have no political base, either in the party or in the electorate. They are total insiders. They have a constituency of one: the President. Former Secretary of State Alexander Haig, Jr., doesn't even have that. He had a stormy tenure in the Reagan Cabinet and departed under a cloud. When Haig, a four-star general, announced in March that he was "throwing my helmet into the ring," his announcement was greeted with skepticism by party professionals. Haig has cleared the hurdle of name recognition, but it doesn't help his candidacy. Three out of four voters who had heard of him at the time of his announcement said they didn't like him. That is most likely a residue of the day Reagan was shot, when Haig presumptuously announced, "I am in control here."



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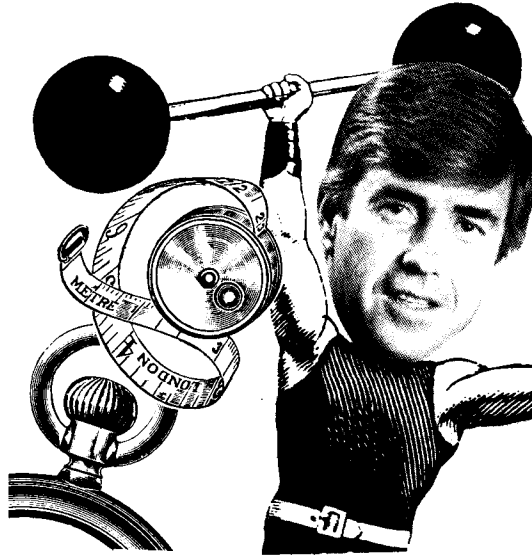
and ultimately through higher costs for the products and services provided by insured businesses.

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Why is Haig running? Probably because he is sixty-two years old, he misses the limelight, he is not impressed by the stature of the other candidates, and he wants to vindicate himself. Who is supporting him? A few obscure figures from the military-industrial complex. (The man who chaired Haig's announcement dinner, the chief executive officer of Allied-Signal, Inc., let it be known afterward that he did so as a personal favor and did not intend to get involved in the campaign.) Also, the comedian Mort Sahl, who may or may not see the Haig campaign as a put-on. Another Cabinet official, the former Secretary of Defense Donald H. Rumsfeld, dropped out of the race in April. He said his "background and breadth of experience" made him the best-qualified person to run the country after Reagan, but that as a "long-shot" candidate, he would have "a good deal of ground to make up against the current front-runners." The bottom line for Haig may be the same. Haig, like Rumsfeld, is really a figure from the Nixon-Ford era—which, to Republicans these days, means prehistoric.



on himself is that if someone asks him what time it is, he will explain how a clock works.) It is the basic supply-side nostrum: low taxes, hard money, low taxes, low interest rates, low taxes, deregulation, low taxes, free trade, and low taxes. His audiences sometimes tune out on phrases like "commodity-price deflation," but they generally get caught up in his sincerity and enthusiasm.

What Kemp has to figure out is how to be tireless without being tiresome. To that end, his handlers have tried to put him on a verbal diet. "He's got to decide the three or four things he wants to talk about," one of his advisers said, "not the fifteen or twenty." It won't be easy. Here is a classic Kemp sentence, from a speech given to a Republican audience in Toledo: "It is absolutely essential to our hopes for peace, stability, democracy, and better foreign policy to have a world that is growing and expanding with a tide that is rising, upon which all boats can rise, as opposed to this zero-sum, fiercely divisive Darwinian struggle in which nations are locked into mercantilistic practices and protectionist policies that drive people apart, as opposed to bringing people together in a liberal democratic fashion as I think America was founded upon two hundred years ago." He added, somewhat superfluously, "That is an overview not only of the United States but of the world."

In that Toledo speech Kemp harped on the virtues of "liberal democratic capitalism" so incessantly that a Republican grandee sitting next to me started to get agitated. "What's all this 'liberal democratic' stuff?" the man asked. "Is he talking about McGovern?" After the speech, I reported the problem to the speaker. "But I told them, 'liberal democratic—small l, small d,'" Kemp protested. "Congressman," I said, "you know what you mean and I know what you mean. But I'm not sure these guys know what you mean."

What is attractive about Kemp's vision is its expansiveness. "The real issue in this country, particularly for my own party, is how do we take this 'new beginning' of non-inflationary economic expansion and broaden it, deepen it, expand it, and advance it into the inner cities, to bring along those people who heretofore have not had the benefits of what the recovery has brought?" Kemp is genuinely excited to have "a political paradigm that the conservative, free-enterprise, democratic capitalistic politician can use to compete effectively with the redistribute-the-wealth liberal." Kemp's rhetoric of growth, optimism, and boundless opportunity provides a future orientation to a Republican campaign that might otherwise become obsessed with preserving the past. He says his great advantage over Bush is that he can develop his own theme and message, and he

The Red Guard

IF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY DECIDES IT WANTS VISION IN 1988, it need look no further than Jack Kemp. Kemp is in the vision business. When I interviewed him earlier this year, he observed that the Iran crisis had created a vision gap within the Republican Party. "Reagan's State of the Union Address," Kemp said, "didn't grab anybody forcefully. It didn't set forth any broad new vision." What about 1988? "I think it's going to come down to Bush, Dole, and Kemp," he said. "Whoever can best articulate a vision of the future for the party and the country and the Western world is, in my view, going to win." Kemp, a former Buffalo Bills football star, offers a vision that is resolutely positive. Every time he gets up to speak, a band should break out with "You've got to—*Accent-tchu*-ate the positive, *E*liminate the negative, *L*atch *on* to the affirmative, *D*on't mess with Mister In-between."

Jack Kemp, a nine-term congressman from Buffalo, New York, does not mess with Mister In-between. He is tirelessly optimistic, tirelessly enthusiastic, tirelessly committed, and just plain tireless. In 1985–1986 he delivered no fewer than 512 speeches. Like the late Senator Hubert Humphrey, to whom he has been compared in terms of style—not views—Kemp never lets up. He has a message and he wants to proselytize the whole world. The message is, Free the economy and let growth be our salvation. How does he intend for this to come about? He will tell you, in great detail and at considerable length. (The joke he tells

can tell people what he will do. "Bush is tied to a negative posture on the economy," Kemp told me last year, "and I want to keep him there—cut the deficit, maybe raise taxes, pain and suffering, the Eisenhower model. I'm going to keep talking about growth, about opportunity, like Jack Kennedy: 'We can do better.'"

Kemp also talks about "broadening the base of the Republican Party" by bringing in new groups who are attracted by its message of growth and opportunity—the minority communities, the inner cities, blue-collar working people, young people, union members. He does more than talk about this. In Congress, Kemp has been a strong supporter of civil rights and of economic programs for the inner cities. He votes for aid to Africa and sanctions against South Africa, and is one of the few Republicans liked and trusted by the Congressional Black Caucus. Not all of this, of course, sits well with his fellow conservatives—or with Republican audiences generally, who wonder just why their party needs those kinds of people.

There is a lot of Ronald Reagan in Jack Kemp, particularly in his ability to reach out to Democrats and nontraditional Republican voters. Kemp has some of Reagan's populist and anti-establishment appeal. "Jack Kemp appeals to little people," says Ed Rollins, a former White House political director and a current Kemp strategist. "He appeals to an anti-establishment group out there, and Baker and Dole and all the rest are perceived as being part of the establishment." The populism is explicit in Kemp's characterization of what the Reagan revolution was all about: "simply reducing the impediments that stand in the way of men and women who want to be productive." Those impediments, of course, are high taxes and big government.

Kemp has on occasion been critical of the Administration on matters of conservative principle. He is the spiritual leader of the young-turk conservatives in the House of Representatives, who pressure the party leadership to be more militant and confrontational with the Democratic majority. In 1982 many of them stuck with Kemp when he balked at supporting the Administration's tax-increase bill. Just before President Reagan went to Iceland, Kemp delivered a speech warning the President not to fall for "the allure of détente" or cut a deal with Gorbachev on the Strategic Defense Initiative. He also attacked the Administration's evident decision to release "a high-level Soviet spy" in exchange for Nicholas Daniloff, "an innocent American journalist."

Kemp promotes what he calls a "positive" foreign policy that goes beyond traditional anti-communism to offer a model of economic development and international security—a supply-side analogue in the international arena. He told me, "The Soviet Union represents a threat in terms of might. It is a joke in terms of its economy and what it has to offer the Third World—a laughingstock to countries that are looking for an economic-development model."

Kemp also takes a positive view of the SDI, saying that we should try to convince our allies and friends "and ultimately the Soviet Union that they have far more to gain by

moving to a defensive posture as opposed to the continual buildup of a heavy, land-based strategic nuclear capability that they have been relentlessly investing in for the past fifteen years." Above all, Kemp says, "we should not use the Strategic Defense Initiative as a bargaining chip."

As for social issues, Kemp is a strong proponent of "traditional values" and takes the right-to-life position on abortion. However, he has never pushed the social-issue agenda very hard, claiming that he doesn't want the Republican Party to be illiberal or intolerant. Kemp's argument is that traditional moral values can compete in the "marketplace of ideas" if they are debated fully, openly, and fairly. "Illiberalism is fostered by people who don't want to debate those issues," he says. Kemp professes to be "comfortable" with his positions on social issues but "uncomfortable" with the emotion that others bring to those issues. He told *The Washington Post* last year, "People say, 'Well, maybe you're not tough enough.' But I don't think it has anything to do with macho politics. I think I've advanced my views with compassion and tolerance."

Taxes are the core of Kemp's philosophy. True to the supply-side faith, his argument is, The lower the better. Kemp co-sponsored the 1981 tax cut that to Reaganites constitutes the essence of the Reagan revolution. (To traditional conservatives it constitutes grievous fiscal irresponsibility.) He was also a strong supporter of tax reform, and he helped to engineer the agreement that saved the issue after it was initially rejected by the House of Representatives, in December of 1985. His view is that the law as enacted did not go far enough in flattening tax rates. Once you get beyond the working poor, Kemp favors an essentially flat tax.

Kemp's "counterintuitive" solution to the deficit is "a demonstrably easier tax policy, to get greater output from the labor and capital sectors of the economy." Kemp's national industrial strategy consists of lowering taxes on business in order to stimulate capital formation. His idea for enterprise zones in the inner city is based on "abolishing the number-one tax on the entrepreneur, the capital-gains tax." Kemp opposes an oil-import fee to help the energy states: "An oil-import fee is a tax." He thinks that the Social Security system has been "overfunded" and that "we ought to think about lowering the payroll tax" as a way of combating unemployment. When I asked about Mexico's debt problem, Kemp said that the Mexican government should induce capital to come into the country. How? "You drop the tax on capital." As for the other countries of Central America, he said, "All of them are overtaxed." Give the man a hammer and the world becomes a nail.

Kemp doesn't even like to talk about spending cuts. When I raised the issue with him, he said, "I just place the highest priority on economic growth. While all the other members of the House talk about cutting spending, there ought to be at least one who is concentrating on growth." In an even greater act of heresy for a Republican, Kemp told me, "I am not anti-government. I would not run a campaign against government." He explained that where-

as government has an obligation to promote opportunity—mostly by lowering taxes and getting out of people's way—"security is another aspect." He said, "People want opportunity so they can earn security." Kemp sees himself as a "use-government-where-you-can conservative" rather than a "fight-government-at-all-costs conservative."

Consistent with this philosophy, Kemp was one of the few Republicans to oppose the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings "automatic" deficit-reduction bill. When Congress failed to meet the deficit-reduction target for 1987, Kemp said, "We ought to declare victory. I don't think we should tear apart SDI or inner-city social programs to reach a magic number that's supposed to be nirvana."

AN INTERVIEW WITH PETE DU PONT, WHO WAS THE first candidate to declare for President, suggests that Kemp is not idiosyncratic. He is a type. Du Pont, a former member of Congress and governor of Delaware, is another supply-sider who wants to extend and radicalize the Reagan revolution. That comes as a surprise to many people who expect someone from Delaware named du Pont, who was educated at Exeter, Princeton, and Harvard, and who looks like Nelson Rockefeller, to be the quintessential eastern-establishment Republican.

He was, for a while. That was when du Pont served in Congress, for three terms, and compiled a conventionally moderate voting record. Then he was elected governor, in 1976, and began what he describes as a personal transformation. "I'm a supply-sider," he told me when we talked at my office in Washington. "I saw it work at home, in Delaware. The principle of lower tax rates, inducing people to go out and work and produce, I think is right." When du Pont took charge, Delaware had a huge budget deficit, above-average unemployment, a deteriorating economy, the nation's highest personal-income-tax rate, and one of the lowest state-bond ratings in the country. The du Pont revolution, which began four years before the Reagan revolution, imposed spending controls and lowered taxes three times, for a total tax reduction of 42 percent. The result was a booming economy, an unbroken series of budget surpluses, and one of the highest state-bond ratings in the country.

Now du Pont talks about "empowerment." "We used to have a Republican Party that was a party of accountants," he said, "and that's when we could only hold the majority in boardrooms and country clubs. The challenge post-Ronald Reagan is to extend this idea of empowering people to make decisions in their own lives, to extend it into

areas that aren't directly economic, into what I call the opportunity issues." He acknowledged that some people say, "Jeez, you know, du Pont was never like that when he was in Congress." "Well, no, he wasn't," du Pont went on, "because he hadn't yet gone out and had to lead a government and make it work and seen that when you empower people, good things begin to happen."

Du Pont even talks about empowerment as a principle of foreign policy. When I asked about the Reagan doctrine, he said, "It's the same empowerment question. The Reagan doctrine is, 'We're going to help, but you've got to do it yourself. We will give you some armaments and we'll help train you, but we're not going to send troops.'" To the Reagan doctrine du Pont added the Hungarian corollary: "There are some places you just can't help." He said, "That was the problem in Vietnam."

Du Pont generally supports the social-issue agenda of the religious right and welcomes Pat Robertson into the tent, "because that will help make us into a majority." He added, "When you go talk to a religious fundamentalist about training opportunities, schools, jobs, inflation, or taxes, they don't think any differently than anybody else." One of the few issues on which du Pont deviates from the standard New Right agenda is abortion. He favors a reversal of *Roe v. Wade* by the Supreme Court, but feels that the issue should then be left to the states. He does not support a constitutional ban on abortions, because "it's not a U.S. constitutional question." He was booed at a meeting of religious conservatives

earlier this year when he said he felt that AIDS was a medical, not a moral, problem. Another deviation is South Africa. Like Kemp, du Pont supports U.S. sanctions against the apartheid regime.

Supply-siders love schemes. Du Pont's schemes include a plan for school reform, a plan for phasing out farm price supports, "an enormously complicated Medicare voucher proposal," mandatory work programs for welfare recipients, an end to the "government monopoly" in education, a private alternative to Social Security, and, most controversial of all, a mandatory drug-testing program for all teenagers as a condition for obtaining a driver's license.

Du Pont combines Bush's background and Kemp's philosophy. He has one advantage over both of his better-known competitors, however. That is his experience as governor. He made it work. As a candidate, du Pont is desperate for publicity. He declared early so that, at least for a few months, he would have the field all to himself. His candidacy is not a joke, although it has been called that. Still, there are some humorous aspects. Can a candidate



named Pierre Samuel du Pont IV really aspire to present himself as a populist? And what about the droll notion that only a du Pont could present himself as Reagan's true heir, the authentic Teflon candidate?

THE PRINCIPAL SOURCE OF CONTENTION BETWEEN traditional conservatives like Dole and Baker and supply-siders like Kemp and du Pont is, of course, the deficit. The differences are likely to intensify as the campaign for the nomination proceeds. The purest statement of traditional Republican thinking on this issue came from the party's leading Main Street Republican, former President Gerald Ford. President Ford described the annual deficits as "time bombs." His solution: "Get everyone to share the pain." Talk about sharing the pain drives supply-siders crazy. It's austerity talk, "root-canal politics," the kind of thing that made the Republicans a minority party for fifty years.

The supply-side formula for talking about deficits includes the following components: How you balance the budget is more important than whether you balance it ("To balance the budget you have to balance the economy"—Kemp). Growth is more important than balancing the budget ("It is impossible for a conservative Republican to even think about balancing the budget short of a demonstrably growing economy"—Kemp; "The spending side of the equation is not as important as empowering people"—du Pont). The Reagan tax cut did not cause the deficit ("The deficit is not due to the tax cut"—Kemp). The deficit is not especially large, given the size of the economy ("There is plenty of room for a deficit in this economy"—Kemp). Deficits serve a purpose ("A nation has to be able to run deficits to get through bad times the same way we expect families to borrow when the breadwinner is out of work"—the supply-side guru Jude Wanniski). Never, never raise taxes ("There are four things you can do about the deficit. We're doing the third worst one—that's ignore it. The worst thing is to inflate the economy, because that's a tax on everybody. The second worst thing you can do is increase taxes"—du Pont).

Can Kemp or du Pont win the nomination on the basis of this kind of thinking? Kemp, the likelier of the two to do it, has been ridiculed as Dr. Feelgood, the purveyor of cheap, painless, and ultimately ineffective economic nostrums. There is something in his thinking that recalls the pranks of yesteryear—Coin Harvey's Financial School, or Henry George's single taxers. Perhaps a more serious strike against Kemp is the fact that he makes traditional Republicans uneasy. He violates too many party orthodoxies on budgeting and spending. And he wants to bring a lot of people with "unreliable views" into the party fold.

All of which is to say that Kemp is an outsider and an anti-establishment candidate. That is exactly the kind of candidate who has tended to catch fire in recent years—McGovern in 1972, Reagan and Carter in 1976, Hart in 1984. Kemp has the advantage over his competitors that he

alone is offering a coherent message and a vision of the future—an aggressive rather than a defensive conservatism. If anti-Bush sentiment continues to accumulate, as anti-Mondale sentiment did among Democrats in 1984, Kemp is as well positioned as anyone to take advantage of it.

Kemp rejects the Bush-Mondale analogy. He points out that to Republicans, even after the Iran scandal, "Reagan isn't a failure. Bush is still the beneficiary of a great deal of good will toward this President. He served this President very well." He adds, "I hear a lot of people say, 'Why doesn't Bush deserve it? Jerry Ford deserved it in 1976.' And, to complete the thought, Jerry Ford lost the election. As for Dole, Kemp calls him "our most visible and able legislative tactician." What Dole's rise in the polls demonstrates, he says, is that "it isn't wrapped up. It's nowhere near wrapped up. It's as wide open as it possibly could be."

Kemp's problem is that although Dole has been steadily moving up on Bush in the polls this year, Kemp's movement in the polls has been no more than glacial. (Du Pont has rarely gotten more than two percent.) It was especially embarrassing when Alexander Haig declared his candidacy in March and immediately jumped ahead of Kemp in the polls. Kemp seems unconcerned. He says, "Polling right now is a momentary existential window that really doesn't tell you a whole lot about where the passion and commitment is, and what people may be thinking tomorrow when they get new information from last night's television news." After all, back in 1983 Gary Hart was seen as a non-starter in the Democratic race. As Hart can testify from his experience that year, the race isn't over until it starts.

Kemp has another problem, however. He is under the gun. When Pat Buchanan announced his decision not to run for President, in January, he posed it as a challenge to Kemp. He told *U.S. News & World Report*, "I endorsed Kemp's right to prove he's got the stuff to lead the movement. That's all I'm endorsing." Kemp accepted the challenge. He promised, "There won't be anybody to my right on SDI, on aiding the freedom fighters, on being anti-communist, on free enterprise and family values." Indeed, Kemp has become much more combative in recent months. He went before the Conservative Political Action Conference and accused Secretary of State George Shultz of purging Reagan supporters from the State Department, dragging his feet on the deployment of SDI, and undermining the Reagan doctrine. "In my view," Kemp told the meeting, "it is time for George Shultz to resign." That got him a standing ovation. On another occasion Kemp scolded the House minority leader, Robert Michel, for asking the Administration to delay further aid requests for the contras. When he addressed a conference of his House Republican colleagues in March, Kemp called for "constitutional protections for the unborn" and a mandatory AIDS test for couples applying for a marriage license.

"We're getting closer to uniting the conservative movement," Charles Black, a Kemp strategist, has said. Maybe. But there is a big hurdle, and it is not simply name recog-

nition. It is that Kemp's optimism and confidence do not match the mood of most conservatives these days. Since the 1986 midterm and the Iran scandal, the right has retreated into a mood of bitterness and resentment. Conservatives feel betrayed by the Republican establishment, by the press, and by the Reagan Administration. They are looking for a leader to express their anger and their desire for recrimination. What do Jack Kemp and Pete du Pont offer? Buoyancy. That's where their conservatism differs from Pat Buchanan's. Buchanan has been called many things, but no one has ever described him as buoyant.

LAST YEAR KEMP WAS ASKED BY REPORTERS HOW HE felt about the prospective Republican candidacy of the evangelist Pat Robertson. He replied, "Robertson is broadening the base of the Republican Party, and that's good. . . . He is as welcome to our party as Jesse Jackson is to the Democratic Party." The reporters laughed, and Kemp quickly added that his comment was not intended to "reflect disdain." There are, in fact, certain similarities between the two Baptist preachers. Both of them enlarge the political universe. They bring moral energy and vitality to American politics. They show that there are causes and resentments that lie beyond the boundaries of a carefully managed national consensus. Attention must be paid.

There is a lot of slack in the American political system. Barely more than half of the voting-age population turns out to vote in a typical presidential election, and that is as high as turnout gets. Robertson and Jackson appeal to people who do not ordinarily get involved in politics. Probably most of those who voted for Jesse Jackson in the 1984 Democratic primaries would not have voted at all if Jackson had not been a candidate. Something similar may happen if Robertson decides to run in 1988. Jackson's core constituency, blacks, made up 10 percent of the voters in 1984. They voted 90 percent for Walter Mondale. Robertson's potential constituency, white born-again Christians, is slightly larger—15 percent of presidential voters in 1984. They showed the strongest swing to Reagan of any group in the electorate, from 63 percent Republican in 1980 (when Jimmy Carter retained some residual appeal to born-again) to 80 percent in 1984. In 1984 a fifth of the Democratic primary voters were black. In 1988 white born-again Christians will probably make up about that proportion of Republican primary voters. In short, what we have here are two recently politicized minorities, roughly equal in size, moving in opposite directions, each disproportionately concentrated in one party.

Pete du Pont rejects the parallelism between Jackson and Robertson. He feels that Jackson was not so much a black candidate as an ideological candidate of the left. "He's the liberals' liberal," du Pont observes, "and that's where all their hearts are. I don't think religion is to the Republican Party what left-wing liberalism, Jesse Jackson, is to the Democratic Party." That characterization portrays

Robertson as just a preacher, someone on the outskirts of party politics. In fact the evidence suggests that he, too, has a larger political agenda. As one Republican political consultant puts it, "Pat Robertson is a politician whose profession happens to be religion."

When I interviewed Robertson, I asked him what he felt remained on the agenda of the Reagan revolution. He answered the way you'd expect a Republican politician to answer. Two things, he said. The trade imbalance and the federal budget deficit. He didn't mention religion.

Robertson is no redneck preacher. His father was a U.S. senator from Virginia. He is a graduate of Yale Law School. He founded the Christian Broadcasting Network and built it into an operation with revenues of almost \$200 million a year, approximately 28 million viewers, and an affiliated university. Like Jesse Jackson, he projects a serious and sophisticated public image. In our conversation he addressed the issues like a businessman, which is what he is, among other things. He said that if something isn't done about the trade deficit, "we will have credits against us in excess of a trillion dollars." He foresaw "an erosion of confidence in the dollar to such an extent that we may find ourselves in the status of one of the banana republics." He felt that business, government, and labor should form a partnership to modernize the country's industrial infrastructure. "It's impossible to run a business on quarterly results," he said. "There has to be a long-term horizon. As long as we penalize people on the basis of quarterly returns, we will lose ground to the Japanese and Germans."

Robertson was equally businesslike on the subject of the federal budget. He favored cutting \$100 billion out of it immediately. "I don't think we can wait on it," he said. "I think it can be done, and it can be done by prudent management." He recalled the contention by Peter Grace, the industrialist who headed a Reagan commission on efficiency in government, that at least \$430 billion in federal spending could be saved over a three-year period without changing any major programs. Robertson felt that some agencies should be dismantled, however—"not just improved business management but whole departments." Among them were the Legal Services Corporation, Amtrak, Conrail, and the Departments of Education and Energy. On the issue of tax reform he said that Congress would have to pass "the Tax Reform Bill of 1987 to give industry back some of the privileges it took away from them in the Tax Reform Bill of 1986." He favored bringing back accelerated depreciation schedules, because "there have to be incentives for people to put their money into speculative ventures." Cast thy bread upon the waters? Exactly. He told a New Hampshire audience in March that the biblical parable of the talents was a "tale of free enterprise" in which the ancient entrepreneur "rented a caravan of camels, perhaps from the Hertz of the day," and, through smart commerce, earned the equivalent of a \$5 million return on his investment.

Robertson made the controversial statements last June that "a Supreme Court ruling is not the law" and that "nei

ther Congress nor the President has a duty to obey judicial rulings with which they disagree." I said I wanted to give him a chance to explain what he meant. "Bless you," said Robertson, who then proceeded to talk like a lawyer, which he is, among other things. "I'm quoting from Article Six of the Constitution, which says the supreme law of the land will be, one, the Constitution; two, treaties duly ratified in accordance with the Constitution; and three, the laws of Congress duly passed. When I was asked the question 'Are Supreme Court decisions the supreme law of the

land?' I said no, they're not, because the Constitution specifically names three other things as the supreme law of the land." As the writer Garrett Epps has pointed out, Robertson did not necessarily learn this in law school. His father said almost exactly the same thing in the U.S. Senate on March 3, 1960, in criticism of the Supreme Court decision mandating school integration.

Ignoring the doctrine of judicial review, Robertson told me, "The Supreme Court has no power to strike a law down. The Supreme Court has the power not to enforce the law in the courts. The law stays on the books. Perhaps it's semantics, but the semantics have turned into reality." He cited a poll showing that a third of the American people believe that the Supreme Court passes laws, just like Congress. "Well, it doesn't," Robertson said. "This is just classical constitutional law. It's hardly anything radical."

The attack on judicial activism has been a central feature of the New Right's social agenda ever since the "Impeach Earl Warren" movement of the 1950s. It reveals an important point about the outlook of movement conservatives. Many Americans see the religious right as the latest incarnation of zealotry and intolerance. Many people, and not just liberals, have expressed alarm over efforts by evangelicals to Christianize the Republican Party and, through the party, the entire country.

Evangelicals, however, see the liberals as the aggressors. According to the evangelicals, liberals have done exactly what they accuse the religious right of trying to do—namely, use the power of the state to impose their values on others. Beginning with the civil-rights revolution of the 1960s, Democrats and liberals have come to support a wide variety of reformist social causes, including women's rights, affirmative action, quotas, busing, gay rights, unrestricted immigration, legalized abortion, sex education, the required teaching of evolution, the prohibition of prayer in public schools, and tolerance of pornography.

Liberals typically defend these measures as enhancements of individual rights. Conservatives, however, see them as enhancements of state power. Every item on the religious right's social agenda, including a reversal of the measures just listed, started out as a liberal initiative. Many originated in federal court cases, most prominently in Supreme Court decisions. The courts are the least democratic institution of American government; therefore, the religious right sees itself as a populist force protesting government encroachments on private morality and personal liberty.

Liberals see the religious right as culturally aggressive and themselves as culturally defensive. To conservatives like Robertson, it is just the other way around. The liberals are the ones who are trying to win official status for their "anti-religious" moral and social values, while conservatives are defending pluralism and tolerance. Ronald Reagan expressed this view when he addressed a prayer breakfast during the 1984 Republican National Convention. "The frustrating thing," the President said, "is that those who are attacking religion claim they are doing it in

ESCUINTLA

You don't like to say its name.

It sweats rum, sprouts
machetes, squats
in sugarcane, breeds
scabby-dugged cats,
fearless cockroaches,
scorpions big as bananas,

men without hands,
hands without men,
hepatitic foam,
flies and spittle,
police who suck ice
in the white-hot plaza.

Its papayas are soft,
its breasts and pitted
thighs, kidneys,
brains, all soft.

Its jails wet and fecal, full
of swallowed pederasts.
Its dark church,
of wax, vomit, lye.

There are angels of putrid candy,
dropsied peasants, brown
snakes, bruised whores,
a river of mud,

and a blacktop road to take you
back to the mountains
where you can forget about

Escuintla.

—Jeffrey Gray

the name of tolerance, freedom, and open-mindedness. Question: Isn't the real truth that they are intolerant of religion?"

The problem is that throughout history many of those who have demanded religious liberty for themselves have denied it to others. Puritan New England was not exactly the model of a tolerant society. Most Americans do not see the religious right as trying to liberate religion from the encroachments of the state; they see evangelicals as a religious minority trying to win control over the state and impose their values on others. Why? Because that, very often, is what the religious right says it wants to do.

Paul Weyrich, a leading political strategist for the Christian right, said this explicitly in a *Washington Post* article titled "The Cultural Right's Hot New Agenda." "Cultural conservatism," he wrote, "rejects the argument that the free market is the only answer to most problems. . . . Government has an important role in upholding the society's moral fabric—by its own example; by its use of the 'bully pulpit' inherent in government; and, sometimes, by legislation." He endorsed the use of "governmental sanctions" to restrict a "'free market' of values" in which "limits, restraints and self-discipline" are made to compete with "self-gratification, sensual pleasures, and materialism." In other words, the government must help us be good.

Robertson described himself to me as "passionately in favor of human freedom" and said that he disliked government intervention in people's lives. "Having said that," he added, "I think we need to recognize that whenever you have an organ that is spending a trillion dollars a year, that has two-point-six or two-point-seven million employees, that is giving checks to over fifty percent of the American people, that organ is enormously powerful and it is obviously being used right now to bring about certain types of behavior." He cited several instances—among them, that through its tax policies the government has been encouraging people to have fewer children. "We essentially are dying out. We are depopulating America." On another occasion Robertson said that as a result of liberal abortion laws, "what we are doing is committing racial suicide." He complained to me that public-school textbooks have "expunged references to religious experience, denigrated capitalism, and pushed the educational agenda toward a socialistic and internationalist model." "That was done with taxpayers' money," he said, "and it was a value judgment that someone made." Robertson also argued that our social-welfare laws have sought to "institutionalize aberrant behavior, whether it is drunkenness, drug addiction, homosexuality, or whatever. I don't think we should do that."

Government, Robertson said, should encourage the right values instead of the wrong ones. "Should we uphold the traditional family? I think the answer is yes. Should we try to limit gross pornography? I think the answer is yes. Should we do something to curb the invasion of drugs? I think the answer is yes. Should we pay for babies that are begotten out of wedlock by fathers who have no desire whatsoever to care for them and who laugh at the system? I

think the answer is no. We should force men to take care of their own children." He added, "No government is neutral. All law ultimately represents somebody's values."

Fine—but that means that people have the right to examine Robertson's values. And that is where he leaves many Americans behind. Robertson has attacked John Dewey, Karl Marx, Charles Darwin, and Sigmund Freud for contributing to moral decay in the United States. He has tried to use the power of prayer to change the course of a hurricane. He has described husbands as "high priests" of the family unit. He has argued that "non-Christian people and atheists" are using the Constitution "to destroy the foundations of our society." He told his New Hampshire audience, in March, that "if we believe that Jesus is God, then every time He spoke," it is "a principle as valid as the law of gravity or the law of thermodynamics." He attempted to heal an AIDS victim on his *700 Club* television show, saying, "We rebuke this virus and we command your immune system to function in the name of Jesus." He said last year that Christians, presumably of his persuasion, "maybe feel more strongly than others do" about "love of God, love of country, and support for the traditional family." None of those views or values can be described as consensual or even majoritarian.

Robertson told me that he believes in the separation of Church and State in the sense that "we should never have one sect that is preferred by government above any other" and "there should be no religious test for any office or public trust." But, like Reagan, he claims that "we are a religious people" and that therefore government "should favor religion." He claims that 94 percent of Americans are "theists," people who believe in God. But we should not give an "absolute veto" over our public life to the six-percent minority "who don't believe in anything." The atheists and secular humanists are forcing government to disfavor religion, thus violating the rights of the majority.

As an example he cited evolution, which "is a direct denial of theistic belief," he said. "Evolution is a theory. It is a hotly contested theory. It has never been proved." In his view, the nation is being forced to adopt this unscientific orthodoxy against the will of the majority. He expressed a characteristically defensive view: "Why don't you give children a chance to understand both theories? After all the Declaration of Independence says all men were endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights. Just imagine how it would sound, 'All men are endowed by the primordial slime with certain unalienable rights.' I just doesn't have the same ring of truth to it." Robertson said in New Hampshire, "When people ask me if I believe in teaching creationism in schools, I ask them, 'Do you believe in teaching the Constitution?'"

Robertson, like most leaders of the religious right, slips from highly consensual views about family life and drugs to highly controversial views about evolution and abortion which to him apparently have the same status. For example, after he confirmed his belief in the separation of Church and State, I asked Robertson whether he thought

the United States was a Christian nation. "It used to be, but it's not anymore," he replied. "I don't think anybody realistically expects it to become one anytime soon." He seemed unaware that the concept of the United States as a Christian nation is in fact highly controversial and could be said to contradict the notion of the separation of Church and State.

Robertson speaks not for all Christians or religious people or Americans who believe in God but for an aggressive minority of fundamentalists. His religious practices—faith healing, speaking in tongues—are certainly not majoritarian. Nor is the personal relationship he claims with God ("What is God's will for me in this?" Robertson asked last September, in announcing his interest in running for President. "Let me assure you I know God's will for me").

In fact, Robertson's prospective candidacy has evoked a strongly negative public reaction, even among evangelical Christians. A CBS News-*New York Times* poll taken in March found that people who watched evangelical ministers on television were opposed to Robertson's running for President, 56 to 20 percent. Even those who watched Robertson's own show were closely split over his candidacy. *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* polled voters in twelve southern states in early March and found Robertson, at nine percent, running far behind Bush and slightly behind Dole and Kemp among Republican voters. Robertson did better—16 percent—among Republicans who said they preferred a born-again candidate for President, but he ran considerably behind Bush in that group as well. More than two thirds of southern Republicans, and a majority of those who favored a born-again candidate, said they would not consider voting for Robertson for President.

Robertson's campaign manager told *The Washington Post* that as a result of the scandal involving Jim Bakker, evangelicals may be wary that if a preacher runs for President they will receive more unwelcome attention. Robertson, who was not involved in the scandal, suggested that it might be "a prelude to an accelerating revival" among evangelical Christians. To non-evangelicals, however, he dismissed the matter as an aberration, asking whether the fact that a journalist won a Pulitzer Prize for a fabricated story meant that all journalists were liars.

Robertson's campaign had quite enough problems even before the Bakker scandal. His televised fundraiser, held last September to announce his presidential exploratory committee, raised only enough money to cover costs. Six months later Robertson had gathered fewer than a third of the three million signatures he said he would need to enter the race. The Internal Revenue Service has been investigating whether Robertson's Christian Broadcasting Net-



work abused its tax-exempt status with its links to the now defunct Freedom Council, an educational organization designed to get out the Christian fundamentalist vote.

Robertson's most serious problem may be the lawsuit he himself filed against the former congressman Paul N. (Pete) McCloskey, Jr., and Andrew Jacobs, Jr., who is still a congressman. McCloskey and Jacobs have accused Robertson of using his father's influence to avoid combat duty in the Korean War. While Robertson adamantly denies the accusation, the depositions filed in the case raise

questions about Robertson's description of himself as a "Marine combat officer" in Korea. They also reveal that Robertson sought the help of Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North in gaining access to military records to support his case, and that he used a freelance journalist to gather information surreptitiously (the journalist interviewed McCloskey on videotape without informing him that he was doing so at Robertson's request). Whatever the legal outcome of the case, the political impact has been to raise questions about Robertson's veracity.

And They're Off!

COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE 1988 ELECTION ARE ALREADY piling up. George Bush remains the Republican front-runner, but the conventional wisdom is that Iran-Contra has made Bush a walking political corpse. The smart money is now on Bob Dole, but there are still a great many doubts about the Minority Leader, who seems to have no base, no issue, and not much of a campaign.

While the Republicans have a wounded front-runner, the Democrats have no front-runner. Gary Hart's spectacular demise leveled the playing field. Not a single politician of national stature is running for the Democratic nomination. Only Jesse Jackson has a national reputation, and that reputation is mixed. There is no man to beat. Each candidate will be trying to break out of the pack by grabbing publicity any way he can—by winning straw votes, staging publicity stunts, buying early television time, as the former Arizona governor Bruce Babbitt is doing in Iowa, or latching onto splashy issues, as Representative Richard Gephardt did this spring with foreign trade.

Hart's withdrawal frees up a pool of contributors and activists, for whom the other candidates are competing. It also encourages new candidates to enter the race, or to reconsider their decision not to run. Conservative Democrats with money and influence will implore the Georgia senator Sam Nunn and the former Virginia governor Charles Robb to reconsider. Liberals continue to look for a sign

that New York Governor Mario Cuomo may make himself available. Moderates will be appealing to New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley and Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton.

They may not be interested. For one thing, the press is now emboldened to look into the private life of every candidate. Press scrutiny, Gary Hart said just before his withdrawal, "is clearly one of the reasons many talented people in this nation opt out of public service." Candidates for President these days must sacrifice dignity as well as privacy. They have to spend their time suffering fools gladly and being badgered by arrogant twenty-year-olds with questionnaires. We have reached the point at which politicians like Cuomo and Nunn would actually diminish their stature by running for President. Similarly, on the Republican side several popular and experienced governors from important states have decided that a run for the presidency might damage their political careers—second-term governors George Deukmejian, of California, and Thomas Kean, of New Jersey, and fourth-term governor James Thompson, of Illinois. "It's not in the cards for a sitting governor to run for President," Thompson has said. Indeed, every non-incumbent elected President since Roosevelt, with the exception of John F. Kennedy, was out of office at the time of his election.

The Republicans still haven't figured out what comes next. Bush and Laxalt offer the status quo, which, after Iranscam, is a perilously weak platform. Dole and Haig are the insider candidates who offer experience and professionalism but no noticeably new agenda. While professionalism certainly fills a void in the Reagan record, it has never been a potent vote-getting theme. Kemp, du Pont, and Robertson are trying to run as outsiders whose answer to the Reagan revolution is more revolution. But they make Republicans nervous. Their campaigns do not match either the defensiveness of the party establishment or the bitterness of movement conservatives. The right will probably fail to unite behind a single candidate and instead count on picking up the pieces once the party is punished and cleansed of its sins. For conservatives, 1988 will lead to 1992 just as surely as 1960 led to 1964 and 1976 to 1980.

The Democrats may finally put the battle between the Old Politics and the New Politics behind them in 1988. In each of the past five presidential elections the Democrats have experienced a pitched battle between establishment and insurgent forces. The establishment won in 1968 (Humphrey) and 1984 (Mondale). The insurgents won in 1972 (McGovern) and 1976 (Carter). The Democrats may have finally learned that it doesn't make much difference which side wins. Mondale (41 percent) did hardly any better than McGovern (38 percent), Humphrey (43 percent), or Carter in 1980 (41 percent).

These days the Democratic Party cannot afford to see the political world as "us" versus "them." There are not enough of "us" and too many of "them." In order for the Democrats to win in 1988, the issue has to be the Republicans and the Reagan record. The Democrats need to offer a broadly acceptable alternative for those voters who want

change but not too much change. The key word is *pragmatism*. The good news is that all the prospective Democratic candidates, with the important exception of Jesse Jackson, have been positioning themselves as pragmatists. All of them are competing to become the new Gary Hart. The bad news is that the Democrats still have to do the one thing that always gets the party in trouble: nominate a ticket. Moreover, a growing belief that the party can't lose in 1988 may encourage its familiar tendency toward self-destruction.

There are two kinds of presidential elections in the United States—those in which the ideological differences between the candidates are heightened and those in which the differences are minimized. The easiest way to tell one kind from the other is to look at voter movements. The larger the difference between the candidates, the harder it is for voters to switch back and forth between them. You could have taken a poll every month during 1964, 1972, and 1984 and the results would have been exactly the same. The differences were clear, and most voters knew which candidate they were going to vote for all along.

The 1960, 1968, and 1976 races were down to the wire, however. The results shifted back and forth on a weekly, almost a daily, basis. That is because both sides ran centrist campaigns, making it easy for voters to switch from one to the other. The voters seem to enjoy a horse race: 1960 saw the highest level of voter turnout in any presidential election since the early part of this century. But Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., had to explain to liberals that John Kennedy and Nixon were not Tweedledum and Tweedledee and that it did indeed make a difference which one of them was elected. In 1968 it was dissident candidates, McCarthy, Robert Kennedy, and Wallace, not mainstream candidates, Humphrey and Nixon, who evoked the most intense support. In 1976 the election seemed to hinge on which candidate made fewer gaffes—Carter's ethnic purity versus Ford's liberation of Poland. When the issue differences between the candidates seem minimal, the voters have to choose between them on the basis of something else—something trivial, perhaps, like charisma. American voters are not inherently ideological or superficial. They respond to the nature of the candidates and the campaign.

The likelihood is that 1988 will follow the centrist pattern. The Republicans will offer defensive conservatism and the Democrats will offer aggressive pragmatism. As in 1960 and 1976, the mood of the electorate will not be decided for change or decidedly for continuity. The election will be closely fought and highly competitive, with the lead shifting from one candidate to the other. Ideologues on the left and the right will be unhappy with the choices and will bemoan the lack of clarity and coherence. The press will complain about the trivialization of the campaign. Pundits will ask whether it really makes any difference which candidate gets elected. Foreigners will criticize the lack of tone and rationality in American politics. And the voters, faced with a real contest, will have a wonderful time. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

A. E. HOUSMAN AND WILLA CATHER

“MANY YEARS AGO when I was very young and foolish” was how Willa Cather would later begin the story. In fact she was nearing thirty that summer of 1902, when, in Europe for the first time, she resolved to call on A. E. Housman. She had been captivated by the bitter-sweet ballads of *A Shropshire Lad*; her own first book of poems, *April Twilights*, would come out the following year. In Housman she saw a kindred spirit. Nature *was* a malevolent force: certainly in Nebraska that was so. She made the pilgrimage to Shrewsbury and Ludlow and gazed with reverence on Housman’s hills. Then, one afternoon in London, her friends Isabelle McClung and Dorothy Canfield in tow, she boarded a bus to Highgate in the firm belief that “if one admired a writer very much one had a perfect right to ring his doorbell.”

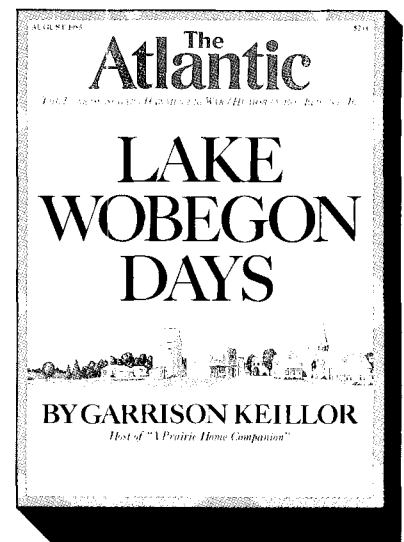
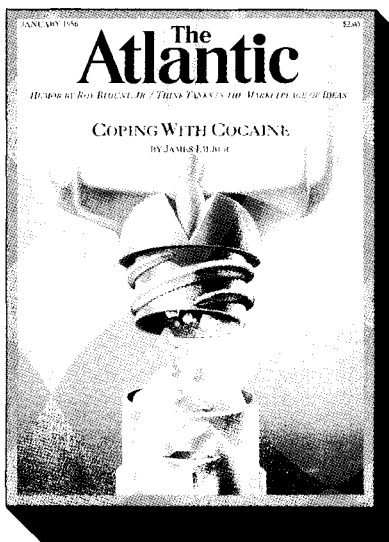
What she did not anticipate was that the door at 17 North Road would be opened by so cordial a landlady, that they would be so graciously asked inside, and that the poet himself (although shabbily dressed) would descend

the stairs open-armed to greet them. But, of course, it was all a mistake. Housman was expecting three Canadian cousins whom he had never met, and he thought—but never mind. Perhaps they would like to come upstairs?

Housman’s bachelor rooms were as dog-eared as their inhabitant, who was clearly distressed at facing three strange young ladies (and three yet to come). Willa and Isabelle opened the conversation with the trip to Ludlow. No response. Willa moved on to his poetry and what it meant to her, but from that he visibly retreated. In the uneasy pause that followed, Housman turned to the silent Dorothy (she had neither gone to Ludlow nor read his poetry) and ascertained that she was a scholar of pre-classic Latin—his own field! His reticence vanished. He became absolutely expansive—but neatly deflected every effort to shift the conversation back to poetry.

On the return bus her friends saw that Willa was crying, a fact she never mentioned in later years. By then she, too, did not suffer fools gladly. —Nancy Caldwell Sorel

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HOME

ROMANCE IN THE ROOFTOPS

To understand a condo builder's sales strategy, look at his chimneys

BY PHILIP LANGDON

WHAT'S FOR SALE at the Racquet Club—395 units of attached condominiums on what used to be forty unremunerative acres of cactus and mesquite in Scottsdale, Arizona—is a sense of escape from the humdrum. The Racquet Club's features, even those that at first glance seem a little peculiar, tell us something about home-building's growing devotion to image-making. The one-to-three-bedroom units sit under undulating roofs of orange-toned barrel tile, a building material that has gained immense popularity recently, as the Southwest has embraced its sparse but periodically rediscovered Spanish colonial traditions. The condos' walls are an ocean of tan stucco—a rough-textured stucco that washes across the region like a tidal wave—whose very commonness is an advantage. To newcomers from the East, accustomed to asphalt composition roofs and vinyl and aluminum siding, the ever-present stucco and the rounded tile both seem to proclaim, This is the romantic Southwest, where textures and materials, as well as temperatures, have a welcoming warmth.

*The Racquet Club in Scottsdale, Arizona
The Architects Group): excitement,
impressiveness, and romance*

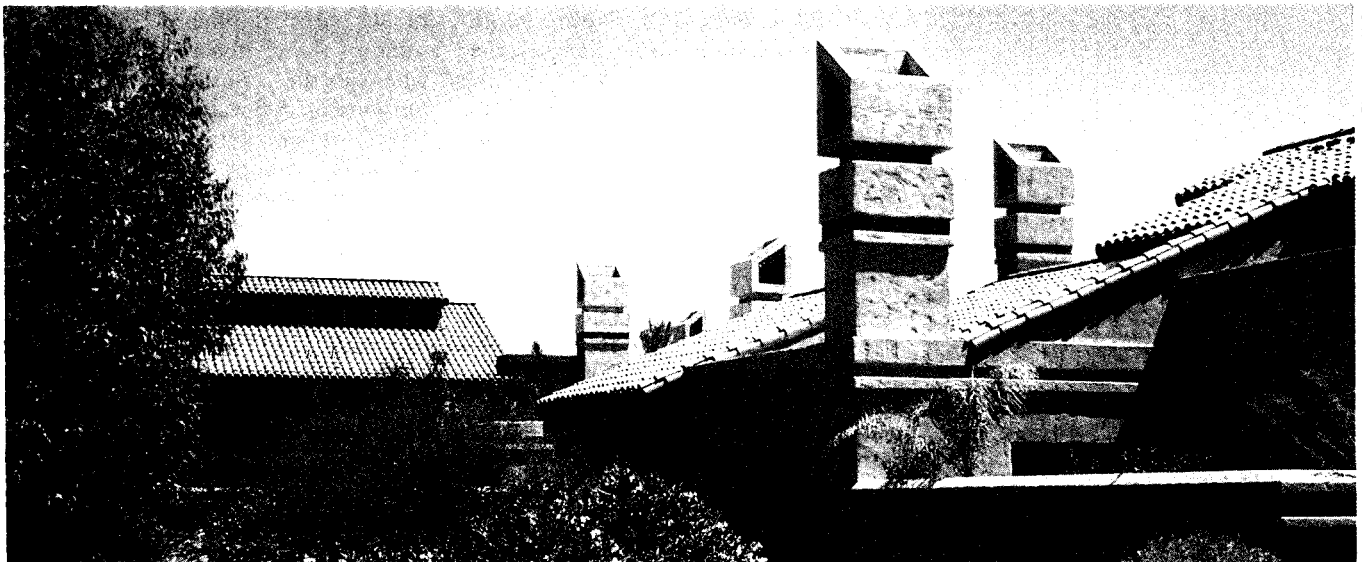
Ambitious residential complexes, whatever their materials or region, nowadays engage in a kind of architectural choreography, striking a series of intentionally charming poses. Occasionally this is accomplished with auxiliary structures that have nothing to do with supplying usable living space but much to do with setting a desired tone. At the Racquet Club the most prominent feature—strategically positioned between the clubhouse and the sales office, along the entrance drive—is a Mediterranean-inspired tower with a series of broad-arched openings through which you can see a stairway angling upward to a shaded observation deck. Anyone who makes the climb can look out across a vast panorama of orange-tiled roofs (including the roofs of low tract houses that have almost engulfed Taliesin West, once Frank Lloyd Wright's winter compound) stretching to the dark, bumpy McDowell Mountains along the horizon.

What catches the eye first, though, is a series of chimneys at close range. These belong to the Racquet Club's "luxury villas"—a group of one- and two-story houses called the Brookline, the Newport, and other names apparently chosen on the presumption that an

aura of settledness can be trundled around the country as easily as a parcel from an overnight-delivery service. The chimneys rise above the roofs as straight expanses of stucco, each embellished at middle height by a projecting belt of stucco and an inset band of orange tile. Under the brilliant sun the change of profile creates pleasing patterns of light and shadow. The chimneys are cut away near the top by still more deeply shadowed horizontal recesses, and they culminate in remarkable chimney caps that jab at the sky at 45-degree angles.

The chimney caps testify to the avidity with which the home-building industry assimilates and then universalizes design ideas. In 1965 a northern California development called Sea Ranch, designed by a group of architects including Charles Moore, set loose upon the American landscape a sharply slanted condominium roof style shorn of eaves and overhangs and their softening effect. By the mid-1970s countless condominium complexes throughout the nation had roofs like Sea Ranch's, jutting up suddenly and terminating abruptly. It wasn't just housing that adopted an angular aesthetic, of course. Shapes have a way of reverberating throughout a national culture, and even further. Just as rounded forms appeared on everything in the 1930s from locomotives to pencil sharpeners, angles emerged as a dominant design motif of the 1970s, injecting a sense of energy into objects as disparate as midwestern banks and Italian sports cars.

The contribution made by the Racquet Club's designers, The Architects Group, of Phoenix, was in marrying the thoroughly popularized angular shape to



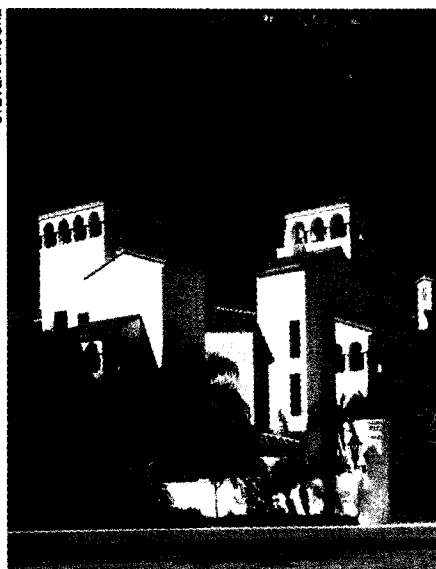
PHILIP LANGDON



Foxbridge at Vista Del Lago, Santa Rosa, California (Sandy & Babcock): well-modulated roofs and chimneys

the materials and the decorative devices of the Southwest. Indeed, visitors need not climb the Racquet Club's observation tower to be struck by the forcefulness of the chimneys. From the time a visitor enters the development, the banded, incised, and sharply angled chimneys call for attention, pleasingly setting its villas apart from the tightly packed miles of stucco-and-tile houses all around. The dramatic roofscape of the Racquet Club exemplifies a major theme of today's houses, especially houses that are densely clustered. That theme is exterior design that fulfills a desire for excitement, impressiveness, and romance. Increasingly the shapes and silhouettes of American houses are meant to stir the spirit and generate compelling rhythms on the horizon.

Fisher Island, Miami, Florida (Sandy & Babcock): elaborate arrangements of gables, dormers, and windows with rounded tops



THIRTY YEARS AGO American roofscapes were bland and were sometimes visual junkyards. Bristling television antennas clambered up from chimneys and ridges, their metal rods aimed in all directions, eliminating any hope that a house would form a wholly graceful composition. A variety of factors, from cable TV to environmental consciousness, has since helped to clear away much of the mess. As the rods and wires have disappeared, builders have come to realize that the roof can form an emotionally potent element of the house's personality.

"People want to live a dream," says Zane Yost, an architect in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who specializes in mass-market housing. Yost studied at MIT in the 1950s—a time, he recalls, when "we talked a great deal about honesty of materials." The urge among designers to create a rational, factual architecture has been succeeded by a desire to tap into powerful feelings. Yost, like many others, now explores visual imagery that need not have anything to do with the underlying structure.

He points out, for instance, that how fireplace chimneys look is largely unrelated to how they are actually made. For a decade or more the standard method of providing a fireplace has been to install a prefabricated metal firebox that sends its smoke up a factory-produced, Underwriters Laboratory-approved metal pipe, or flue. The cost of this pipe is, by Yost's estimate, "one half to one third the cost of doing it in masonry"—which, of course, is the main reason that the newer technology has displaced traditional block-and-brick construction.

High-fashion architects sometimes get away with leaving the metal pipe exposed, running it up the side of the house and above the roof, but the far more common practice is to disguise the pipe by encasing it in a large wooden framework, reminiscent of a masonry chimney, and then covering this with a veneer of whatever material is on the exterior walls—generally stucco in the Southwest and clapboard (wood or vinyl or aluminum) in much of the rest of the nation. The wood tower often helps to give the housing a decidedly more sculptural character. Instead of a contrast between brick and mortar and the color, texture, and scale of the walls, the exterior becomes visually unified, all of a piece. Just as the stucco chimneys in Scottsdale draw aesthetic strength from the fact that they seem to grow naturally out of the houses' stucco walls, some of the clapboard chimneys elsewhere in the country are powerful extensions of the walls from which they rise. This consistency is one reason why many American attached-housing complexes and their roofscapes have attained an increasing measure of attractiveness.

One of the masters of roofscape styling is Sandy & Babcock, a San Francisco architectural firm that has designed clusters of attached housing throughout the United States. The firm's designer once ushered me into a white-walled conference room and put on a slide show of Sandy & Babcock projects in place from Santa Rosa, California, to Kiawah Island, South Carolina. As the picture

flashed by in quick succession, what most stood out was the bold outlines the houses cast against the sky. Ranks of chimneys rose confidently and rhythmically, concluding with distinctive chimney caps in a variety of shapes and colors.

Some of the chimney caps were copper-toned, some finished in other colors chosen to complement whatever was below. Some were half-round, some rectangular; none was in a shape that would be considered fussy. "You've got to be careful not to be too cute about it," Donald Sandy said.

Sandy & Babcock custom-designs its chimney caps out of sheet metal, and they cost \$300 to \$400 each—not an inordinate expense for a middle- or upper-income condo, especially when the fireplaces of more than one unit can share a single chimney. The decorative chimney caps are meant partly to conceal or deflect attention from what Sandy describes as the "little, dinky flue caps" that are the standard tops for prefabricated chimneys. Their main purpose, however, is to give a more romantic and residential flavor to the complex and its roofs.

A chimney cap can bestow on a complex an air of sophistication, and so make the units easier to sell. But the artfully designed roofscape also serves a broader public purpose. For decades one of the nagging failings of suburbia has been that its houses fail to add up to much of anything. When housing is coordinated into a pattern punctuated by well-modulated roofs and chimneys,

Windwept, Kiawah Island, South Carolina (Sandy & Babcock): a visually unified exterior, all of a piece

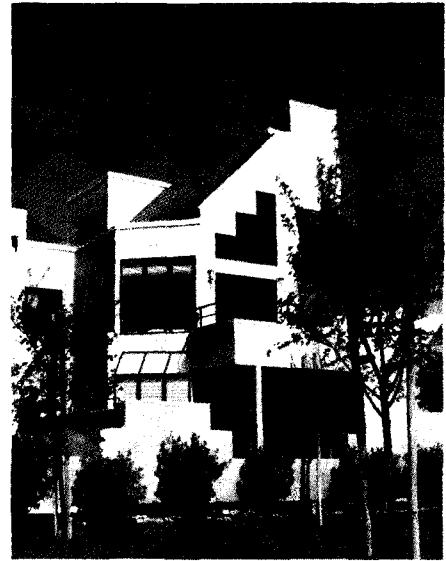
however, it gives a gratifying sense of visual coherence. The roofscapes of the more skillfully designed projects around the country create energizing rhythms that bring distinction to their setting. Rather than simply subjugating the land, they strike a resonant note on the horizon.

Elements other than chimneys are involved. Increasingly housing employs elaborate arrangements of gables and dormers, and also windows that have rounded tops or other features accentuating the feeling of impressiveness. Architects at virtually every level of talent and expense are using multiple gables on new housing.

Jack Bloodgood, whose firm, Bloodgood Architects, in Des Moines, produces new designs for builders in the eastern two thirds of the nation, points out that builders rely on this "articulation of form" not only to give residential developments a cohesive pattern but also—in at least some complexes—to make each unit distinct from its neighbors. There's a danger to this technique. If the designer distributes ornamental gables, chimneys, and unusual windows liberally, trying to make every occupant feel special, the proliferation of decorative forms can destroy the integrity of the whole.

Indeed, there are already more than enough townhouses—and even free-standing houses—with strange little gables in unexpected places (often pushing out from the bottom edge of a bigger gable), and other protuberances that fall short of their picturesque intentions. As Zane Yost sees it, "We're getting into a baroque period."

But knocking popular designs is an



CHRIS LARRANCE

Mariner's Landing, Vallejo, California (Sandy & Babcock): a sharply slanted roof style shorn of eaves and overhangs

old sport. The salutary fact is that a great many remarkably handsome housing developments are being created by the kind of designers who have to meet a budget and master a speculative market. Along some suburban or not-quite-rural highway, a roofscape of surprising grace and strength suddenly pokes up on the horizon, infusing zest into its surroundings. For the most part, the best incarnations of the burgeoning romantic impulse turn out to be the tops of townhouses and other attached housing.

America likes to idealize itself as a nation of single-family detached homes, but it is the clustered condominiums that are creating visual rhythms large and grand enough to suit the size of the American landscape. □



GORDON H. SCHENCK JR.

MUSIC

ALLONS DANSER

Cajun and Creole bands are conserving native music

BY BEN SANDMEL

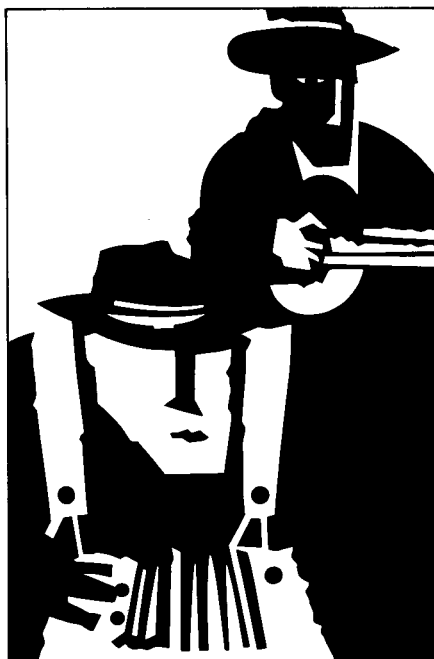
LOUISIANA HAS BEEN much publicized of late for its tragicomic politics, while the Cajun food craze has ignited interest in all things Louisianan. One result is that Cajun bands, once heard only at local dance halls in Louisiana, are now touring the country and playing to packed houses. At the Grammy Awards ceremony last year all of the "Best Ethnic or Traditional Folk Recording" nominations were Louisiana artists. This would not have seemed possible five years ago. The increased national awareness of Louisiana's unique, indigenous ethnic music comes at a time when locals are rediscovering their own rich heritage. In Louisiana's Cajun parishes both black and white teenagers regularly join their elders in dancing to decades-old music sung in French. These are deliberate choices, since mainstream American culture is easily accessible. To understand better how such old-fashioned music is thriving and evolving today—and to appreciate a recent assortment of Louisiana albums better—it is helpful to look at the music's home turf.

That turf is French-Catholic southern Louisiana. The rest of the state is Anglo-Protestant and culturally similar to the neighboring states of Texas, Mississippi, and Arkansas. There is a good deal of mistrust between Louisiana's Anglo and French populations. Shreveport, in the north, regards New Orleans, with its twenty-four-hour liquor licenses, as the last word in decadence, while New Orleans views north Louisiana as an endless sea of humorless Bible Belt hicks. Neither population knows quite what to make of the Cajuns.

The word *Cajun* comes from *Acadian*, which refers to Acadie—a French settlement in what is now Nova Scotia, which was dispersed by the British in 1755. Many of the exiled Acadians settled in remote southwestern Louisiana. Isolated from the urban French in New Orleans and the outside world in general, the Acadians evolved into a distinct,

tight-knit ethnic group. Although one common misconception depicts the Cajuns as swamp dwellers (and semi-savage ones at that), most of Cajun country is actually a mundane expanse of flat farmland known as the prairies; the adjacent bayous support fishing and fur-trapping, but few people live on the bayous and there is little musical activity.

The "foreigners" who moved into the prairies after the Civil War—Anglos and German-Americans, mostly—soon as-



simulated into the Cajun culture, and many even Gallicized their surnames. There was some cultural reciprocity, though. German-Americans—and German-Jewish catalogue merchants—introduced the accordion, which was then the rage in both Europe and America. Its resonating, high volume was ideal for noisy dance halls, and soon the Cajun fiddle, formerly pre-eminent, was relegated to playing accompaniments. Some traditional fiddle tunes could be adapted easily to the accordion, while other, more complex songs faded into obscurity, along with many a capella

Acadian ballads. The accordion had a similar effect on the music of the Creoles, the region's Afro-Caribbean-French population.

Until the First World War the Cajun parishes remained a world apart. Then oil development and Huey Long's road-building programs brought modern America rushing in. The Cajuns' language and music were discouraged and at times even suppressed. By the mid-seventies, however, a cultural backlash had formed. The Council for the Development of French in Louisiana, formed in 1968, helped validate and expand French usage while connecting Louisiana with the rest of the French-speaking world. The region's 400,000 French bilingual speakers were encouraged to take pride in themselves. The fiddle Michael Doucet and other young Cajun embarked on extensive folkloric field research, interviewing and recording the area's brilliant but unknown old players. As interest grew in these traditionalists new venues opened up for them, and Doucet and others incorporated their ideas into contemporary groups such as Beausoleil and the Cajun heavy-metal extremists known as Mamou. Today newcomers who are interested in exploring this world discover an active network of live performances, French events and media programming. Cajun and Creole music have been revitalized, and they seem likely to flourish for some time.

CAJUN MUSIC bears a distinct resemblance to classic, pre-"Nash-Vegas" country music: both have sparse rhythmic sections, make ample use of fiddle and pedal steel guitar, and favor waltz and two-step tempos and fatalistic, mournful lyrics. But Cajun music is not simply Anglo country music sung in French. Its Acadian folkloric sources, strong rhythmic steel guitar, and prominent accordion set it apart. In Cajun music the accordion, so often a gutless instrument, takes on a gritty, bluesy sound and a raw, robust tone. As part of an accompaniment, it can create a droning effect, and a deliberate dissonance can result, though some players prefer a smooth sound. Cajun vocals tend to be wailing and emotional, and at times decidedly nasal. In this century the talented songwriters I. LeJeune, Lawrence Walker, and Joe Falcon, among others, have left an extensive legacy of both songs with lyrics and instrumental showpieces.

A fine album—including on the 198

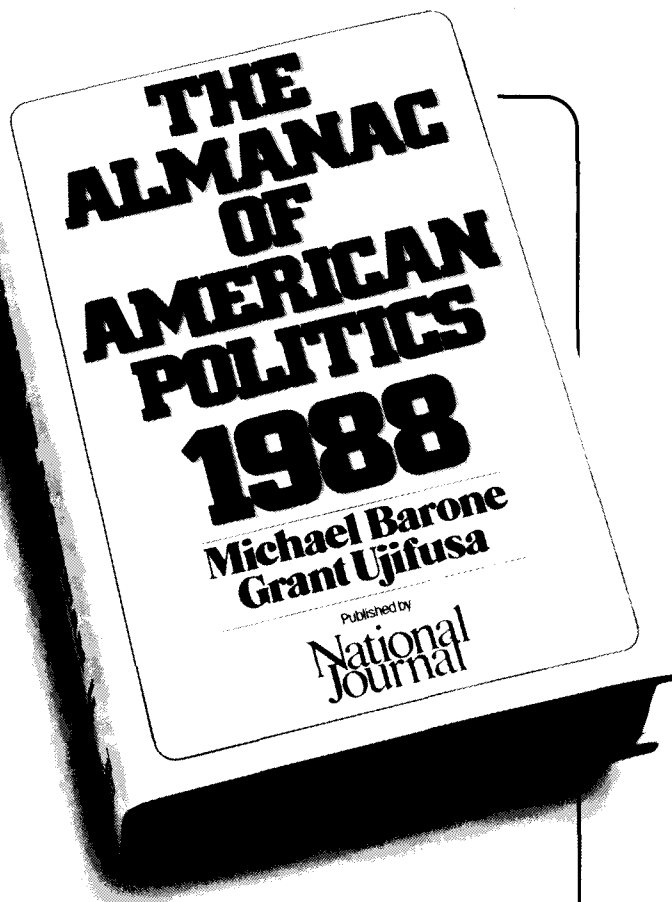
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**National
Journal**
What the Leaders Read.

Library of Congress *Selected List of American folk music*—illustrates the popular postwar dance-hall sound. *The Best of Nathan Abshire* (Swallow 6061; available by writing to PO Drawer 10, Ville Platte, La. 70586) is an anthology of the late and highly influential singer and accordionist, two of whose songs, “Pine Grove Blues” (also known as “Ma Negresse”) and “La Valse du Bayou Teche,” have become Cajun standards. The bizarre imagery of “La Valse de Holly Beach” points up a distinct strain of grass-roots surrealism in Cajun lyrics:

“The mosquitos ate all of my
sweetheart
They left only her big toes
For me to use as corks
To stop up my half-empty
wine bottles. . . .”

© Flat Town Music, BMI,
translation by Barry Jean Ancelet

Abshire’s accompanists, including the steel guitarist J. W. Pellisier and the renowned instrumentalists the Balfa Brothers, play with a relaxed yet funky swing that is eminently danceable.

Lest Abshire, with his off-key vocals, give the impression that all Cajun singing is soulful but flat, listen to the genre’s crooning jukebox king, Belton Richard. Richard’s pure, plaintive baritone puts him on a par with contemporary music’s greatest pop voices. His *Modern Sounds in Cajun Music* (Swallow 6010) is highly recommended, especially for the perennial favorite “Un Autre Soir D’Ennui.”

With Spirits, by the Savoy-Doucet Band (Arhoolie 5037; 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, Calif. 94530), moves back several decades to the sources of today’s styles. Many of the songs on the album might have disappeared completely if they had not been revived by these dedicated musicians. Marc Savoy is an accomplished accordionist, a master accordion-builder, and an outspoken critic of assimilation. (His polemical statements include “Some Cajuns are turning their back on a hot bowl of gumbo for a cold, tasteless, American hot dog.”) His wife, Ann, is a solid singer and guitarist, a diligent researcher, and the author and editor of the genre’s prime source book, *Cajun Music: A Reflection of a People* (Bluebird Press, PO Box 941, Eunice, La. 70535). The two are joined by Michael Doucet, who has emerged as Cajun music’s leading young innovator, and the bassist Tina Pilione.

Their acoustic quartet has a diverse, fresh, and lively sound, with spirited solos and intuitive interplay. Doucet also demonstrates his urgent rhythmic vocal style on “Johnny Can’t Dance.” Beyond the album’s intrinsic merits, it provides an accessible introduction to the songs of such early Cajun artists as Amadé Ardoin, Dennis McGee, and Cleoma Falcon, whose original recordings are also available on Arhoolie.

Doucet has also recorded several fine albums as the leader of Beausoleil (the best of which is *Parlez-nous à boire*, Arhoolie 5034), and he frequently performs as a guest soloist. On Wayne Toups’s *ZyDeCajun* (Kajun Records 5032; 413 North Parkerson, Crowley, La. 70526) Doucet plays in a far more fiery manner than on *With Spirits*, jumping wide intervals, occasionally whirling into space, and successfully taking daring rhythmic chances. Such intensity is the perfect complement for Toups, an aggressive, passionate young accordionist who combines a strong traditional sensibility with considerable rock influence. This is evident in Toups’s full-tilt treatment of two-step classics like “J’étais au Bal” and “Big Mamou,” and in his original two-step “Zydeco Baby.” These songs have fine guitar and steel-guitar solos by Isaac Miller, Jr., Tommy Shreve, and Sonny Landreth. Nathan Abshire’s “Belizaire Waltz” and Toups’s own “My Friend” find him in a more conventional Cajun vein, with poignant, affecting vocals. With its eclectic and inspired performance, *ZyDeCajun* is one of the best contemporary Cajun albums. It establishes Toups as an important modernist.

ZYDECO REFERS to the black Creole counterpart of Cajun music. The term is an elision of the first two words of the folk expression *les haricots sont pas salés* (“the snap beans are not salty”). This Creole metaphor for hard times—when poverty rules out buying salt pork for seasoning—also became the title of a popular traditional dance song. Some argue that “zarico” is a more proper, phonetic pronunciation, but “zydeco” has prevailed, with a number of different spellings. Others argue that the word is of African, not French, origin. In any case, zydeco and Cajun music (which denotes white bands) overlap considerably in instrumentation and repertoire, but zydeco also incorporates mainstream black music, especially blues. Recently some popular zydeco artists, such as

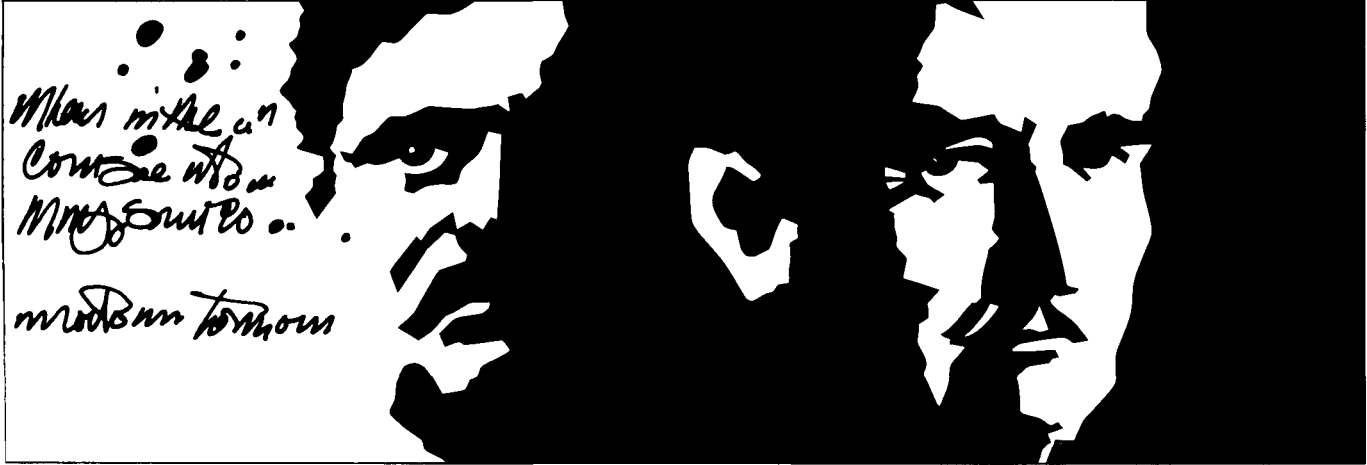
Buckwheat Dural and Terrance Simien have begun to draw heavily on contemporary urban soul sources, to the consternation of purists.

The more rural zydeco stylists maintain a raw, Afro-Caribbean sound, both in their endless one-chord vamping (great for dancing, but sometimes dull just for listening) and in their loose, off-beat drum patterns. Boozoo Chavis is one such performer. His *Louisiana Zydeco Man* (Maison de Soul 1017, a Swallow Records subsidiary) is subdued compared with his exuberant live sets at clubs like Slim’s Y-Ki-Ki, in Opelousas, and Richard’s, in Lawtell, but it’s fun nonetheless. There are plenty of Chavis’s striking accordion voicing as well as some standard blues numbers and the characteristic, extended rhythmic section solos that always excite his live audiences.

Much of zydeco’s distinctive sound, especially evident in such moments, comes from a percussion instrument known as the *frottoir*—a corrugated metal vest that the wearer plays with spoon, bottle openers, or other metal scrapers. Since this doesn’t require much concentration, *frottoir* players are free to dance, clown, and visually inspire the crowd. Chavis himself is quite a sight on stage. A boisterous, wild-eyed figure with a penchant for Stetson hats, he wears an apron to protect his accordion from perspiration, suggesting at once images of cowboys and short-order cooks. Chavis’s album typifies the ethnic aspect of the zydeco dance-hall sound. So do two fine field-recording anthologies, *LaLa* (Maison de Soul 1004) and *Zodico* (Rounder 6009; 1 Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140), produced by the folklorist Ni Spitzer.

The most exciting and consistent zydeco album to date is Clifton Chenier’s *Bogalusa Boogie* (Arhoolie 1076). Chenier pioneered today’s zydeco sound, blending Creole sources with fifties rhythm and blues. This record—midway between the stylistic extremes of Dural and Chavis—captures Chenier’s aggressive accordion, the brilliant saxophone playing of John Hart, and the adrenalized Red Hot Louisiana Band, all in perfect form. In recent years Chenier has won both a Grammy and a National Heritage Fellowship, from the National Endowment for the Arts. Such credentials are yet another measure of Louisiana music’s new national status, and of its growing cultural confidence on the prairies. □

BOOKS



PAPA'S MAMA TROUBLE

BY BENJAMIN DEMOTT

HEMINGWAY:
The Life and the Work
by Kenneth S. Lynn.
Simon and Schuster, \$24.95.

WILLIAM FAULKNER:
The Man and the Art
by Stephen B. Oates.
Harper & Row, \$22.50.

NOT EXACTLY FRESH faces, Hemingway and Faulkner, but still mesmeric to Americanists. For close to a quarter of a century the Hemingway legend has been undergoing approximately annual touch-ups. In *Hemingway: The Life and the Work*, Kenneth Lynn praises nine previous biographical studies; six appeared after 1981. The creator of Yoknapatawpha inspired one of history's longest literary biographies (a serious Guinness contender) in Joseph Blotner's 1,000-page *Faulkner* (1974). But barely a dozen years later here is Stephen B. Oates, challenging Blotner's reliability on no subject, trivial or momentous, yet retelling the novelist's story in full. According to the standard indictment, our gung century is obsessed with tomorrow's celebrities and indifferent to old heroes. But in weighing that charge the future will need to ponder the non-corroborating profusion, in our period, of lives of dead writers. Biographers may let us off.

Meanwhile they reconsider and, in Kenneth Lynn's case, revise. Lynn's re-

visions, which concern Hemingway the macho man, are not reverent, and introduce a hitherto neglected villainess—the novelist's mother. Grace Hemingway kept the hero-writer-to-be in dresses and shoulder-length hair (a "loose, tapered coiffure") well past toddlerdom—rather longer than was customary. Ernest wore "pink gingham gowns with white Battenberg lace hoods . . . fluffy lace-tucked dresses, black patent-leather Mary Janes, high stockings, and picture hats with flowers on them"; beside one photo of the lad in an ankle-length gown, his mother wrote the phrase "summer girl." In addition, Grace Hemingway paired Ernest with his older, often intimidating sister Marcelline, treating them like "twins of the same sex" (sometimes male, sometimes female), pressing Ernest simultaneously to be and not to be "a 'real' boy." "Caught between his mother's wish to conceal his masculinity and her eagerness to encourage it, was it any wonder that he was anxious and insecure?"

The younger Hemingway children were sent equally confusing sexual signals. Hemingway's sister Ursula wore a Rough Rider costume and was nicknamed Teddy. (Like Ernest and their father, Ursula committed suicide; she and Ernest seem at one point to have been lost in fantasies both androgynous and incestuous.) Grace Hemingway's husband appears also to have endured sexual humiliation. While young Ernest was in his observant teens, Dr. Hemingway threw a woman out of the house whom he evidently suspected of being involved in a lesbian affair with Grace.

On the appearance last year of an abbreviated version of *The Garden of Eden*,

a novel Hemingway shelved in mid-life, readers commenced asking unaccustomed questions about the writer. The book was awash with transsexual fantasies, and Kenneth Lynn claims that it "compelled reluctant recognition of the possibility that [Hemingway] was not the writer, nor the man, he was thought to be. . . ." But that recognition was, in Lynn's view, clouded and evasive. The world of letters pretended to see the sensibility revealed in *The Garden of Eden* as "new," when in fact it had been "there all along."

Lynn had been engaged for some while in studying the sensibility, probing its roots in life situations and tracking its development from the earliest stories onward. The core of his argument here is that the extraordinary anxieties and insecurities of the writer's youth and adolescence exerted shaping influence not only on his work but on his relationships with siblings, friends, lovers, and competitors.

Lynn's achievement as biographer is that he sets up a field of coherent relationships among previously difficult-to-read phenomena. His book stresses the pervasiveness, through the entire writing career, in texts of utterly different character, of motifs and images—from emasculation to bobbed hair—that betray the novelist's entrapment in the sexual uncertainties of his youth. This material is connected, in turn, with other details of behavior—Hemingway's bullying and braggadocio, his constant testing of himself for bravery, his unwillingness to suffer any rival reputation in any literary, sporting, or sexual endeavor. And before the end of the work the Hemingway style itself—the famous

spareness and reticence—is interpreted in light of behavioral patterns. Repeatedly Lynn imagines the operative forces from inside, attempting to spell out their interaction.

To be a boy but to be treated as a girl. To feel impelled to prove your masculinity through flat denials of your anxieties . . . and bold lies about your exploits. To be forced to practice the most severe economy in your attempts to “render” your life artistically, because your capital of self-understanding was too small to permit you to be expansive and your fear of exposure too powerful. To make a virtue of necessity by packing troubled feelings below the surface of your stories like dynamite beneath a bridge.

No life or style generates its logic solely from within, and, aware of this, Kenneth Lynn seeks to ground his tale firmly in history. He establishes that the remarkably fluid, unisexual dress and hairdo conventions prevailing at the turn of the century tended to encourage Grace Hemingway’s indulgence in kinky conceits. The pivotal historical reality of the age—the Great War—served Hemingway’s special need, providing him with a heroic explanation for wounds that Lynn believes were embarrassingly unheroic in origin. And a contemporary sexual revolution offered an objective, legitimizing framework for secret personal fixations. In Hemingway’s Paris “sexual inversion was everywhere,” and the author was acquainted with (fond of at moments) several “women-loving women.” *The Sun Also Rises* is a book about “a man who is passionately in love with a sexually aggressive woman with an androgynous first name and a manish haircut, a man whose dilemma is that, like a lesbian, he cannot penetrate his loved one’s body with his own.” The subject of lesbianism is “encapsulat[ed] . . . within the story of its two principals” and in the very names and Paris addresses of two well-known “women-loving women”:

“Barnes!” Braddocks calls out to Jake in the bal musette. “I say, Barnes! Jacob Barnes!” A few pages later, Jake’s proper name is dramatically reemphasized when Robert Cohn asks Brett to dance and is refused. “I’ve promised to dance this with Jacob,” she explains. “You’ve a hell of a biblical name, Jake,” she laughingly adds. Natalie Barney, 20 rue Jacob; Djuna Barnes, Hotel Jacob. From these two associations Hemingway derived [his hero’s] name. . . .

Everywhere in this life story social and psychological history are interfused, and, happily, Lynn isn’t the kind of biographer who affects to know precisely where and how to separate them. On the other hand, neither is he a biographer whose tone and manner give unfailing assurance of large-mindedness—the ability to journey deep into a troubled heart without becoming derailed by derision. The first hint of derailment occurs in the prefatory assumption that literary reputation shrivels whenever “transsexual fantasies” surface. Why do such fantasies cause us to conclude that an artist is less than “he was thought to be”? Stoniness also enters into Lynn’s mocking dismissals of the generation of Hemingway biographers (“fools”) that believed that the sick man in “Big Two-Hearted River” had been psychically crippled by the war. Must every new explanation destroy all preceding explanations?

And contempt rules this biographer’s discussion of sentimental leftist critics who took seriously the naive, “engaged” Hemingway of *The Spanish Earth* and *To Have and Have Not*. Nobody’s evidence that Hemingway’s “faults were terrible” is more compelling than Kenneth Lynn’s. And, to Lynn’s credit, he struggles to balance consciousness of the faults with appreciation of the author as a “conflicted, haunted man who produced from his torment some of the most memorable fiction of the century.” The Nobel laureate is saluted on the closing page as a writer whose curiosity, gusto, adventures, and art “affirmed the possibilities of life in this tough world.” But the alternating patches of baiting and generosity elsewhere are distracting, as is the book’s undervoice, which murmurs almost ceaselessly, *We have found you out*.

How will reputational hierarchies shift as a result of the re-evaluation that is now—perhaps—inevitable? Reading about this writer’s torments had the effect, on me, of sharpening affection for a Hemingway contemporary who was rich-souled enough to live into his transsexual fantasies with humane humor as well as passion: James Joyce, of course. As for the standing of the best and worst in Hemingway’s *oeuvre*: it’s been years since the macho worst has commanded respect, and I can report, on the basis of rereading, that the best—the story “Hills Like White Elephants”—seems rather more poignant than before.

IN THE PREFACE to *William Faulkner: The Man and the Art*, Stephen B. Oates claims to be different from writers whose “critical studies [are] aimed largely at fellow specialists.” He compares himself as an artist to the author of *The Sound and the Fury*, declares that “my narrative voice is empathetic,” and promises “graphic scenes, revealing quotations, apt details, and dramatic narrative sweep.” Only the “pure biographer,” Oates says, blessed with his “spark of creation,” can “elicit from the coldness of fact the warmth of a life being lived,” thereby winning the interest of “a broad reading audience.” In the same preface Oates undertakes to explain the relationship between the book at hand and his own earlier works (“My biography of Faulkner seems a logical outgrowth of my Civil War quinter”).

I admire this biographer’s aspirations and agree that the Blotner life is a bulky object. But Oates’s *Faulkner*, although attractively shorter, is badly flawed. A minor failing is that it’s cliché-ridden—filled with a thousand hickies such as “grisly tale,” “social whirl,” “ugly scene,” and the like. Equally minor is that it offers interminable plot summaries of novel after novel—resistible fare I believe, out there among the “broad reading audience.”

But less forgivable is the biographer’s habit of appropriating, without quotation marks, the language of intimate letters (“she was his honey”); I hear this a gaucherie, not empathy. And, most vexing, the book leans (with acknowledgment) on Blotner but rarely so much as alludes to the genuinely unforgettable bits in that work—for example, the chokingly hilarious sketch of Bill Faulkner, postmaster, transforming his PO in his office into a genteel club—library “reading room,” open to chums for smoking, sipping tea, and leisurely scanning of quality monthlies as they arrive (after a week or so, the members save the postmaster moves the magazine along to the presumably patient box holding subscribers).

The need for a short, incisive biography of Faulkner can’t be questioned, and the need for a version of Hemingway’s life that’s less tendentious than Kenneth Lynn’s may also soon become clear. Down the road, in short, there will continue to be quiet demands for better readings of our classics. And, with luck even as those familiar charges of novelomania grow in volume, our biography will continue to get us off. □

A COMPLEX FATE

BY ALEXANDER STILLE

MEMOIRS OF A FORTUNATE JEW

by Dan Vittorio Segre.

Adler & Adler, \$16.95.

THE ITALIANS AND THE HOLOCAUST:

Persecution, Rescue, and Survival

by Susan Zuccotti.

Basic Books, \$19.95.

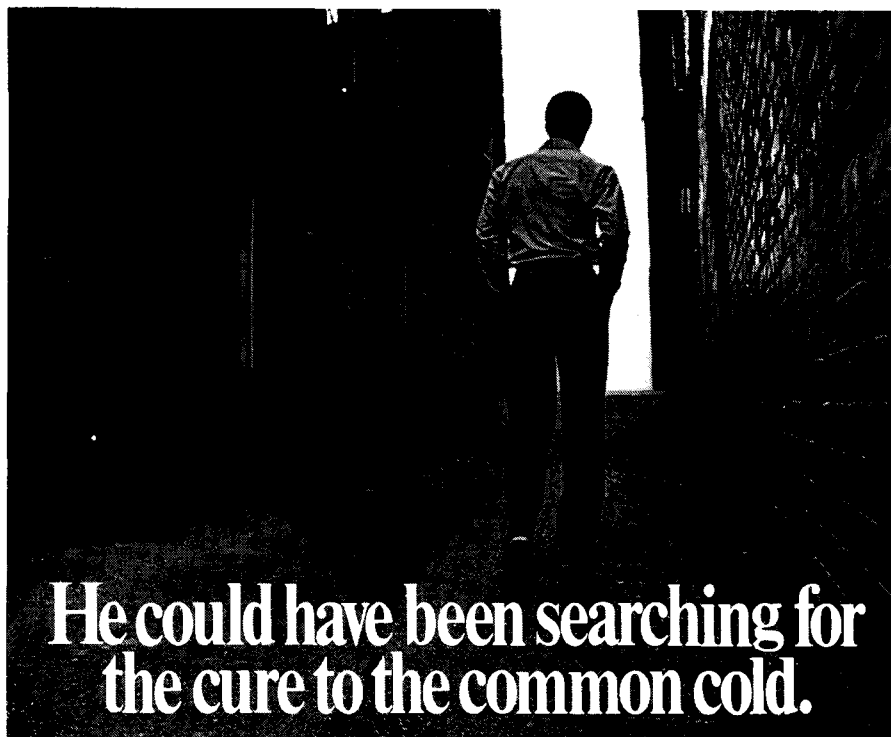
THE HOLOCAUST in Europe is often a horror story of deportations, concentration camps, and gas chambers. The relationship between Fascist and Jew is clear and unambiguous: that of hunter and prey. But the experience of Italian Jews is far more complex and contradictory, a mixture of benevolence and betrayal, persecution and rescue.

Italian fascism was virtually free of anti-Semitism during its first sixteen years in power, and Jews were as likely as other Italians to be Fascists. Mussolini publicly ridiculed German racial theories, and for several years had a mistress who was Jewish. It is not an exaggeration to say that until 1938 Italy under Mussolini experienced far less anti-Semitism than America under Roosevelt. But when Mussolini decided to cement his new military alliance with Hitler, he passed a series of harsh racial laws, beginning in 1938, that stripped Italian Jews of their place in society.

During the Second World War, however, the Italian army courageously refused to cooperate with German deportation policies. And when the Germans occupied Italy, in 1943, the Italian people acted spontaneously to help and hide Jews, saving 85 percent of the country's 45,000 Jews—the highest Holocaust survival rate, which Italy shared with Denmark.

Two new books appearing in English reveal some of the anomalies and paradoxes that characterized the Italian experience. *Memoirs of a Fortunate Jew*, by Dan Vittorio Segre, illuminates one of the darker corners of these years—the phenomenon of Jewish fascism. *The Italians and the Holocaust*, by the American historian Susan Zuccotti, is a general overview of the period.

Segre's memoirs, perhaps better than any other nonfiction account, describe the devastating effects of the racial poli-



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cy on the patriotic and highly assimilated Italian Jews. Segre's father, the chief landowner and the mayor of a small town in northern Italy, was a loyal Fascist until the German occupation. Then he became a figure out of *King Lear*, disguising himself as a half-mad itinerant peddler in the town he had once run. Segre's treatment of his Jewish Fascist childhood—the period from his birth, in 1922, to his emigration to Israel, in 1939—is by far the most interesting and important third of the book. The other two thirds, in which he discusses his adjustment to Palestine, often lacks the lyricism and intensity of his description of the lost world of his childhood.

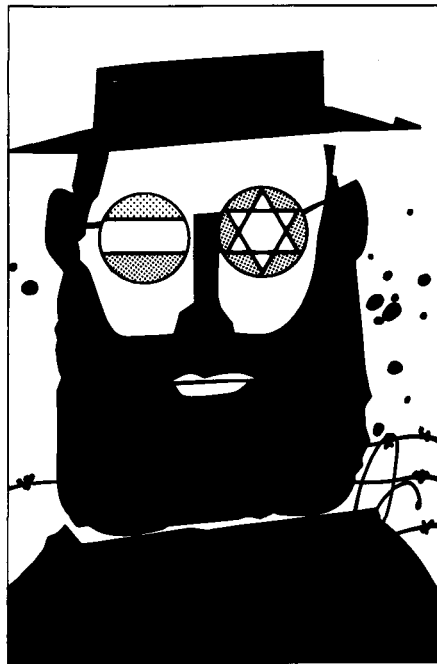
For Segre, fascism was normal. "As a totally assimilated Jew and as an Italian raised under a political regime of which my family and all my friends approved without any reservation, I, too, saw Fascism as the only natural form of existence."

The contradictions of Italian Jewish experience under fascism are embedded in the country's history. The first ghetto was proclaimed in Venice in 1516, and the last ghetto was not eliminated until 1870; yet by the turn of the century Italian Jews had achieved a level of equality without parallel in any other country. While France was bitterly divided over the fate of Captain Dreyfus, in Italy a Prime Minister, generals, and cabinet ministers were Jews.

Their swift assimilation into Italian life is directly linked to their pivotal role in the movement to unify Italy. In 1848 the Savoy monarchy, which then ruled the region of Piedmont, in the north, liberated its Jews and launched a campaign to unite the country. As the Piedmontese armies conquered, they extended full equality to the Jews of each new region.

Not surprisingly, Jews were fiercely loyal to the Savoy monarchy and supported the drive for unification both financially and militarily. They were rewarded for it. Despite centuries of discrimination, Italian Jews had maintained extremely high rates of literacy and thus were prepared to jump right from the ghetto into the burgeoning middle class.

Nowhere was this fervent identification with the new Italy stronger than in Piedmont, Segre's native region. There, he writes, the Jews felt like "the Pilgrim Fathers" who had founded the new Italian state. Because of this strong link to the Risorgimento, Piedmont



became the center of both Jewish fascism and Jewish anti-fascism. The Fascists interpreted the Risorgimento in a purely nationalistic key, while the anti-Fascists saw in it the roots of Italian democracy.

Segre's father enthusiastically supported Italy's entrance into the First World War, which he and many other Italians saw as a continuation of the war for unification. Its aim was the recovery of the formerly Italian cities of Trieste, Trento, and Fiume. Segre describes how the catastrophe of the First World War prepared the terrain for fascism.

Although . . . nobody really held [my father] personally responsible for the slaughter, the dead had been too many not to reproach him for the military interventionism he had defended with such fervor. Insulting graffiti appeared on street walls . . . subversive slogans were shouted at him as he drove through the village in military uniform. . . . More out of anger than ideology, he enrolled himself in the Fascist party.

The Fascist movement, built on the disappointed hopes of the war and the conservative instincts of the middle class, found its share of recruits among Jews. More than 200 participated in the march on Rome with which Mussolini assumed power, in 1922. But it would be wrong to say that Italian Jews were especially Fascist. Jews joined the Fascist Party with about the same frequency as other Italians: slightly more than 10 percent of Italy's 45,000 Jews were members. Many joined out of necessity, since

holding certain positions required party membership.

Segre's family belonged to the small but highly significant minority of true believers. They—and many others—ignored the signs of impending persecution that began to appear in Italy after Hitler's ascendancy in Germany. In one scene from Segre's book, his father prevents a group of thugs from disrupting services at the local synagogue by flashing his Fascist identification card. "The three youngsters jerked to attention and left the synagogue. . . . [The incident] confirmed, more than anything else, my feeling of total security."

This sense of security made the blow of racial persecution, which struck in the fall of 1938, all the more devastating. Segre's mother, in an emotional crisis, converted to Catholicism. A rich uncle forced to give up his industrial empire became Christian for purely pragmatic reasons and during the German occupation hid in the Vatican. His father was left a broken man. Segre himself, at age seventeen, decided to leave Italy for Palestine, not out of Jewish identification but in order to emulate the deeds of his hero, Garibaldi.

His father was opposed to the idea of Segre's emigration. But there came a critical moment for the family which provides the climax to the book's Italian section. Segre's father received a visit from his cousin, Ettore Ovazza, who, despite the racial laws, still believed that a reconciliation between the Jews and fascism was possible. Ovazza proposed that a band of Jewish Fascists attack the offices of *Israel*, a Zionist magazine in Florence, as an act of loyalty toward the regime. Segre's father, horrified, came to the conclusion that there was no future in Italy for the Jew and agreed to let his son emigrate. Ovazza went ahead with his idea and burned down the offices of the magazine. Incredibly, Ovazza kept his faith in fascism until he and his family were hunted down and butchered by the Nazis, in 1943.

SUSAN ZUCCOTTI relies heavily on the work of Italian scholars to provide, *The Italians and the Holocaust*, the best general introduction to this subject available in English. She has also taken advantage of diaries and memoirs written by Italian Jews over the past forty years, and they add anecdotal flavor to her historical analysis. Her book might have acquired greater power and fresh

ness had she supplemented this material with more personal interviews with some of the many living survivors from the period. But Zuccotti's chief purpose is to assess the conduct of the Italians toward the Jews during the war and to place it in the context of conduct throughout Europe.

The anti-Jewish measures Mussolini began to adopt in the fall of 1938 prevented Jews from holding public jobs or attending public schools; they forbade Jewish doctors, lawyers, architects, accountants, and dentists from practicing their professions. The racial campaign also included a number of pointlessly degrading provisions, such as forbidding Jews to list their names in the telephone book or to visit seaside resorts.

The laws were carried out in a halfhearted and frequently corrupt fashion, Zuccotti writes. Exemptions were created, and the regime made it possible for many Jews to become "Aryanized," a process greatly facilitated by bribery. The Catholic clergy, eager to make converts, falsified baptismal certificates. In all, 6,000 Jews converted and another 6,000 left the country. The rest got by as best they could. Many Jewish professionals worked illegally, and those thrown out of public jobs continued to receive pensions. Mussolini turned a blind eye to the thousands of Jewish refugees who entered Italy in flight from the Nazis.

During the war the Italian army steadfastly protected Jews in the countries it occupied. Zuccotti effectively describes the imaginative Italian tricks and quivocation to foil deportations in southern France and Croatia. Italian diplomats actually made Greek Jews into Italian citizens in order to rescue them, even as the Italian government back home was stripping foreign-born Jews of their citizenship and interning them in camps. Mussolini agreed to German requests for deportation while privately telling his generals, "Say that we simply have no boats available to transport them by sea and that by land there is no possibility of doing so."

Ironically, the real threat to Italian Jews did not come until the collapse of Italian fascism, in July of 1943, when King Victor Emmanuel III had Mussolini arrested and put Marshal Badoglio in his place. Although Badoglio vowed to continue the war, the Germans were not deceived, and they amassed troops at the Italian border while the Rome govern-

ment held secret peace talks with the Allies.

The six-week Badoglio interlude was a period of false hopes and lost opportunities. Zuccotti recounts the story of Angelo Donati, a Jew from Modena who organized an ambitious plan to evacuate as many as 30,000 Jews from southern France. The plan was tragically aborted by the premature announcement of the armistice between Italy and the Allies, on September 8.

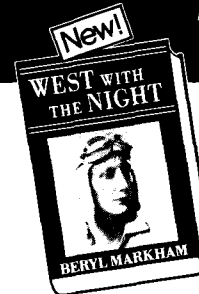
The King and Badoglio fled, leaving Italy and its Jews to their fate. Within days the Germans controlled all of northern and central Italy. The Holocaust had finally arrived. Zuccotti's central goal, perhaps, is to understand both why 38,400 Jews in Italy survived and why 6,800 died.

Several historical factors contributed to the high survival rate among Italian Jews, Zuccotti points out. "Without denigrating the exceptional courage and compassion involved . . . it was slightly easier to help Jews in Italy than, for example, in Poland." The brevity of the German occupation, the relatively small number of Jews, and the fact that Italian Jews were physically and linguistically indistinguishable from other Italians all helped. Foreign Jews, who could not melt into the crowd or call on friends, were twice as likely as Italians to be captured.

The survival of more than three quarters of the foreign Jews in Italy can be explained only by the compassion and bravery of the Italian people. Foreign Jews in France were handed over by the truckload with little resistance. Thousands of ordinary Italians took in perfect strangers, at a time when food was rationed and hiding Jews was punishable by death.

The behavior of the Italians is partly attributable to a national characteristic, which Zuccotti describes as an "amiable inclination to ignore the law." In Italy it was not uncommon for policemen to warn Jews that they were about to be arrested, and for municipal employees to help Jews obtain false documents. The Catholic Church was also a great resource. Although Pope Pius XII's silence and inaction in response to the Holocaust is difficult to excuse, it appears that he did give tacit encouragement to the Italian clergy. Most of the credit, however, goes to the rank and file of priests and nuns who acted with energy and self-sacrifice. Some 4,000 Jews were hidden in churches and convents, Zuc-

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cotti reports; more than 170 clergymen were killed for sheltering Jews, and hundreds of others were deported.

THE ITALIANS, AFTER forty years of general indifference, are beginning to rediscover this chapter of their past. Italian public television recently produced a three-part broadcast on Italy and the Jews. The Italian government has supported recent conferences in Boston and New York on the subject of the Italian treatment of the Jews. Much of the communication has concentrated on the heartwarming stories of rescue, skipping over the devastation of the racial laws and the collaboration and betrayal that led to the deaths of thousands. Italy has gone through a long period of self-flagellation over its behavior during fascism, and it is natural that a period of re-evaluation take place. But it is important that Italy not go to the other extreme of self-congratulation.

Zuccotti is rather tough on the Italians, perhaps excessively so. "Considering the brevity of the occupation, the highly assimilated and thus easily disguised nature of Italian Jews, and the anti-Fascist, anti-racist inclinations of most Italians, the losses were high," she writes. Many Jews were deported because their Italian neighbors informed on them, either for money or simply out of spite. The puppet government that Mussolini set up in northern Italy during the German occupation zealously aided in captures and deportations. Italian Fascists formed roving bands that raided churches and convents in order to hunt down Jews. Still, Italian collaboration was the exception rather than the rule, and it pales beside German atrocities.

The Italians were both devils and angels, and that is what makes their experience so intriguing. In most of Europe the Holocaust appears to be a one-dimensional picture of victims and victimizers. In Italy the behavior of Jews and non-Jews alike spanned the full range of human possibility, from active resistance to delusion and collaboration.

The Italian experience shatters many stereotypes about the Holocaust. The energetic efforts of Italian Jews to save refugees from other countries and the significant contribution that Italian Jews made to the resistance explode the myth of Jewish passivity in the face of extermination. The courageous behavior of many Italian soldiers and officials stands in stark relief to the excuses of Nazis who were "only following orders." □

THE NEAR-DEATH CULT

BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

OTHERWORLD JOURNEYS:
Accounts of Near-Death Experience
in Medieval and Modern Times
by Carol G. Zaleski.
Oxford University Press, \$17.95.

WHILE STANDING IN line at the supermarket, have you ever found your eye drawn to a headline in the *National Enquirer* along the lines of "LIFE AFTER DEATH: TOP WORLD EXPERT REVEALS STARTLING NEW EVIDENCE"? Somehow, it's impossible to regard such a teaser with the same detachment as you would, say, "GIANT 675-POUND, 16-FOOT CATFISH EATS PEOPLE ALIVE." Nobody, no matter how rarefied, is totally devoid of interest in what might happen after the lights go out. The stories beneath those headlines usually refer to the work of a group of researchers in "near-death studies," a field that dates from the publication, in 1975, of *Life After Life*, by Raymond A. Moody, Jr. Moody, a psychiatrist with a Ph.D. in philosophy—that is, a serious, trained researcher, not a crank—interviewed 150 people who had had a close brush with death or had briefly been clinically dead, and constructed a paradigm of their experiences. After listening to his doctor pronounce him dead, the paradigmatic Moody interviewee heard loud noises and felt as though he were moving through a tunnel. Suddenly he found himself looking at his inert body from a short distance away. Mov-

ing farther away, he encountered old friends, relatives, and a shimmery spirit who showed him "a panoramic, instantaneous playback of the major events of his life."

Other books in the same vein followed Moody's, notably Michael B. Sabom's *Recollections of Death*, for which all the subjects were picked blind from hospital's medical records, and Kenneth Ring's *Life at Death*. In 1978 Ring, Sabom, Moody, and other researchers in the field founded the International Association for Near-Death Studies, which publishes a scholarly journal called *Anabiosis*. Their work amounts to a challenge, from within the modern secular intellectual tradition, to the idea that nothing happens after death—that it is simply the cessation of existence.

Carol Zaleski, who holds a Harvard Ph.D. in the study of religion, was struck by the parallels between the contemporary outpouring of near-death literature and a body of work that came out of monasteries in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, a period when accounts of life after death were also unusually popular. Her mission in *Otherworld Journeys* is to compare the two with the idea of figuring out the deep cultural yearnings that they express.

Probably in eight hundred years the modern accounts will seem as quaint and stylized as the medieval ones do now. In European Christian afterlife narratives a common person would be plucked from obscurity and treated on trip to the other world. After a wrenching separation from his body he would meet a light-emanating authoritative guide, who would show him that there is a clear parting of the ways after death: a path to heaven and a path to hell. The guide



would review the events of the temporarily dead person's life, weighing up the sins to determine where he would be permanently assigned. When he returned to earth, the person would renounce worldly things and retreat to a monastery. Much later he would tell his story to a trained theologian, who, after careful editing, would make it public.

Some elements of the story haven't changed. The dying person is still ordinary, not an expert—not having a career interest in selling a particular version of the afterlife weighs in favor of the idea that he's telling the truth. There is still a separation of body and soul, followed by an encounter with a being of light and a life review. But the tone of the experience is completely different now. The medieval afterlife was stern and forbidding, even for those destined for heaven. Thurkill, a poor Essex farmer whose account of the glimpse of the beyond he received in 1206 is fairly typical, encountered a corridor of fire, an icy salt lake, and piercing stakes and thorns. And this was just in the early going.

The flavor of the modern accounts comes through in a passage that Zaleski quotes from *Prophetic Voices*, a television program in which Kenneth Ring interviews survivors of near-death. A woman named Vita Ventra tells Ring,

"Death is a beginning, Ken, it's beautiful. There's a light, it's love, it's the most beautiful . . . if you really love somebody, you've got to be happy for where they're going. It's an adventure and they're not alone. You see, we're afraid of somebody being alone. But they're not alone. . . . It's just as though you're being held in a cradle of love, and just being carried to the most beautiful, magical story God could ever create."

The message to the living contained in the medieval version of death was to be good—to hew closely to the order established by the Church. There had to be a heaven, because the world didn't seem liable to provide a pleasant existence for the virtuous, and there had to be a hell to keep people bound to Christianity. The message to the living contained in today's near-death studies is to be happy. Good isn't so important, because today's afterlife there is no Judgment and no hell. Any mistakes turned up in the life review cause a wistful shrug, not eternal damnation. The being of light becomes a pal, not a boss. The return life is accompanied by a resolve not to

repent but to enjoy oneself, albeit in a New Age, non-hedonistic way.

Most near-death researchers say that their work is flowering now because of medical advances that have greatly expanded the population of back-from-the-dead people. But Zaleski says it's because we're in one of those recurring periods "when the way society pictures itself and its surrounding universe is so changed as to threaten to dislocate the human being"; we need "to survey and reappraise the imagined cosmos." She doesn't blame geopolitical events (such as the development of nuclear weapons) for the uncertainty of the age. It's more the fault of modern liberal religion, which has retreated from providing the kind of spiritual guidance that people need. Present-day theology doesn't want to dirty its hands with literal, practical belief and instruction, and the near-death movement is one of several secular ways that people have found to restore a sense of life's meaning, something they ought to be getting in church. The pleasantness of death in the near-death literature is a sign of the strength of the modern conviction that most people are good and should be spared pain, and of the Church's retreat from promoting a terrifying view of the afterlife as a way of keeping people in line.

Another possibility, of course, is the one that draws your attention to the *National Enquirer*: that today's near-death accounts are literally true. There is a spirited debate on this subject between the leaders of the near-death-studies movement and those of a spinoff movement devoted to near-death debunking, which explains away the new visions of the afterlife by saying that a mystical sense of peace at moments of extreme danger is an adaptive mechanism that helps people to survive. Early in *Otherworld Journeys*, Zaleski promises, tantalizingly, that she will "attempt to mediate between the near-death researchers and the critics who are determined to debunk their work"—in other words, as I hopefully read it, that she'll reveal who's right about life after death. She does parry the objections of the debunkers in an evenhanded, respectful, meticulously rational way. But in the payoff chapter at the end, called "Evaluating Near-Death Testimony," she retreats to the comfortable higher ground of seeing near-death studies as important not for their truth or falsity but for their "imaginative and symbolic character."

Thanks a lot. □

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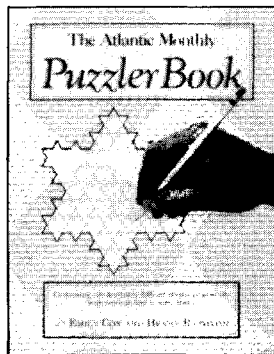
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BRIEF REVIEWS



VAN GOGH IN SAINT-RÉMY AND AUVERS

by Ronald Pickvance. *Metropolitan Museum/Abrams*, \$35.00. Like its predecessor, *Van Gogh in Arles*, this book combines good reproductions of both paintings and drawings with a text relying heavily on the letters in which van Gogh reported to brother Theo what he was working on, what color combinations he was using, the effects he intended to produce, and even, at times, why he had chosen the subject. Subjects were somewhat limited because, from May of 1889 to July of 1890, van Gogh was a mental patient in Saint-Rémy and Auvers, suffering from a number of breakdowns during which, understandably, he could not be allowed to amble about looking for new views. He frequently painted what he could see from his windows or worked from black-and-white reproductions of Millet, an enterprise he described as "much more translating them into another tongue than copying them." Despite his illness and restricted mobility, the work van Gogh did in that final year of his life was phenomenal in quantity, originality, and brilliance. His own letters and Mr. Pickvance's scholarship bring his amazing achievement as close to comprehensibility as anything is likely to do.

ALNILAM by James Dickey. *Doubleday*, \$19.95. Readers hoping for something resembling *Deliverance*, in which Mr. Dickey ingeniously and excitingly converted the mythical journey to the underworld into a modern adventure story, will be disappointed in this new novel. Not that myth or excitement is lacking—the protagonist, Frank Cahill, is a labyrinth-builder whose son, Joel, has presumably been killed in the crash of his Air Corps training plane. In addition to Daedalus and Icarus, then, Mr. Dickey introduces ambiguous motifs from his own poetry and merges the lot with the grittily realistic problems confronting Cahill (who is blind and diabetic) in his attempts to learn what really happened to Joel. The novel itself becomes a labyrinth,

a tangled accumulation of metaphors about the contrasts and perplexities of human life. There are some splendid scenes of flying and of official obfuscation; there is some repetitious purple prose; altogether, the book arouses more respect than satisfaction.

IN SIBERIA IT IS VERY COLD by Leste Goldberg. *Dembner*, \$14.95. Mr. Goldberg's novel concerns the experience of Polish Jews who fled to Russia when the Nazis invaded their country in 1939. Polish refugees were initially sent to logging camps in Siberia, but were eventually allowed to relocate. Max, Mr. Goldberg's hero, is a young barber who elects to locate in Alma Ata because the climate is alleged to be warm and the food plentiful. It sounds like a great improvement over Siberia. The climate proved to be deadly hot at midday and distinctly cool by night, and the food, while indeed plentiful, so expensive that a poor but honest refugee can only starve to death. As Max's father, with whom he reunited, puts it, "In Kazakhstan, the thieves become wise men, and the wise men become thieves." Max duly becomes a thief, a dodger, a lurker, an opportunist, even a killer, always on the run and always fearful of the police, the army, and the sporadic outbreaks of anti-Jewish mob violence. He is, however, an indomitable survivor, willing to wrestle bear or roger a fat train conductress if circumstances require. He is also an indomitable idealist, who never abandons his dream of a neat, honest barber shop in a civilized Jewish community. Max's adventures are usually grim, sometimes grotesquely comic, occasionally pathetic, but never dull.

WHEN RICH MEN DIE by Harold Adam. *Doubleday*, \$16.95. Because Champion Mr. Adam's hero and narrator, is unemployed, he is willing to try any job available and undertakes to track down a millionaire missing in Mexico. In addition to those perils—thugs, assassins, and beauties of dubious character—the amateur detectives are expected to suffer, he has to contend with Mexican traffic, inadequate maps, *huevos rancheros* and no more Spanish than it takes to fit the hotel bar. Champion is an odd and amusing innocent abroad.

MAUD: THE ILLUSTRATED DIARY OF A VICTORIAN WOMAN adapted by Florence Fraser. *Chronicle*, \$19.95. Here is another of those diaries that have recently

emerged from British family archives to provide a wealth of antique social and domestic detail. A reader who launches directly into the text will probably assume that this cheerful chronicle of dances, skating parties, flirtations, and genteel horseplay on the Isle of Wight is the work of a teenager. Not so. In 1888, when Maud began her journal, she was twenty-nine, the unmarried youngest daughter, kept at home by her elderly parents as a combination entertainer and slave. It was actually a dull and frivolous life, tightly circumscribed by chaperonage and fears of appearing "fast," but if Maud resented her position she never more than hinted at the fact. Her diary is good-humored and genuinely humorous, for she had a sharp eye for minor absurdities and a nice touch with the unexpected deflation. The drawings have a slapdash energy and a predilection for burlesque action that go well beyond the gentle ironies of the text. Maud really appreciated a good pratfall.

BLUES by John Hersey. Knopf, \$16.95. Mr. Hersey's discussion of bluefish is lyly archaic in style and deliberately artificial in form. F (the fisherman) finds S the stranger) mooning on the dock and nvites him aboard, where S is not only aught to fish but instructed (at Ancient Mariner length) on the merits and habits of blues, the causes and results of water pollution, the beauties and wonders of marine life in general, and the subtleties of the water off Martha's Vineyard. Realistically, much of F's eloquence would be lost to wind, water, screaming gulls, and the growl of the engine. Realism is o part of Mr. Hersey's scheme. He is resenting a celebration, a paean in honor of bluefish. It is beautifully written and reinforced by appropriate poetry and enticing recipes, for S gets some ne dinners along with his piscatorial ducation.

BRENDAN by Frederick Buechner. Atheneum, \$15.95. Religious devotion, in a variety of forms, is the subject of Mr. uechner's novel. The author has froitly combined persuasively realistic characters with events as fantastic as anything in the old account of St. Brendan's search for Hy Brasil to make a rand, gaudy tale. He has also invented, or his narrator, an idiom that cannot be dismissed as pastiche but is idiosyncratic ough to suggest both Ireland and the ough world of the fifth century.

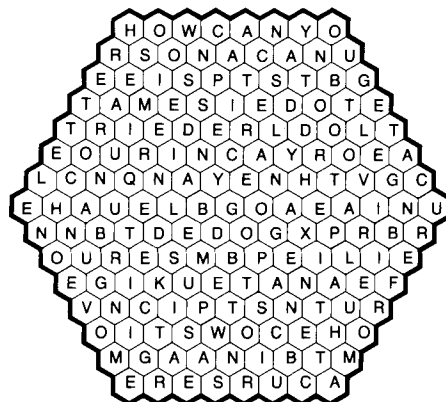
—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers to the June Puzzles

"HEX"

How can you get a cure from a curse? Remove one letter.

Clues. 1. HO-OSIER 2. SN(OW)CAP (cow anag.) 3. C(AN)AST-A 4. B(U)OY-ANT 5. EMIR-ATE (rime rev.) 6. DEMISES (anag.) 7. R(ESP)ITE 8. TODDLES (anag.) 9. B(OOTL)EG (loot anag.) 10. TROUNCE (anag.) 11. IN-QUIRE 12. CYANIDE (anag.) 13. LA(R)CE-NY 14. DOR(OTHY) (hot anag.) 15. VOL(T-AG)E 16. CHAN(N)EL 17. BAN-QU(i)ET 18. EN(ABLE)D (Elba rev.) 19. GOOD-BYE (anag.) 20. H(EX)AG-ON 21. PRI(V)ATE 22. CUR-BING 23. BURG-EON 24. SKI-R(T)ED 25. BEMUSED (anag.) 26. PE(AT BO)G (boat anag.) 27. EX-PLAIN (anag.) 28. FE-BRI(L)E 29. VO(W)-ICING 30. S(TICK)UP 31. T-WO S-TEP (pet + sow rev.) 32. N-ASCENT 33. THOR-EAU 34. RAG(TIM)E 35. SWANSEA (anag.) 36. RUB-ICON 37. MAC(BET)H



ACROSTIC NO. 23

"Here's a chord you can't do without, [my dad] said, if you're a picture palace pianoplayer. You use it for fights, burst dams, thunderstorms, the voice of the Lord God, a wife telling her old man to bugger off. . . . And he showed me. C E flat G flat A."

—Anthony Burgess, *(The) Pianoplayers*



The Atlantic

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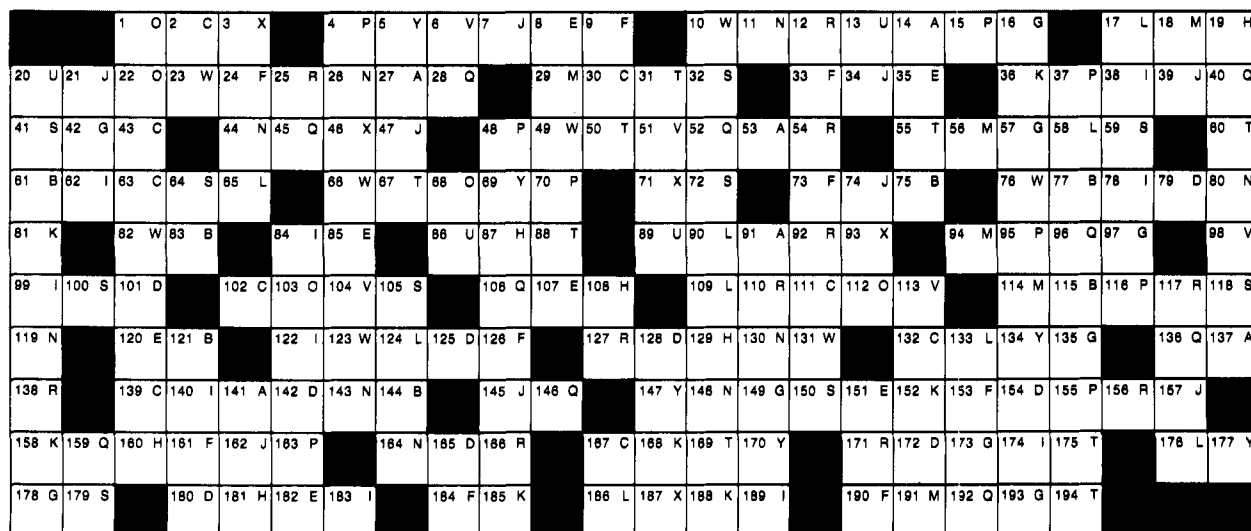
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For more information on these titles, please see pages 97 and 98.

ACROSTIC No. 24

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 23 appears on page 99.

- | | | | |
|--|------------------------------------|--|------------------------------------|
| A. Subdivision of Louisiana | 91 14 141 27 53 137 | N. Composer of <i>Three Pieces in the Shape of a Pear</i> (2 wds.) | 143 26 11 130 119 164 80 148 44 |
| B. Hornung's gentleman burglar | 77 61 83 121 115 75 144 | O. Bullwinkle's cartoon companion | 112 103 22 68 1 |
| C. The study of fossil footprints | 63 30 139 102 2 132 111 43 167 | P. Capital of the Tyrol province | 155 37 70 163 48 95 116 4 15 |
| D. Hoax; tangle (2 wds.) | 128 79 101 154 142 165 172 180 125 | Q. Not all there (3 wds.) | 96 192 136 106 159 45 52 146 28 40 |
| E. Thornton Wilder drama (2 wds.) | 120 182 35 85 8 107 151 | R. Great Greek orator | 166 92 117 25 12 171 110 54 156 |
| F. Recurring theme | 24 126 184 153 190 73 9 161 33 | | 138 12 |
| G. Dessert or side dishes | 173 42 193 178 135 97 16 57 149 | S. Star actress in <i>Cimarron</i> (2 wds.) | 41 59 118 179 150 32 100 64 72 10 |
| H. Haitian religion | 160 87 129 19 108 181 | T. Toy canine breed | 50 194 31 60 88 55 175 169 67 |
| I. Intellectual's retreat (2 wds.) | 84 62 140 183 38 174 99 122 78 189 | U. Phoenician city-state | 13 86 20 89 |
| J. Gets plastered (3 wds.) | 39 145 162 157 34 74 47 21 7 | V. Impatient; restless | 51 6 113 104 98 |
| K. Author of "Terence, This Is Stupid Stuff" | 81 168 188 152 158 36 185 | W. Probable hippo of Job | 76 131 23 49 10 82 66 123 |
| L. None left, in a hash house (hyph.) | 58 124 65 17 176 186 109 133 90 | X. Heavyweight champ in 1937 | 93 187 3 71 46 |
| M. Reward; climax | 114 29 18 191 94 56 | Y. Archimedes' legendary cry | 147 177 170 69 134 5 |

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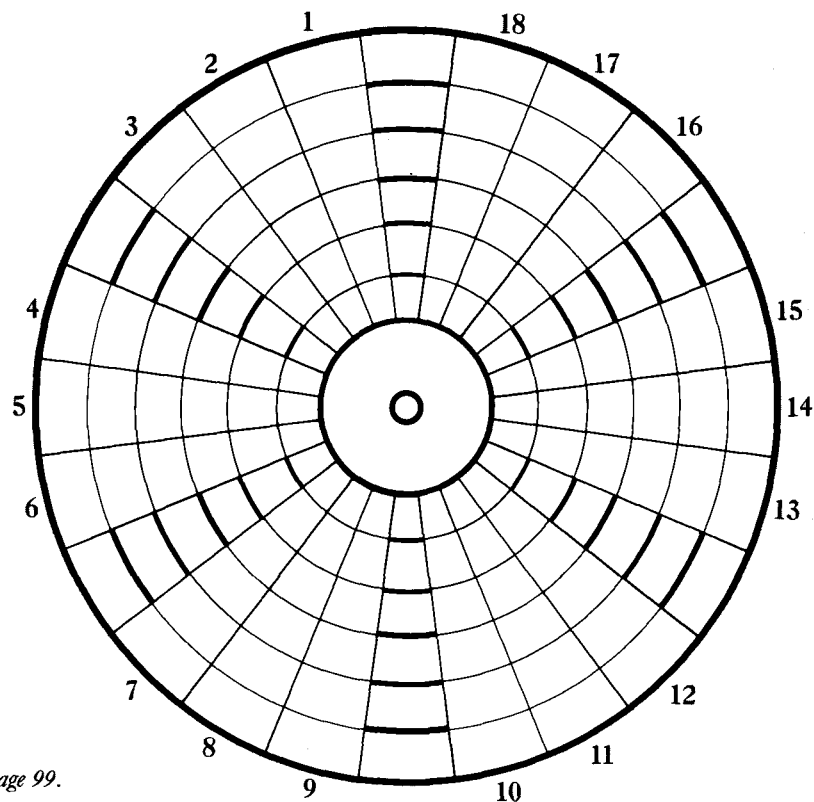
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THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND

The diagram represents that quaint old item a phonograph record. The music is provided by answers to clues **a** through **w**, which are to be entered sequentially, starting in the outermost ring in the section marked 1. The answers proceed *counterclockwise* until they have come full circle; then they drop (whether in mid-word or not) to the next ring down in section 1, and proceed in like manner, ending in the innermost ring. As a check, clues 1 through 18 yield six-letter words to be entered radially; half of these words proceed from outside to inside, the other half from inside to outside. Unfortunately, this old record skips: there are 12 instances during answers **a** through **w** in which a letter is omitted from the diagram. Taken in order, these 12 letters spell out the song on the record. Answers include four proper nouns, one a trade name, and an unusual word at 13.



The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 99.

THE MUSIC

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>a. Dance company follows "Fire" number (8)</p> <p>b. Make sopranos rise, breaking files (8)</p> <p>c. Holding bass the wrong way, Len's playing is bombastic (7)</p> <p>d. A reed's improvising was hot (6)</p> <p>e. Measures outside of old sound systems (7)</p> <p>f. Semi-nude dancer doffing skirt for a little variation (6)</p> <p>g. Extremely poor tango with comic character (4)</p> <p>h. French excluded from delicate "allegro" (5)</p> <p>i. Musicians do not allow supports (9)</p> <p>j. Folk group hurt Roman duet outside of a church (8)</p> <p>k. High passage cut diva off (7)</p> <p>l. Turning round, toot your horn for actress (5)</p> | <p>m. Pastoral I copy shortly after sign of neglect (6)</p> <p>n. Hack writer butchered operettas (9)</p> <p>o. "Bad Moon Rising" summons churchmen (10)</p> <p>p. Concluding phrase in Berg opera (4)</p> <p>q. Small step in scale has foursome holding right onto E (11) (<i>two words</i>)</p> <p>r. Love songs from India recalled outside uranium plant (7)</p> <p>s. Brad takes Lina dancing (4)</p> <p>t. Blow trombones, transposing all but the hard part (5)</p> <p>u. Boo the man's saxophone lead (4)</p> <p>v. Maneuvered flute but not lute in "Sown Seeds" (8)</p> <p>w. Ears need adjusting to outdoor music (8)</p> | <p>3. I strum badly, and that's no lie</p> <p>4. Punk rock to rent</p> <p>5. New music with Eastern element</p> <p>6. Pizzazz describes a tuba's sound</p> <p>7. Back disc from Canned Heat?</p> <p>8. Musical pieces with many flats</p> <p>9. Loud maracas mother dropped in scuffle</p> <p>10. Heed 4/4 time, following one in bit of music</p> <p>11. Little violin in distinguished small numbers</p> <p>12. Father's absorbing piano tips</p> <p>13. Eightsome arranged a good introduction to Dvořák</p> <p>14. Relax with a Parisian in concert hall seats</p> <p>15. Wise guy endlessly ran scale</p> <p>16. Noodle with third of concertos, going nuts</p> <p>17. Latin found in Pavlova's record</p> <p>18. A second-rate baton keeps one away</p> |
|---|---|---|

SIX-LETTER WORDS

1. Mrs. Armstrong presses single with Mr. Hampton
2. Delights in notes in a singer's debut

te: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

birdcage *noun*, controlled air space in the vicinity of an airport: "An Aeroméxico DC-9 and a private Piper aircraft collided in the congested *birdcage* . . . around Los Angeles International Airport" (*Time*).

BACKGROUND: This specialized sense of *birdcage* is slang for *terminal control area*, the technical term, which is commonly abbreviated to *TCA*. According to James T. Murphy, a vice president of the Air Transport Association, still another term for the same thing is *upside-down wedding cake*, a word-picture in which the inverted top of the "cake" represents the immediate terminal area and the other layers, increasing in diameter, represent ever-widening areas of airspace in which aircraft are stacked. *Birdcage* is one of many examples of animal dwellings and habitats that have acquired extended meanings. Consider *pig pen*, *dog house*, *chicken coop*, *tiger cage*, *snake pit*, and *rabbit warren*.

dracontologist *noun*, one who studies the possibility of the existence of giant lake-dwelling creatures: "The sighting reports collected by the *dracontologists* are fairly consistent: when more than a hump was visible above the water, witnesses described a long, thick neck, a large head like a snake's or a horse's, and a steady movement through the water as if the creature had a motor or fins or flippers underwater" (*Boston Globe*).

BACKGROUND: *Dracontologist* is derived from *dracontology*, a word coined by a friar at the

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.

Benedictine Abbey St. Benoît du Lac, on the shores of Lake Memphremagog. In this international lake, which straddles the border between Vermont and Quebec, alleged sightings of a creature similar to the Loch Ness monster have occurred. According to Jacques Boisvert, the president of the International Society of Dracontology, the term *dracontology* is formed from the Greek word *drakōn*, meaning "dragon." In 1984 the Office de la langue française du Gouvernement du Québec accepted as a legitimate word the French version of this neologism, spelled *dracontologie*.

impitoyable *noun*, a large, typically lead-crystal wine-tasting glass configured so as to enhance taste and amplify aroma: "The new *impitoyable* . . . lead crystal glasses are weirdly shaped indeed. At a recent private tasting nearly half the guests showed up with *impitoyables*" (*Valley Advocate*, Hatfield, Mass.).

BACKGROUND: For those who are ruthlessly honest in their judgments about wine, this French borrowing is particularly apropos. In French the adjective *impitoyable*, pronounced /ɛpitwajabl/, means "pitiless, unpitying, unmerciful, unsparing." In French, as well as in English, the word can be used as a noun: "You'll want *Les Im-*

pitoyables ('the pitiless'), designed to concentrate odors" (*New York Times*). The *Valley Advocate's* wine adviser, Richard M. Gold, explains that the glasses are made in four shapes for four kinds of wine: a giant brandy snifter for young red wines, an enormous tulip-shaped glass for old red wines, a flute with a rippled interior surface that stimulates bubble formation for champagnes, and a tall chimney-shaped glass for white wines. The great size of the glasses allows more oxygen to reach the wine when it is swirled. All the glasses have narrow mouths, to concentrate aroma during tasting. The word *impitoyable* is not yet completely naturalized into English, and usually appears either in italics or within quotation marks.

narcokleptocracy *noun*, a class of people within a country engaged with drug dealers in large-scale narcotics traffic, theft, corruption, and violence: "The Suárez family [in Bolivia] was able to build its base with the help of Gen. Luis García Meza, . . . establishing . . . a *narcokleptocracy*" (*Newsweek*).

BACKGROUND: The word *narcokleptocracy* is at least six years old: our first printed indication of its use is a November, 1981, *Newsweek* story, also focusing on Bolivia. But by far the most informative context is a March,

1982, story in *The Washington Post*: "The Bolivian economy . . . virtually runs on cocaine dollars, with what one diplomat has called a '*narcokleptocracy*'—military, government and drug traffickers taking in a fortune from the sale of cocaine and other contraband."

stylogram *noun*, a computer graphic configured to reflect the percentages of certain parts of speech used by a prominent person in public utterances over time, and intended to serve as an indication of underlying interests and a predictor of policy: "To . . . Luis Sánchez, a Mexican opposition pollster, . . . President Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado is an adjective. . . . Although Mr. de Madrid and Mr. López Portillo have different speaking styles, their true selves come out . . . in *stylograms* that both lean toward adjectives" (*Wall Street Journal*).

BACKGROUND: *Stylograms* are configured as circles over which are superimposed three axes, thereby dividing the circle into six sectors, one each for adjectives, nouns, verbs, adverbs, prepositions, and pronouns. Superimposed on these sectors are computer-generated graphs indicating the proportion of each part of speech. Words can also be traced by subject category. According to the *Journal*, "This year's count shows the president [de la Madrid] favors economics (4,947 words) over domestic politics (1,200 words). [Sánchez] says the president's favorite word is 'no.'"





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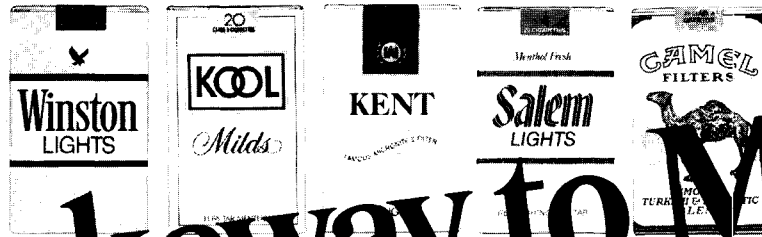
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